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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Hold 'em, Yale!

By Damon Runyon

The Flag Still Flies A 1931 Armistice Day story **by Edward L. McKenna**

This is TALKING TURKEY!

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES
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CANADA DRY

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

EVERY bird has his day, but the turkey has the biggest one—Thanksgiving.

He's a gallant bird, and he deserves a courtly following. Certainly you'll want The Champagne of Ginger Ales to keep him company. There's a frosty sparkle in the depths of Canada Dry, a glint of gold in its color, and an exhilaration in its taste that fits right in with the occasion.

In fact, His Majesty, the turkey, and The Champagne of Ginger Ales can together go a long way toward simplifying your holiday entertaining. Use the turkey for your decorative keynote. Use Canada Dry for the charm it brings. A great combination!

Canada Dry is remarkably low-priced for a ginger ale of its superb quality. In most cities, too, Canada Dry now comes in two sizes—the new large size of five full glasses, and the familiar 12-oz. size.

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Most every one entertains over the holiday, at bridge, dances, and after the game or theater. You'll find it very easy to set up this delightful, informal buffet. A few inexpensive decorations, in fact, will make it an occasion. Just a little figure of a turkey for a favor is enough, if you add turkey or lobster salad, some gingerbread and apples, and Canada Dry to "wet your whistle."

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

FRIENDS IN A COMMON CAUSE . . .

On Armistice Day we celebrate the peace that was gained by friends striving in a common cause.

Meeting old comrades, we re-live other days—we 'win the war' again. . . . And more and more we come to realize that what really carried us through was *teamwork.*

When you come right down to it, doesn't this same friendly teamwork win, too, the victories of peace? Certainly we think so at Oakland-Pontiac.

First of all, teamwork helps us design our cars. From our men, in all positions, come ideas and suggestions to aid our engineers. And when the designs are finally approved, teamwork again becomes important, for nearly 10,000 men build these cars in plants that occupy 231 acres.

We have teamwork in other forms too. Our factory chief, his 18 superintendents and 219 foremen, meet weekly to discuss their work and seek ways to improve the countless operations that go to make the finished cars.

Because of this teamwork we have been able to produce this year the finest Oakland and Pontiac cars that we ever have built . . . cars of such wide appeal that more of them were sold during eight and one-half months of 1931 than during the entire year of 1930.

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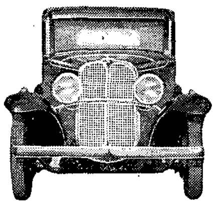

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE fact that very few of us are completely satisfied with the gifts of Nature has pointed the way to fortune for many an obesity curer, body builder and face lifter. Also it has given us an amusing new novel by Hugh MacNair Kahler, for which you will find no praise too extravagant.

The hero is Dr. Beekman Winship, assistant professor at Leicester College constantly miserable because his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle cannot be considered, by the slightest chance, to present a scholarly appearance. In the way of heroines Mr. Kahler has been more than generous. There are really three if you count Mrs. Bedloe, although she is too prim to suit us. Beechy Gwynn is a delightful young female of the modern, dash-about sort and you will like Miss Wilhelmina Borden almost as much as Dr. Winship does. For an assistant hero we have that gay young dog Eddie Jewett, but we warn you now that he is not a cultured person.

The villainy is not *very* dark, but you soon will discover that Dr. Frisbee, the neurologist, is an old fraud. Little better than a crook, in fact. You can hate him if you want to.

Dr. Beekman Winship is of course a prune, but the transformation that takes place under the ministrations of Beechy Gwynn and Eddie Jewett is marvelous to behold. We promise you a very pleasant time indeed with "The Big Pink."

IT HAS been all of six weeks since we read the latest short stories Erich Maria Remarque sent us from Berlin. But they are unforgettable. There are three of them—stories of the aftermath of war—touching and beautiful and powerful. The first one, which you will read next week, Herr Remarque called "The Strange Fate of Josef Thiedemann." Josef came home a mental wreck, recognizing no one, fit for nothing. But his story is also the story of his wife, and so much were we moved by her devotion and sacrifice and final triumph that we changed the title, in a burst of emotion, to "Josef's Wife."

—

SILAS BENT introduces to you Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, Democratic governor of the state of Connecticut, which is, as everyone knows, otherwise Republican. You will like him, as even his opponents do. "Cross Purposes" is the title.

—

AND Talbert Josselyn gives us a story of a young golfing man who lost his money and, therefore, such friends as he had. But Love is King in this story and the good old-fashioned happy ending will warm your heart. Look for "Fair Weather."

—

AND pleasant going, too, with the Short Short Story, J. P. McEvoy, Grantland Rice, Jeffery Farnol, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, William MacHarg and their fellow contributors. Fair weather, indeed.

THIS WEEK

November 14, 1931

Cover—Earl Oliver Hurst

Page 7—Damon Runyon

HOLD 'EM, YALE! This year's football story. There goes the whistle.

Page 10—Grantland Rice

YEARS OF GRACE: How old is a champion?

Page 11—Owen P. White

THE WORKER'S DIVIDEND: How it might be paid.

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VOICES FROM THE DUST: A poem for Armistice Day.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: News in nutshells.

Page 64—Milton C. Work

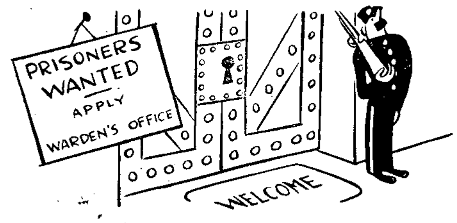
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 66—Editorial

OUR TURN TO LEAD.

Any Week

SOMEBODY just sent us a clipping from the St. Paul Daily News which (thank you) gives a grateful zip to the unemployment situation. It informs us that the authorities at Stillwater prison are worrying because the demand for twine is so great that in spite of the prison's output this year—26,000,000 pounds—the institution can't begin to meet the demand and is looking about for two hundred and fifty men to put on the night shift.



THE moment Mr. Jerome Beatty, the writer, finished reading Pop Warner's first article, The Indian Massacres, he wrote us a letter—free.

"Perhaps half of Warner's stars were delivered to him already trained," says Mr. Beatty, a native of Lawrence, Kansas, the seat of Haskell Institute for Indians. "It was well understood that if a player made good after four years at Haskell he got a job at Carlisle. Warner might acknowledge his debt to Herrnstein, the Michigan star, who coached at Haskell and developed for Warner Pete and Emil Hauser, Joe Guyon, Redwater, Porter and several others whose names I do not recall. Warner's propensity for changing the names of these ready-made stars makes it hard to check up on him; but the Hausers (Emil became Wauseka at Carlisle) were Missouri Valley stars for four years before Pop got them."

—

WE HEREBY thank Mr. L. G. Schacterle of Philadelphia for his flattering description of us as "one who stands in a watch-tower, to whom happenings below are marked only by their trends and surges." But he overestimates us. We simply can't get away with it. We're the sort who can't stand elevation. We get dizzy on a four-rung stepladder. But, Mr. Schacterle, we're going to keep on trying.

—

MR. JIM WALTON of Eupora, Mississippi, has a few words to say to the public and we're with him. "I have lived," says Mr. Walton, "through the panics of 1873, 1893, 1907, 1914 and 1920 and find that this one does not differ in essentials and effects from the others except those of '73 and '93 were worse. We have lived through all of them and always reached a higher plane of prosperity after each, as we will after this one."

There's more to Mr. Walton's letter but the substance is, "Shut up, stop sniveling and get busy."

—

OUR idea of what constitutes a "sign of the times" or a "guide to the future" may be all wrong, but it seems to us that all is not lost when so many ladies and gentlemen, aroused by Kathleen Norris' frequent references to cooking, write to us telling just how beef stews, pot roasts and vegetable soup should be made.

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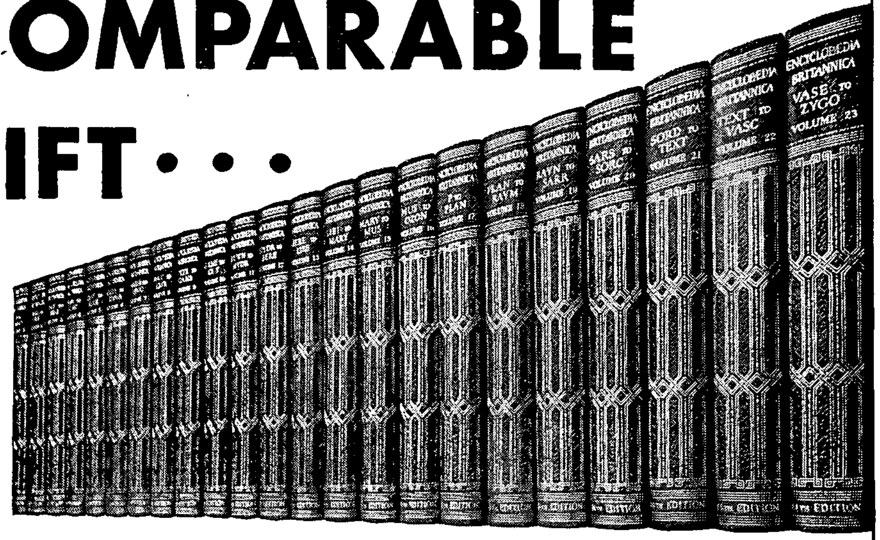

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Ernest M. Hopkins,
President, Dartmouth College

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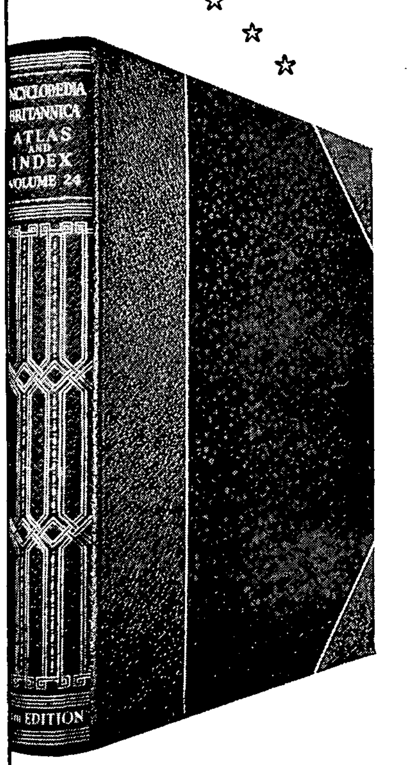
Gen. J. G. Harbord,
Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America



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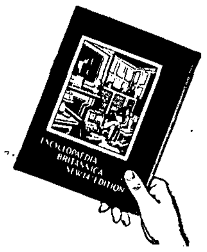
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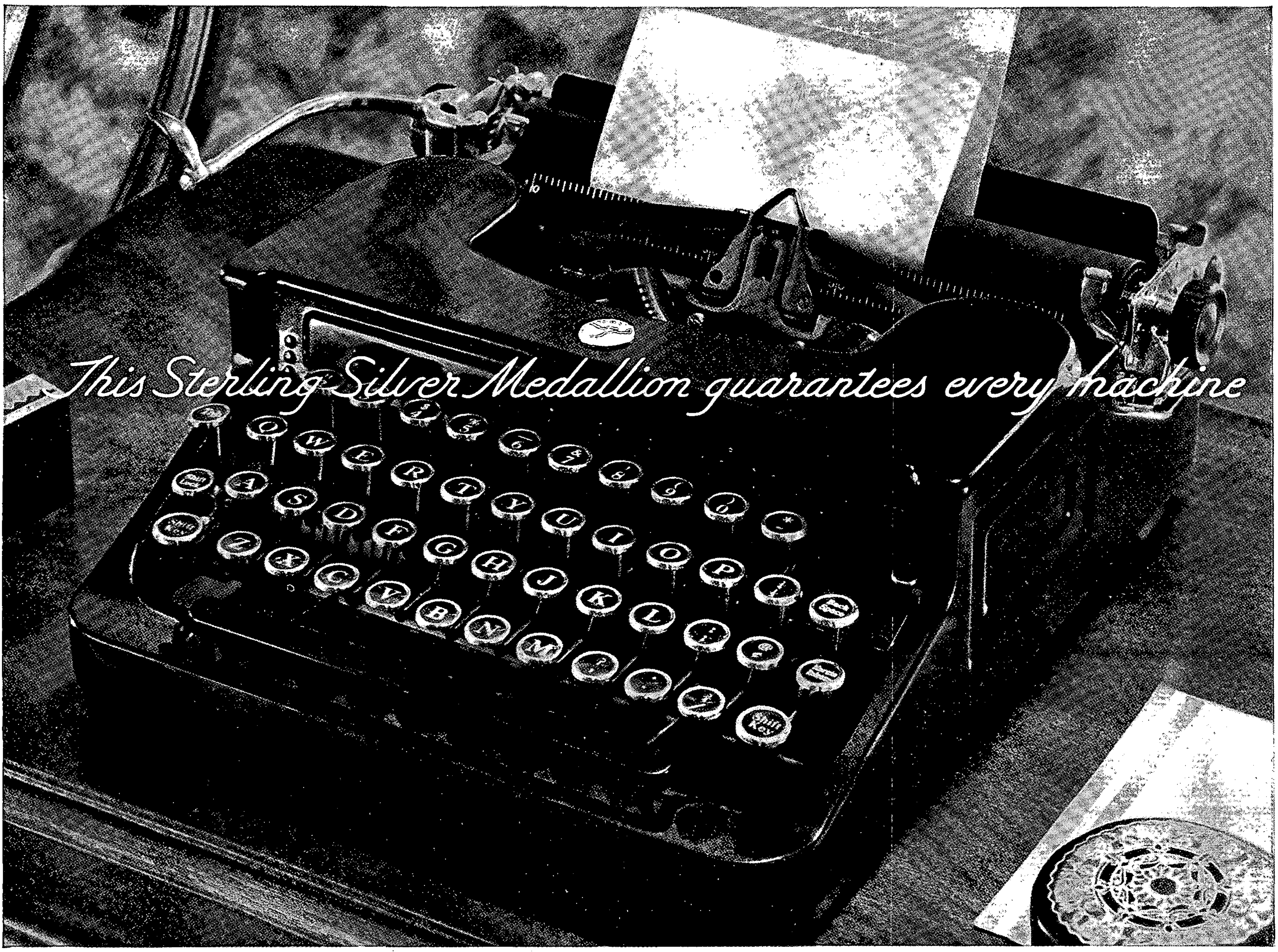

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Collier's The National Weekly for November 14, 1931

Hold 'em, Yale!

Such a football story as will never be told again—unless the author repeats

By Damon Runyon

WHAT I am doing in New Haven on the day of a very large football game between the Harvards and the Yales is something which calls for quite a little explanation, because I am not such a guy as you will expect to find in New Haven at any time, and especially on the day of a large football game.

But there I am, and the reason I am there goes back to a Friday night when I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway thinking of very little except how I can get hold of a few potatoes to take care of the old overhead. And while I am sitting there, who comes in but Sam the Gonoph, who is a ticket speculator by trade, and who seems to be looking all around and about.

Well, Sam the Gonoph gets to talking to me, and it turns out that he is looking for a guy by the name of Gigolo Georgie, who is called Gigolo Georgie because he is always hanging around night clubs wearing a little mustache and white spats, and dancing with old dolls. In fact, Gigolo Georgie is nothing but a gentleman bum, and I am surprised that Sam the Gonoph is looking for him.

But it seems that the reason Sam the Gonoph wishes to find Gigolo Georgie is to give him a good punch in the snoot, because it seems that Gigolo Georgie promotes Sam for several duckets to the large football game between the Harvards and the Yales to sell on commission, and never kicks back anything whatever to Sam. Naturally Sam considers Gigolo Georgie nothing but a rascal for doing such a thing to him, and Sam says he will find Gigolo Georgie and give him a going-over if it is the last act of his life.

Well, then Sam explains to me that he has quite a few nice duckets for the large football game between the Harvards and the Yales and that he is taking a crew of guys with him to New Haven the next day to hustle these duckets, and what about me going along and helping to hustle these duckets and making a few bobs for myself, which is an invitation that sounds very pleasant to me, indeed.

Now of course it is very difficult for anybody to get nice duckets to a large football game between the Harvards and the Yales unless they are personally college guys, and Sam the Gonoph is by no means a college guy. In fact, the nearest Sam ever comes to a college is once when he is passing through the yard belonging to the Princetons, but Sam is on the fly at the time as a gendarme is after him, so he does not really see much of the college.

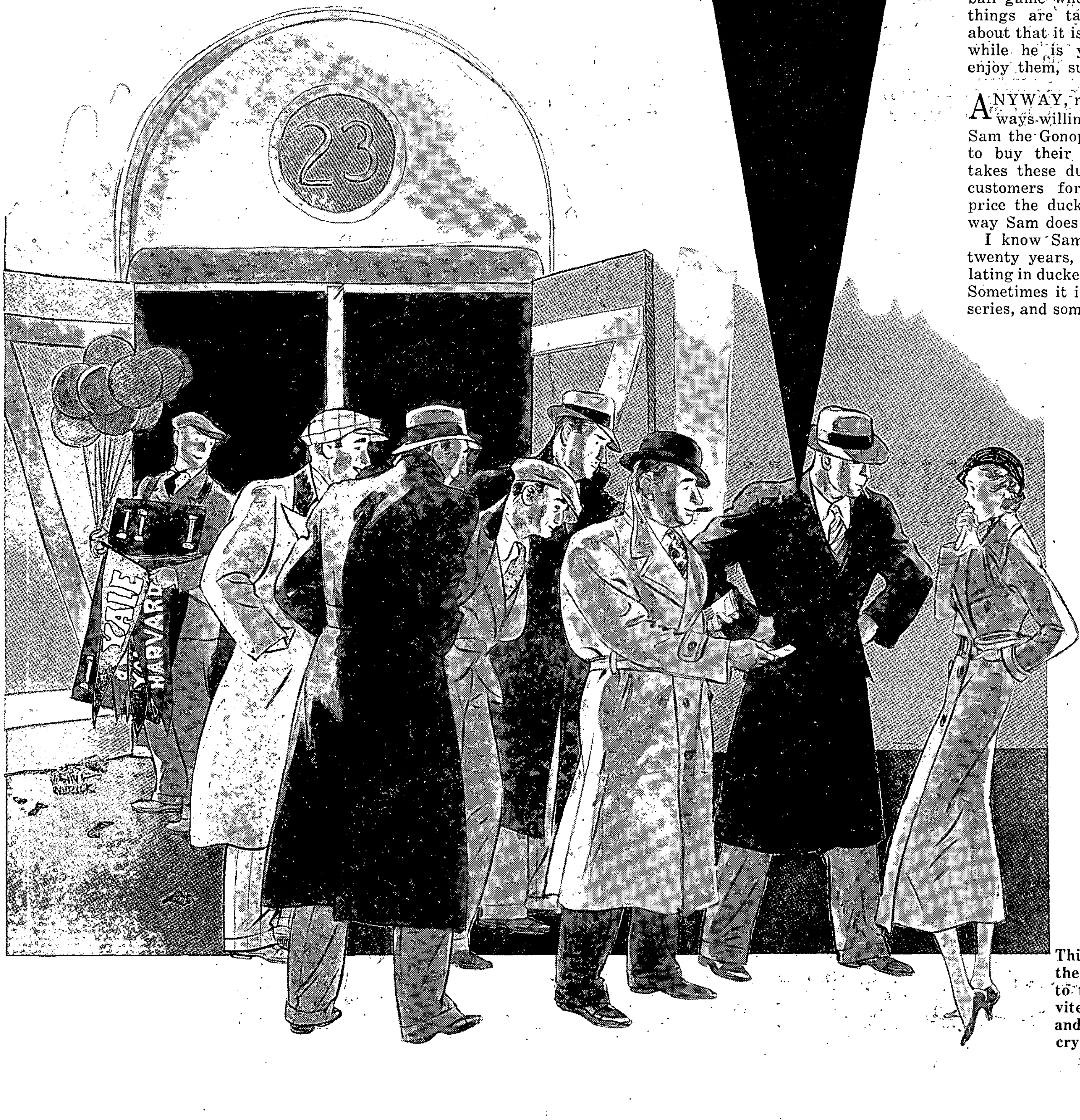
But every college guy is entitled to duckets to a large football game with which his college is connected, and it is really surprising how many college guys do not care to see large football games even after they get their duckets, especially if a ticket spec such as Sam the Gonoph comes along offering them a few bobs more than the duckets are worth. I suppose this is because a college guy figures he can see a large football game when he is old, while many things are taking place around and about that it is necessary for him to see while he is young enough to really enjoy them, such as the Follies.

ANYWAY, many college guys are always willing to listen to reason when Sam the Gonoph comes around offering to buy their duckets, and then Sam takes these duckets and sells them to customers for maybe ten times the price the duckets call for, and in this way Sam does very good for himself.

I know Sam the Gonoph for maybe twenty years, and always he is speculating in duckets of one kind and another. Sometimes it is duckets for the world's series, and sometimes for big fights, and sometimes it is duckets for nothing but lawn-tennis games, although why anybody wishes to see such a thing as lawn tennis is always a very great mystery to Sam the Gonoph and everybody else.

But in all those years I see Sam dodging around under the feet of the crowds at these large events, or running through the special trains offering to buy or sell duckets, I never hear of Sam personally attending any of these events except maybe a baseball game, or a fight, for Sam has practically no interest in anything but a little profit on his duckets.

He is a short, chunky, black-looking guy with a big beezer, and he is always sweating even on a cold day, and he comes from down around Essex Street, on the



This is all right with Sam the Gonoph, so I step up to the little doll and invite her to go with us, and right away she stops crying and begins smiling lower East Side. Moreover, Sam the Gonoph's crew generally comes from the lower East Side, too, for as Sam goes along he makes plenty of potatoes for himself and branches out quite some, and has a lot of assistants hustling duckets around these different events.

When Sam is younger, the cops consider him hard to get along with, and in fact his monicker, the Gonoph, comes from his young days down on the lower East Side, and I hear it is Yiddish for thief, but of course as Sam gets older and starts gathering plenty of potatoes, he will not think of stealing anything. At least not much, and especially if it is anything that is nailed down.

WELL, anyway, I meet Sam the Gonoph and his crew at the information desk in the Grand Central the next morning, and this is how I came to be in New Haven on the day of the large football game between the Harvards and the Yales.

For such a game as this, Sam has all his best hustlers, including such as Jew Louie, Nubbsy Taylor, Benny South Street and old Liverlips, and to look at these parties you will never suspect that they are top-notch ducket hustlers. The best you will figure them is a lot of guys who are not to be met up with in a dark alley, but then ducket-hustling is a rough-and-tumble dodge and it will scarcely be good policy to hire female impersonators.

Now while we are hustling these duckets out around the main gates of the Yale Bowl I notice a very beautiful little doll of maybe sixteen or seventeen standing around watching the crowd, and I can see she is waiting for somebody, as many dolls often do at football games. But I can also see that this little doll is very much worried as the crowd keeps going in, and it is getting on toward game time. In fact, by and by I can see this little doll has tears in her eyes and if there is anything I hate to see it is tears in a doll's eyes.

So finally I go over to her, and I say as follows:

"What is eating you, little Miss?"

"Oh," she says, "I am waiting for Elliot. He is to come up from New York and meet me here to take me to the game, but he is not here yet, and I am afraid something happens to him. Furthermore," she says, the tears in her eyes getting very large, indeed, "I am afraid I will miss the game because he has my ticket."

"Why," I say, "this is a very simple proposition. I will sell you a choice ducket for only a sawbuck, which is ten dollars in your language, and you are getting such a bargain only because the game is about to begin, and the market is going down."

"BUT," she says, "I do not have ten dollars. In fact, I have only fifty cents left in my purse, and this is worrying me very much, for what will I do if Elliot does not meet me? You see," she says, "I come from Miss Peevy's school at Worcester, and I only have enough money to pay my railroad fare here, and of course I cannot ask Miss Peevy for any money as I do not wish her to know I am going away."

Well, naturally all this is commencing to sound to me like a hard-luck story such as any doll is apt to tell, so I go on about my business because I figure she will next be trying to put the lug on me for a ducket, or maybe for her railroad fare back to Worcester, although generally dolls with hard-luck stories live in San Francisco.

She keeps on standing there, and I notice she is now crying more than somewhat, and I get to thinking to myself that she is about as cute a little doll as I ever see although too young for anybody to be bothering much about. Furthermore, I get to thinking that maybe she is on the level, at that, with her story.

Well, by this time the crowd is nearly all in the Bowl, and only a few parties such as coppers and hustlers of one kind and another are left standing outside, and there is much cheering going on inside, when Sam the Gonoph comes up looking very much disgusted, and speaks as follows:

"What do you think?" Sam says. "I am left with seven duckets on my hands, and these guys around here will not pay as much as face value for them, and they stand me better than three bucks over that. Well," Sam says, "I am certainly not going to let them go for less than they call for if I have to eat them. What do you guys say we use these duckets ourselves and go in and see the game? Personally," Sam says, "I often wish to see one of these large football games just to find out what makes suckers willing to pay so much for duckets."

Well, this seems to strike one and all, including myself, as a great idea, because none of the rest of us ever see a large football game either, so we start for the gate, and as we pass the little doll who is still crying, I say to Sam the Gonoph like this:

"Listen, Sam," I say, "you have seven duckets, and we are only six, and here is a little doll who is stood up by her guy, and has no ducket, and no potatoes to buy one with, so what about taking her with us?"

Well, this is all right with Sam the Gonoph, and none of the others object, so I step up to the little doll and invite her to go with us, and right away she stops crying and begins smiling, and saying we are very kind indeed. She gives Sam the Gonoph an extra big smile, and right away Sam is saying she is very cute, indeed, and then she gives old Liverlips an even bigger smile, and what is more she takes old Liverlips by the arm and walks with him, and old Liverlips is not only very much astonished, but very much pleased. In fact, old Liverlips begins stepping out very spry, and Liverlips is not such a guy as cares to have any part of dolls, young or old.

But while walking with old Liverlips, the little doll talks very friendly to Jew Louie and to Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street, and even to me, and by and by you will think to see us that we are all her uncles, although of course if this little doll really knows who she is with, the chances are she will start chucking faints one after the other.

ANYBODY can see that she has very little experience in this wicked old world, and in fact is somewhat rattle-headed, because she gabs away very freely about her personal business. In fact, before we are in the Bowl she lets it out that she runs away from Miss Peevy's school to elope with this Elliot, and she says the idea is they are to be married in Hartford after the game. In fact, she says Elliot wishes to go to Hartford and be married before the game.

"But," she says, "my brother John is playing substitute with the Yales today, and I cannot think of getting married to anybody before I see him play, although I am much in love with Elliot. He is a wonderful dancer," she says, "and very romantic. I meet him in Atlantic City last summer. Now we are eloping," she says, "because my father does not care for Elliot whatever. In fact, my father hates Elliot, although he only sees him once, and it is because he hates Elliot so that my father sends me to Miss Peevy's school in Worcester. She is an old pill. Do you not think my father is unreasonable?" she says.

Well, of course none of us have any ideas on such propositions as this, although old Liverlips tells the little doll he is with her right or wrong, and pretty soon we are inside the Bowl and sitting in seats as good as any in the joint. It seems we are on the Harvards' side of the field, although of course I will never know this if the little doll does not mention it.

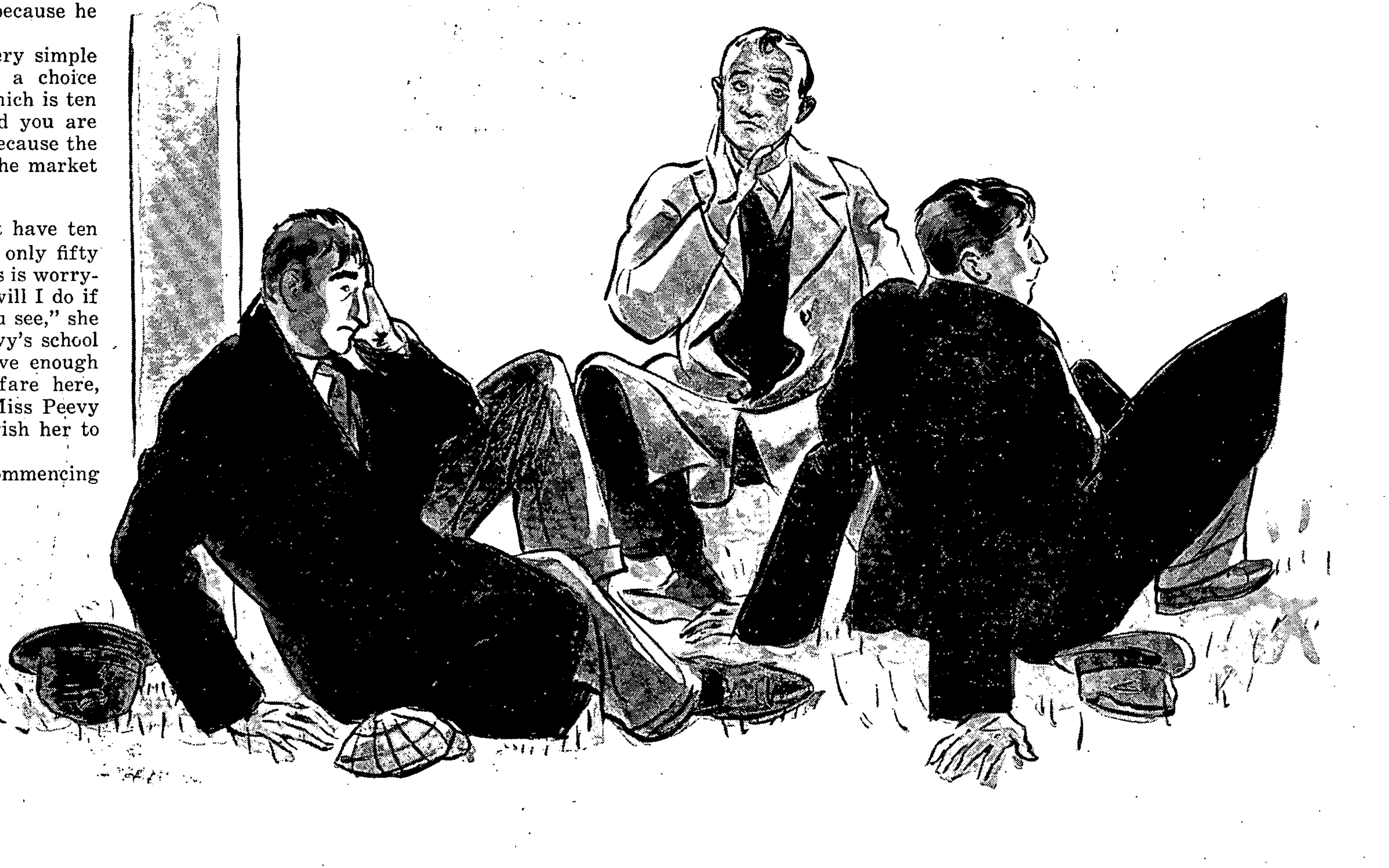
SHE seems to know everything about this football business, and as soon as we sit down she tries to point out her brother playing substitute for the Yales, saying he is the fifth guy from the end among a bunch of guys sitting on a bench on the other side of the field all wrapped in blankets. But we cannot make much of him from where we sit, and anyway it does not look to me as if he has much of a job.

It seems we are right in the middle of all the Harvards and they are making an awful racket, what with yelling, and singing, and one thing and another, because it seems the game is going on when we get in, and that the Harvards are shoving the Yales around more than somewhat. So our little doll lets everybody know she is in favor of the Yales by yelling, "Hold 'em, Yale!"

Personally, I cannot tell which are the Harvards and which are the Yales at first, and Sam the Gonoph and the others are as dumb as I am, but she explains the Harvards are wearing the red shirts and the Yales the blue shirts, and by and by we are yelling for the Yales to hold 'em, too, although of course it is only on account of our little doll wishing the Yales to hold 'em, and not because any of us care one way or the other.

Well, it seems that the idea of a lot of guys and a little doll getting right among them and yelling for the Yales to hold 'em is very repulsive to the Harvards around us, although any of them must admit it is very good advice to the Yales, at that, and some of them start making cracks of one kind and another, especially at our little doll. The chances are they are very jealous because she is out-yelling them, because I will say one thing for our little doll, she can yell about as loud as anybody I ever hear, male or female.

A couple of Harvards sitting in front



Our little doll lets out a screech. "Oo-oo!" she says. "Do not hit Elliot! He is not after our goal posts!"

of old Liverlips are imitating our little doll's voice, and making guys around them laugh very heartily, but all of a sudden these parties leave their seats and go away in great haste, their faces very pale, indeed, and I figure maybe they are both taken sick at the same moment, but afterwards I learn that Liverlips takes a big shiv out of his pocket and opens it and tells them very confidentially that he is going to carve their ears off.

Naturally, I do not blame the Harvards for going away in great haste, for Liverlips is such a looking guy as you will figure to take great delight in carving off ears. Furthermore, Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street and Jew Louie and even Sam the Gonoph commence exchanging such glances with other Harvards around us who are making cracks at our little doll that presently there is almost a dead silence in our neighborhood, except for our little doll yelling, "Hold 'em, Yale!" You see by this time we are all very fond of our little doll because she is so cute looking and has so much zing in her, and we do not wish anybody making cracks at her or at us either, and especially at us.

In fact, we are so fond of her that when she happens to mention that she is a little chilly, Jew Louie and Nubbsy Taylor slip around among the Harvards and come back with four steamer rugs, six mufflers, two pairs of gloves, and a thermos bottle full of hot coffee for her, and Jew Louie says if she wishes a mink coat to just say the word. But she already has a mink coat. Furthermore, Jew Louie brings her a big bunch of red flowers that he finds on a doll with one of the Harvards, and he is much disappointed when she says it is the wrong color for her.

Well, finally the game is over, and I do not remember much about it, although afterwards I hear that our little doll's brother John plays substitute for the Yales very good. But it seems that the Harvards win, and our little doll is very sad indeed about this, and is sitting there looking out over the field, which is now covered with guys dancing around as if they all suddenly go daffy, and it seems they are all Harvards, because there is really no reason for the Yales to do any dancing.

ALL of a sudden our little doll looks toward one end of the field, and says as follows:

"Oh, they are going to take our goal posts!"

Sure enough, a lot of the Harvards are gathering around the posts at this end of the field, and are pulling and hauling at the posts, which seem to be very stout posts, indeed. Personally, I will not give you eight cents for these posts, but afterwards one of the Yales tells me that when a football team wins a game it is considered the proper caper for this team's boosters to grab the other guy's goal posts. But he is not able to tell me what good the posts are after they get them, and this is one thing that will always be a mystery to me.

Anyway, while we are watching the goings-on around the goal posts, our little doll says come on and jumps up and runs down an aisle and out onto the field, and into the crowd around the goal posts, so naturally we follow her. Somehow she manages to wiggle through the crowd of Harvards around the posts, and the next thing anybody knows she shins up one of the posts faster than you can say scat, and pretty soon is roosting out on the cross-bar between the posts like a chipmunk.

Afterwards she explains that her idea is the Harvards will not be ungentlemanly enough to pull down the goal posts with a lady roosting on them, but it seems these Harvards are no gentlemen, and keep on pulling, and the posts commence to teeter, and our little doll is teetering with them, although of course she is in no danger if she falls because she is sure to fall on the Harvards' noggins, and the way I look at it, the noggin of anybody who will be found giving any time to pulling down goal posts is apt to be soft enough to break a very long fall.

Now Sam the Gonoph and old Liverlips and Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street and Jew Louie and I reach the crowd around the goal posts at about the same time, and our little doll sees us from her roost and yells to us as follows:

"Do not let them take our posts!"

Well, about this time one of the Harvards who seems to be about nine feet high reaches over six other guys and hits me on the chin and knocks me so far that when I pick myself up I am pretty well out of the way of everybody and have a chance to see what is going on.

Afterwards somebody tells me that the guy probably thinks I am one of the Yales coming to the rescue of the goal posts but I wish to say I will always have a very low opinion of college guys, because I remember two other guys punch me as I am going through the air, unable to defend myself.

NOW Sam the Gonoph and Nubbsy Taylor and Jew Louie and Benny South Street and old Liverlips somehow manage to ease their way through the crowd until they are under the goal posts, and our little doll is much pleased to see them, because the Harvards are now making the posts teeter more than somewhat with their pulling, and it looks as if the posts will go any minute.

Of course Sam the Gonoph does not wish any trouble with these parties, and he tries to speak nicely to the guys who are pulling at the posts, saying as follows:

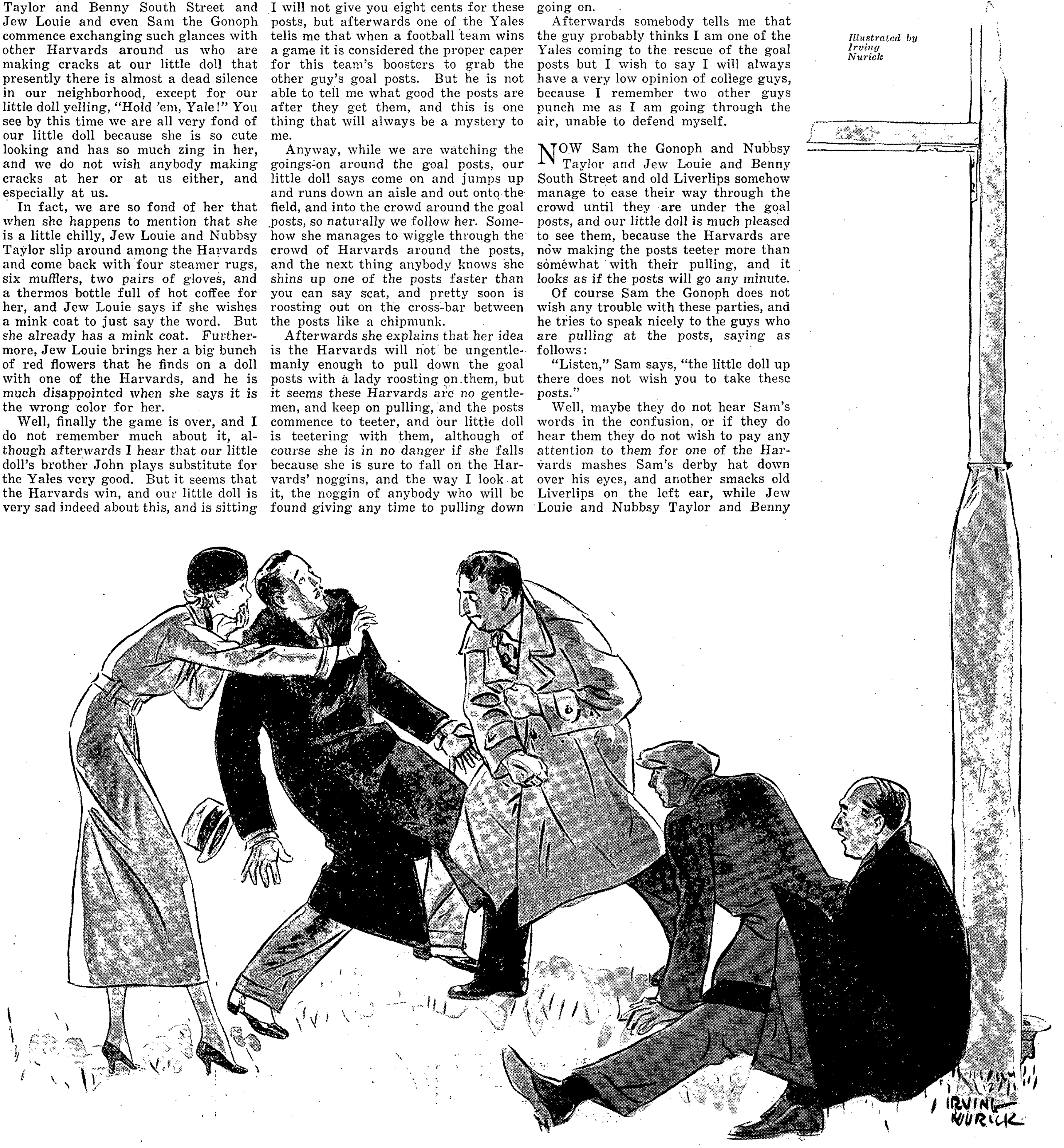
"Listen," Sam says, "the little doll up there does not wish you to take these posts."

Well, maybe they do not hear Sam's words in the confusion, or if they do hear them they do not wish to pay any attention to them for one of the Harvards mashes Sam's derby hat down over his eyes, and another smacks old Liverlips on the left ear, while Jew Louie and Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street are shoved around quite some.

"All right," Sam the Gonoph says, as soon as he can pull his hat off his eyes, "All right, gentlemen, if you wish to play this way. Now, boys, let them have it!"

So Sam the Gonoph and Nubbsy Taylor and Jew Louie and Benny South Street and old Liverlips begin letting them have it, and what they let them have it with is not only their dukes, but with the good old difference in their dukes, because these guys are by no means suckers when it comes to a battle.

(Continued on page 59)



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Years of Grace

In this corner — Ellsworth Vines, Helen Hicks and Tom Creavy, all national champions before they are old enough to vote. And in this corner—Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden and Walter Hagen, each nearly forty and still going strong. Here is a real battle of the ages

By Grantland Rice

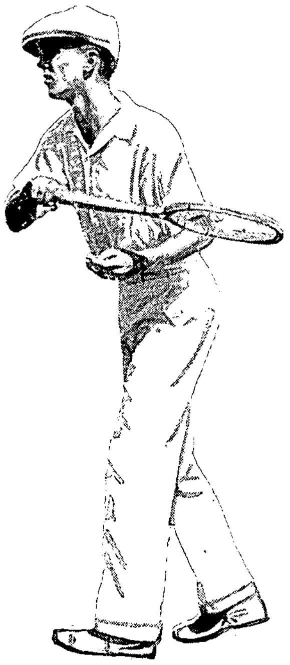
Tom Creavy

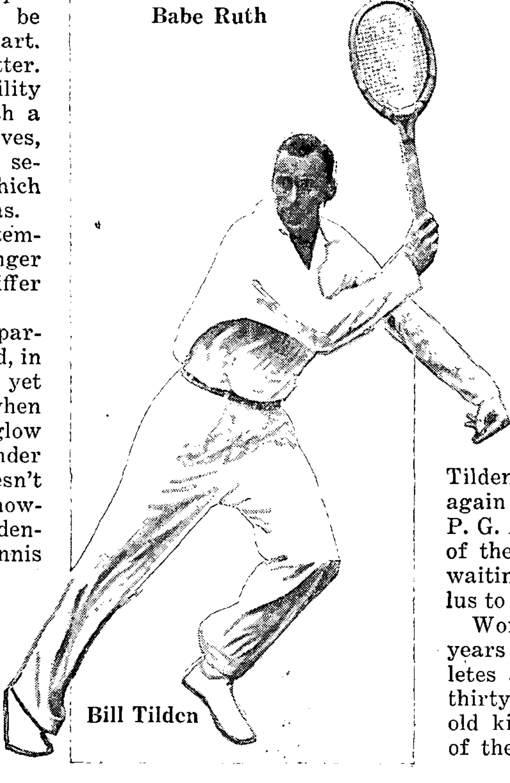
Walter Hagen

Helene Madison

Helen Hicks

Babe Ruth


Ellsworth Vines


Bill Tilden

THERE never has been a season in sport before, and you can dig back as far as you care to, that showed such a wide difference in championship ages.

Youth must be served? Well, there is Ellsworth Vines, national tennis champion at nineteen; Helen Hicks, women's golf champion at twenty; and Tom Creavy, professional golf champion at twenty. Here are three national title holders who have yet to see a twenty-first birthday.

Youth must be served? Well, there is Babe Ruth at the age of thirty-eight, tied for the home-run championship and second in batting after nineteen years of big-league service; Francis Ouimet, also thirty-eight, amateur golf champion of the United States after seventeen years of trying to repeat; Bill Tilden, thirty-eight years old, professional tennis champion of the world and certainly one of the two greatest tennis players now living.

So you can see how little the years mean as they glide along between the ages of twenty and forty in competitive sport. The viewpoint is all comparative. Here are two examples: Billy Howell of Richmond was facing Francis Ouimet at Beverly in the last amateur golf championship. Approaching the referee, young Howell, aged nineteen, asked, "How old is Mr. Ouimet?"

"Mr. Ouimet," replied the official with a half-hidden smile, "is thirty-eight years old."

"Gee," remarked the Howell boy, "how can an old man like that hit a golf ball so far?"

That incident took me back to Oakmont, six years ago, when Bobby Jones was playing in the amateur championship. Bobby had then reached the doddering age of twenty-four. I sat with him on a mound and watched several unknown youngsters come by. They took a slash at the ball and seemed to hit it a mile. "It's getting tougher every year," Bobby said. "These kids are hitting the ball too far for me."

Some years ago, after a lot of careful research, I thought I could prove by statistics that the athletic peak was around twenty-six or twenty-seven years. I can see now that any such generality was entirely wrong.

I believed then that Cobb, Tilden and Dempsey were at their best around this age. But they cover only a small part of the athletic landscape. Tilden in the last year has played as fine tennis as he ever played in his life. He may have lost something in the way of dash and speed but he has gained in experience, in finesse and in generalship.

When Babe Ruth was twenty-six years old he hit twenty-nine home runs and was acclaimed the wonder of the age. Twelve years later, he hit forty-six home runs and the crowd took it for granted.

We'll go beyond that. When Ruth was twenty-six he batted .322. When he was thirty-eight he passed .370, on the heels of Al Simmons, one of the great hitters of all time. This was one of Ruth's greatest years; he tied in the home-run race and was second only to the leading hitters of two leagues.

Where were Chuck Klein, Mel Ott, Jimmy Foxx and the star kid sluggers? Doing pretty well, but far back of the veteran Babe. Yet, to be fair, this can be no proof that glory only goes with long service. Consider Vines, Helen Hicks, Tom Creavy and Helene Madison, four great champions who average around nineteen, starring in three different major sports. How did they manage to reach the top at such tender ages?

The answer is fairly simple. As a rule, youth can be counted on for skill and heart. But poise is another matter. And poise is merely the ability to face the situation with a cool head, with steady nerves, and a certain amount of serenity or philosophy, which keener youth so seldom has.

If you consider the temperaments of the four younger stars you will find they differ greatly. For example:

Ellsworth Vines: Apparently phlegmatic, unruffled, in no sense keyed up, and yet full of flame and fire when crowded, with that inner glow which only develops under heavy pressure. He doesn't seem to bother until the showdown comes, and then suddenly he is a different tennis player capable of almost anything needed.

Tom Creavy: A young, cool, unemotional golfer who rarely changes expression, who merely keeps on playing his own game within the limits of that game, not trying anything beyond his ability. A Sarazen looks the same to him as anyone else.

Helen Hicks: A dashing, care-free, happy-go-lucky type with a broad smile for anything that may happen, willing to take any sort of chance, never counting the odds. Keen and eager, but rarely nervous or upset by poor breaks. Well trained through various competitions to take the game as it comes and to call upon her reserves to face critical situations. Rigged out with natural skill and power, but also fitted with self-control to meet emergencies with a cool head and a stout heart.

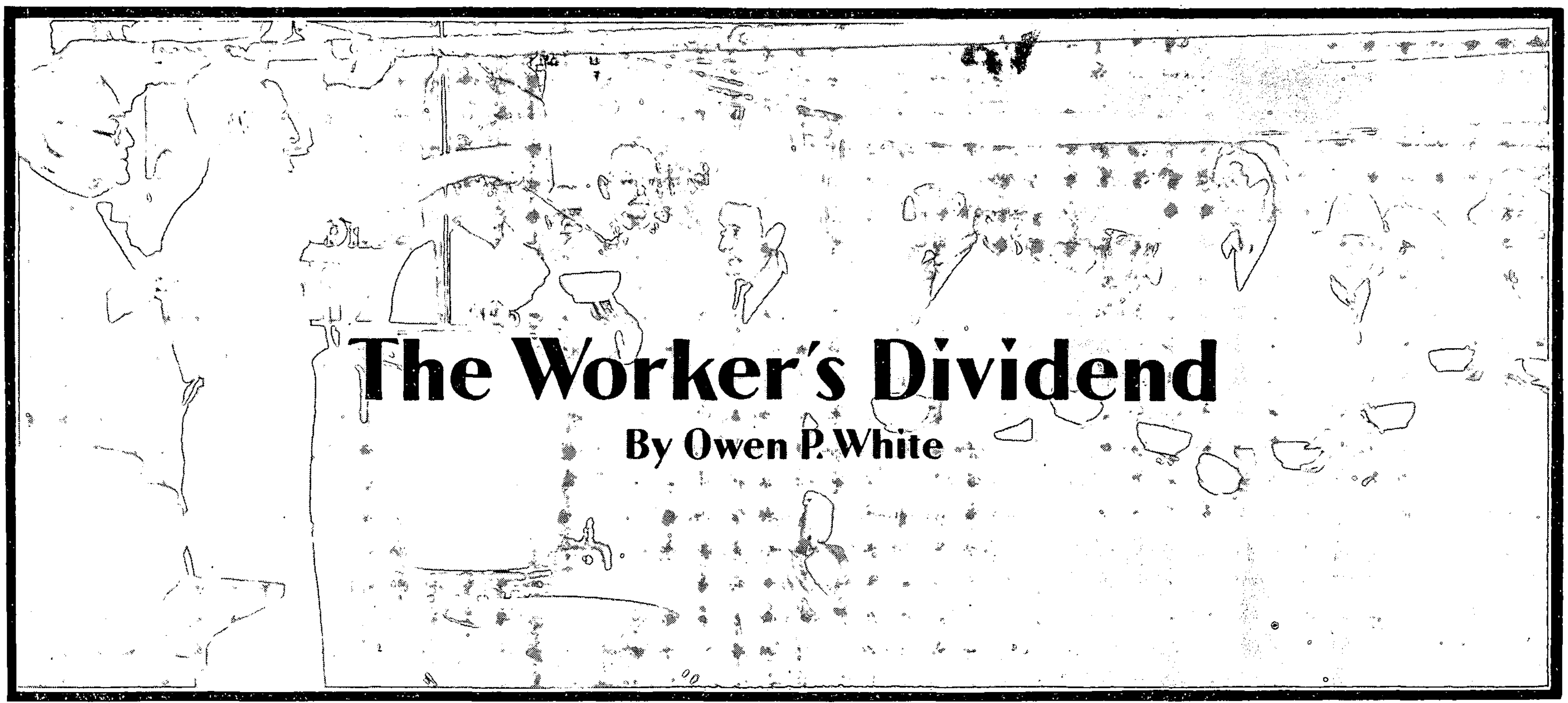
Helene Madison: Much the same as Helen Hicks. Equipped with natural skill, but also carried forward by a keen liking for her sport.

The lines of age and time cross in bewildering fashion. I doubt that either Vines or Creavy, two young champions, have anything like the same keenness or enthusiasm that Ruth and Tilden know. In this case the two veterans, with nearly twenty years' experience behind them, seem to be much younger in their ways and actions than the two youths of nineteen and twenty. The veterans have more fire and zest, the game seems to mean more to them than it does to other champions who were barely two years old when Ruth and Tilden were on the rim of stardom.

Perhaps it is largely a matter of mind and heart. If Walter Hagen had the same keenness and ambition that Ruth and Tilden and Ouimet feel, he might easily regain the top. Hagen can play as fine golf today as he ever played. Once in a while, as he did in the Ryder Cup matches and later in the Canadian Open, he feels the old lure. Then he is hard to beat. But looking back over a career that started with a championship in 1914, Hagen's ambition comes only in fits and starts. Hagen admitted this recently. "I can stay keen," he said, "for just so long. Then I take it as it happens to come. You know, seventeen years under fire is a long time."

It is. No one can blame Hagen for the way he feels, but if he had the same mental attitude that Ruth and Tilden have today he might again be Open champion or P. G. A. champion, for the rest of the stuff is still there, only waiting on the mental stimulus to bring it out.

Worry and care pile on the years in a hurry. Some athletes are likely to be older at thirty than some forty-year-old kids who take the breaks of the game as they come.



The Worker's Dividend

By Owen P. White

P. & A.

A Salvation Army "soup-line" in the Bowery district in New York

Are we going to have a dole in this country or do we already have one? If industry can pay for idle money and machines, why shouldn't it arrange to pay for idle men? Some far-seeing business men have already taken the step. Since 1921 one company has been able to pay its workers in times of unemployment 80 per cent of their normal wages. Mr. White describes these experiments and their important application to today's necessities

IF WE are going intelligently to discuss unemployment in the United States the first thing to do is to clear up the meaning of the word "dole." "It is," as a clear-thinking woman has recently said, "an unhappy, lugubrious word. One that brings to mind poverty and the parceling out of offensive charity, so that we Americans, who have learned to look with as much reverence at a political picture of the Full Dinner Pail as at Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, are prone to shove out our chests, do a little flag-waving, and pompously declaim that, 'it is un-American. We will have none of it.'"

Fine! We say we will not have a dole in this country, and yet, under the stimulating leadership of the Interested Optimists who all through a couple of hot summers and a pair of very dreary winters have been assuring us that "prosperity is just around the corner" but whose sole remedy for our present lack of it is community soup kitchens, we still have nothing else but the dole.

Figure it out any way you want to and the above statement is true. A dole, no matter whether it comes from an individual, an association or the government itself, is nothing but a charitable gift. Hence clear on through, from the panhandlers who tackle us for a dime for a cup of coffee but who a year ago were probably earning good wages, up to New York's tax levy for $20,000,000 for the relief of the unemployed, the whole thing is merely a highly unscientific and wholly unsound application of a system with which we patriotically assert we'll have nothing to do.

Naturally it is not intended here to suggest that our present emergency relief measures are wrong. They are unavoidable. In the face of a crisis we must do exactly what we are doing. The man who needs it must have his cup of coffee and the New York legislature deserves high praise for its action, but nevertheless the fact remains that there is something radically out of gear with any system which creates as much poverty as we now have with us and which does nothing to alleviate it.

In this connection we must, of course, admit that it has taken a tremendous intellect to figure out that if all the community chests in the country are filled to overflowing, and if all the charitable organizations work overtime under the guidance of the Federal government, suffering this winter will be reduced to a minimum. It is also greatly to the credit of several United States senators, as well as the chairman of the Republican National Committee, to have braved the displeasure of the White House by going on record as having said that the unemployed must not be allowed to starve "even if public funds have to be pressed into use."

For so much constructive thought and such noble sentiments our great leaders deserve much applause and acclaim. Well, let them have it; it doesn't cost us anything and it's what they need to gather votes on. But when you, as an ordinary citizen, go down the street this winter and see thousands of men, women and children shivering in a bread-line and shuffling their way inch by inch toward a corner, around which they will find, not the promised prosperity, but a meager hand-out, try if you can to brush the smoke screen away from in front of your eyes so that you may see things as they really are.

Industrial-Disease Symptoms

Don't blame the people in the bread-line for being there: it's not their fault. Unemployment is not a disease of labor; it's a disease of industry and hence a bread-line is merely a symptom, the treatment of which, through the approved American dole system of dosing up idle but willing workingmen with weak coffee, thin soup and stale sandwiches, will get the nation nowhere in its effort to cure the basic ailment.

This system does, however, provide industry with an easy method of sliding out from under its obligation to its own unemployed.

But what is that obligation?

Let us draw a small picture and see if we can find out. Take John Smith, for example. John, thirty years old, and with a wife and two children dependent upon him, has been working faithfully for one company for eight years. He has had only one job and he doesn't know how to do anything else. He has been tending a machine. He has become a part of that machine and the machine has become a part of him. Taken together John Smith, who has brains, a heart and a family, and the machine, which is made of nickel, brass, bronze, steel and iron, form a highly efficient whole. Separate them and they are both useless.

Along comes an epidemic like the present one; industry becomes infected with its recurrent disease of unemployment and what does it do about it? Does it cast the metal-made part of its machine out into the inclemency of a hard winter and leave it there in the hope that some charitable relief society will come along, cover it up, grease the bearings and thus save it from rust and deterioration?

Not a bit of it. Industry never behaves like that. The metal-made part of industry's great machine is well cared for. It is sheltered from the storm; its idle wants are attended to; it is fully insured, and, in brief, it is John Smith, the human part of that same machine, who is thrust into the street.

But doesn't John Smith rust, isn't his spirit broken, doesn't he deteriorate and become discouraged and doesn't he lose his pride in his American citizenship?

Looked at from this point of view a bread-line assumes a different aspect. It becomes almost human, doesn't it? And when we view it from another angle it takes on yet another aspect.

Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and housing the homeless would seem to most of us to be almost as sacred a duty as paying dividends on capital to needy stockholders, and yet, in this respect, what kind of record has industry made? It is interesting to examine it.

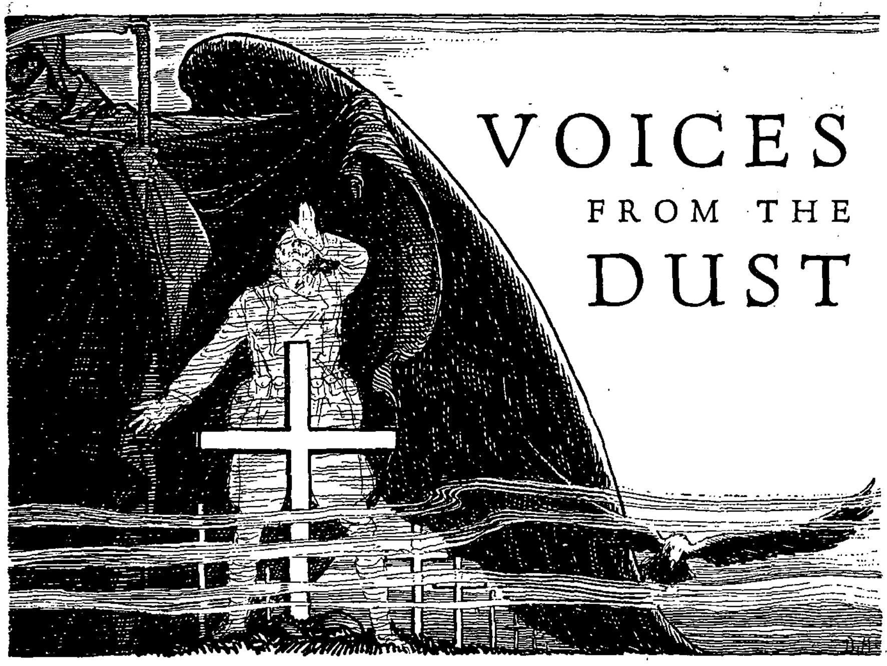
During the great depression of 1921 we find that industry reduced the per capita earnings of its wage-workers by $290 for the year, or almost twenty-three per cent from 1920. In that same year, however, interest paid to investors increased $71,000,000, while dividends declined only three per cent as compared with a twenty-three per cent wage reduction.

A Big Year for Investors

In this present depression the comparison is vastly more startling. During 1930, owing to wage cuts, part-time employment, and a veritable tidal wave of full-time unemployment, aggregate wages in the United States as reported by the Standard Statistics Company and the American Federation of Labor, dropped off to the extent of $9,600,000,000, whereas interest payments and dividends which in the prosperous year of 1929 had totaled only $7,500,000,000, actually *rose*, in the depressed year of 1930, to a flat eight billion.

From these figures it becomes obvious that the reason we have bread-lines is that the income of a man who has his capital invested in industry is more or less stabilized, whereas the income of a man who has invested his labor therein is not. In other words, so far as depressions, or cyclical fluctuations, are concerned, modern American industry has learned how to distribute its earnings in such a way as to safeguard the income of its capital investors, while at the same time the incomes of its laborers continue to rise and fall, or to disappear entirely with changes in business conditions.

In the opinion of the general public, which is already viewing with alarm the approach of the coming winter when seven million idle men will be tramping the streets, the situation thus created



VOICES FROM THE DUST

We are only the Dead today, dust of the world we knew,
Dust of the world we tried to save when lightning raked the sky;
Covered with clay and clod and night before our dreams came true,
Broken and battered, spaded down, before our youth walked by.

We are only the Dead today, have we not earned our sleep?
Why must the living haunt our dreams, here where the trail is done?
Crying aloud as children cry, because the road is steep,
Because the fight is hard and rough and shadows hide the sun?

Is this the world we fought to save when storm clouds swept the scene?
The world for which we gave our blood, for which we laughed at fear?
How would they like to be with us, where rain-wet crosses lean,
Day after endless, sunless day, year after lonesome year?

Haven't they still the hills we knew, stars on the singing streams?
There are remembered lanes we walked, moonlight and love and song;
God! For the vanished thrill again of dreaming a few old dreams,
Having our chance above once more, living and loving along.

Voices that called across dark seas, lost in the rifle fire,
Soft hands beckoning day and night, that signaled us in vain;
And prayers that came too late to us, by trench and broken wire,
Shattered and torn along the trail by Meuse and Marne and Aisne.

You have the April green we loved, the golden glow of June;
And autumn's rainbow flare of flame by upland, vale and glen,
And at gray twilight you can hear the cricket's cheerful tune,
That from our coverlets of clay we may not know again.

And yet you haunt our broken sleep with cries that reach our dust,
Where Fear is walking at your side and tears flow in a flood;
How would you like to trade with us against the rifle's rust
And give us back our chance to save the world that holds our blood?

Grantland Rice

is wholly unfair. Even industry agrees that it is unfair and that somebody ought to do something about it. But what?

To this inquiry industry, as a whole, makes no response whatever. Except in a few isolated cases, some of which we will refer to later, where special groups of industrialists are honestly trying to work out reforms in their own lines of business, our great captains of industry are making no concerted effort to solve the greatest problem that has confronted this country since it shouldered its musket, went to the front and made the world safe for American bureaucracy.

Two Kinds of Cures

However, poor old industry's case is not entirely without hope. It may not itself be industriously searching for a cure for its own illness, but there are others who are not so slack. Two remedies, in fact, are now up for the consideration of the people of this country.

One, in the shape of a sugar-coated pill which calls for a huge dole and which it is hoped will soothe Congress by alleviating the most violent of the symptoms of the industrial indisposition, has emanated from Washington, while the other, which calls for the creation of an unemployment reserve fund and which industry may have to hold its nose and swallow after all, as it did the Workmen's Compensation Act, is proposed by the American Association for Labor Legislation.

Naturally, as two years of unemployment have been allowed to go by without any constructive action whatever having been taken, it is necessary, as an emergency measure, that we again subject the involuntary idle to the humiliation of bread-lines and basket-distribution.

But even if we do, as we undoubtedly will under the highly organized Hoover-Gifford plan for raising an American dole, scratch together a billion dollars or so and distribute them in the name of sweet charity to industry's own unemployed workers, have we really done anything substantial in the way of recompensing these workers for carrying by far the major part of the burden of depression? Let us see.

Labor's loss in wages for 1930, as already indicated, was almost ten billion dollars; as a recompense for that loss we last year gave the workingmen a mere half a billion dollars' worth of food and lodging—one dollar in kind for every twenty in cash—and yet, as a mere glance at the records of the Standard Statistics company will show, industry, during that same period, and *out of reserves created for the purpose,* paid out *increased* sums amounting to $500,000,000 in dividends on unemployed capital.

Of course the industries which made these payments to investors did not earn this income in 1930. In fact, the average earnings of industry declined between 25 and 30 per cent. That is to say, most industries had large portions of their capital unprofitably invested for that period, but the incomes of the *investors* were paid out of reserve funds previously set aside for that purpose.

Inevitably, then, this question arises: If reserve funds can be legally created to care for the wants of money, then why can't they be legally created to care for men?

When this proposal is made to industry as a whole industry does several things. It points to England as a horrible example of what compulsory unemployment relief will bring us to; it asserts that it cannot bear any such burden; it is fearful that political corruption will enter into the administration of the relief funds, and it is afraid that the creation of such funds, by giving the laborer something to fall back on, will increase idleness.

All right, a little farther on we will discuss these objections, but right now, and without comment, we will see how the unemployment reserve-fund plan, where it has had its longest test in this country, has worked out. Fortunately we have an excellent example in Chicago.

As is well known, the business of manufacturing men's clothes is one of the most unstable of all industries. Owing to style changes, seasonal fluctuations and the continual introduction of new labor-saving machinery—which creates technological unemployment—there are always peak and slack periods.

During these slack periods anywhere from 20 to 40 per cent of the workers are laid off for varying periods several times every year. Therefore, with the cost of involuntary unemployment laid squarely upon its members, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, which is a labor organization having a membership, in Chicago, of 15,000, began ten years ago, with the aid of the employers, to experiment with unemployment reserve funds.

The plan, which was devised by Dr. Leo Wolman, economist of Columbia University, is no longer an experiment. As Dr. Wolman told this writer, it is a substantial success. It works this way. Four and one half per cent of the pay roll of the industry, three per cent being set aside by the employers and one and one half by the employees, was allowed to accumulate for two years and then payments to unemployed workers were begun.

Since the first benefits were distributed in May, 1924, more than $6,000,000 has been disbursed to idle clothing workers in Chicago, to say nothing of a "discharge wage" of $500 a person which has been paid to a great many men who have permanently lost their jobs through the installation of improved machines.

Keeping Out of the Bread-Line

Following the success of the Chicago experiment, because its fund has always remained solvent, the operations of the plan were extended, in 1928, to include the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in New York City and Rochester, and, although the funds in those cities were limited, owing to the short time allowed for accumulation, it is a noteworthy fact that its beneficiaries were not found standing in bread-lines last winter. There were plenty of them, of course, who were unemployed, but, as their own industry took care of them with a created reserve fund which paid them *thirty per cent* of their full-time wages, their self-respect was undiminished and now, as another hard winter approaches, these clothing workers can still be cheerful because they know there is still a substantial and an ever-accumulating balance in their treasury.

Again, let us briefly consider the experience of the Dennison Paper Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Massachusetts. The Dennison Company was the first employer in the United States to set up an unemployment reserve fund, hence Mr. Dennison's own views on the subject are highly pertinent.

"Since 1844," he said, "our company has passed through many depressions, but until the severe one of 1908 we looked on them as unfortunate visitations which we could not account for. Then we began to realize that if such depressed periods were recurrent in the business system we should be able to make advance preparations to meet them and that any passive attitude was inexcusable. The burdens of unemployment had borne too heavily upon the company and its employees to be

(*Continued on page 55*)

Roosevelt or Baker

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THIS is an attempt to analyze, state by state, the Democratic situation so far as it relates to the choice of a Democratic candidate for President in 1932. The article is being written some weeks before its publication but the chances are that there will be little change in the situation in the couple of months following this appraisal. The serious business of picking the Democratic candidate for President will not begin until about the time the Democratic National Committee meets in December.

A careful inquiry has been made as to where the actual leaders of the Democratic party in the various states stand —what their preferences with regard to candidates are, on the theory that these men will be able to do in 1932 what they have always done in the past, determine for whom the delegates from their states will vote in the next Democratic national convention.

It recognizes the great advantage which Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt has, the lead which he enjoys over other candidates. But it will bring out the sentiment that exists for Newton D. Baker, ex-Secretary of War, who has up to the time when this article is being written refused to allow the open use of his name as a candidate. It will make it clear that Mr. Owen D. Young and ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith have dropped out of the reckoning among state leaders. Neither is now regarded as a possibility. Their disappearance from the lists has undoubtedly contributed to the very remarkable spontaneous demand for Mr. Baker as a candidate.

There is an opposition in the Democratic party to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. With Mr. Young and ex-Governor Smith out of the way this opposition is beginning to take shape around the personality of Mr. Baker. If, a little later, he should consent to be a candidate, this opposition would be formidable. If he doesn't, Mr. Roosevelt will probably make a runaway race of it.

It's an Open Contest

When it is said that Democratic state leaders are not inclined to Mr. Roosevelt that statement is subject to certain reservations. The New York governor probably has more support among the masses of Democrats in some states than among the Democratic leaders, so that the leaders may have to be for him in spite of themselves. And if the leaders do not find an effective candidate against him they will have to be for him as the man who is going to win. But inquiry shows that the Democratic contest is an open one with at least the possibility of the nomination of some other candidate than Governor Roosevelt.

After these general remarks we now proceed to the states individually. Maine is a sure Roosevelt state. Vermont is still anybody's state. There are few Democrats in it and the machine is in control. Because of the indecision of the opposition to Roosevelt, Vermont may gravitate into his column, but it is not yet certain. The most influential Democrat in New Hampshire is Robert C. Murchie. He will come pretty near saying how New Hampshire's delegation shall vote. He is not inclined toward Roosevelt. But he will have to have somewhere to go. If an effective candidate against Roosevelt emerges by the first of the year New Hampshire may be expected to be against Roosevelt.

In Massachusetts there is a lively factional struggle for and against Roosevelt. Mayor Curley of Boston is carrying on an active campaign for Roosevelt. But Mayor Curley is discredited by his disloyalty to the Democratic ticket last November. Senator David I. Walsh dodges the issue, saying that Massachusetts is for Al Smith first, and for anyone Al Smith wants. The two most influential Democrats in the state are Governor Joseph Ely and Frank Donahue. As Mayor Curley tried to prevent Ely's nomination and was suspected also of trying to throw the election against him, Ely will have no traffic with Curley.

Roosevelt in the East

The delegation will probably be controlled by Governor Ely and Frank Donahue and will likely be against Roosevelt, unless he is obviously going to win on the first ballot. Rhode Island is a small state in which the most influential Democrat is ex-Senator Peter G. Gerry. He is not inclined to Roosevelt, but is uncertain. Connecticut, like Massachusetts, is an Al Smith state. It generally goes with certain forces in the party which are opposed to Roosevelt. No one can predict its position until the strength of the opposition to Roosevelt is known.

New York is for Roosevelt, and this is the governor's most important element of strength because of New York's very large delegation. Some uncertainty exists regarding New York because of the question whether the governor, as the Seabury investigation goes on, can avoid a break with Tammany. Also ex-Governor Smith is another element of uncertainty. He is known to be disinclined to Roosevelt, but for local reasons he may have to be for him. New York, therefore, may be set down as almost certainly for Roosevelt.

New Jersey is certainly against him. Mayor Hague, who will control the New Jersey delegation, is for anybody in preference to Roosevelt. His first choice is Young and his second is Baker. Delaware, a state with few votes, may or may not be for Roosevelt. Pennsylvania was recently given to Roosevelt by Joseph F. Guffey. But Mr. Guffey has little to say about how the state delegation will vote. National Committeemen Sedgewick Kistler, John Hemphill and one or two county leaders will come pretty near saying how Pennsylvania will go. They are not inclined to Roosevelt. They could deliver the state to Baker if he were an open candidate. They might deliver it to Ritchie on account of his wetness. It will be likely to go to Roosevelt only if he is a sure thing. Maryland, of course, will be for Ritchie.

Ohio will be for Baker if he becomes an open candidate. In any case the Ohio delegation is likely to be controlled by ex-Governor James M. Cox and his friends, and they are not inclined to Roosevelt. It generally goes with the other big states of the East and Middle West. Indiana is favorable to Roosevelt. The strongest Democrat in the state is Earl Peters. He is in the habit of working with the element in the party opposed to the New York governor, but may have to accept him. Illinois is solidly against Roosevelt. It will go to Senator Jim Ham Lewis on the first ballot and afterward to Melvin A. Traylor, a Chicago banker, who will probably have the support of several states.

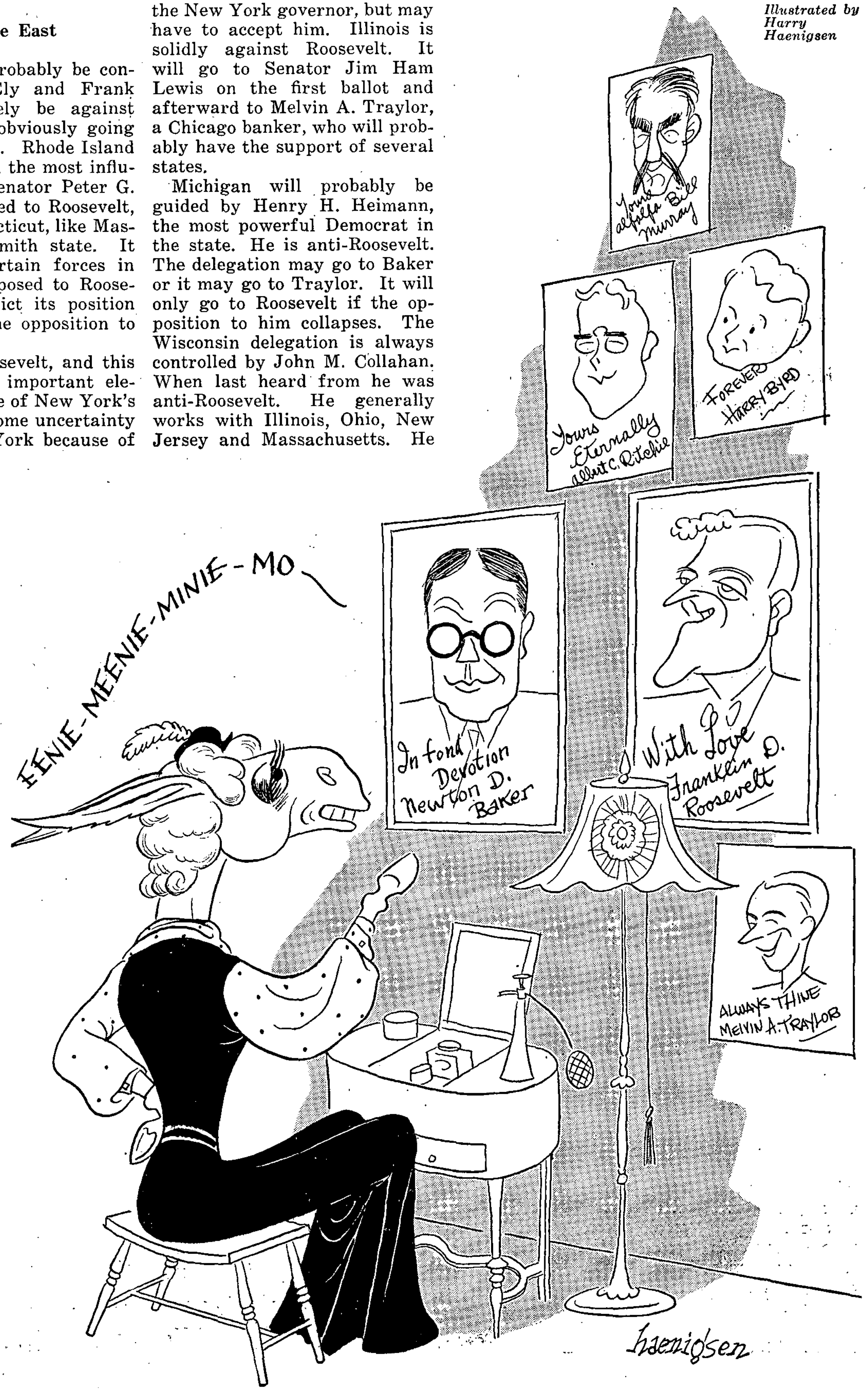
Michigan will probably be guided by Henry H. Heimann, the most powerful Democrat in the state. He is anti-Roosevelt. The delegation may go to Baker or it may go to Traylor. It will only go to Roosevelt if the opposition to him collapses. The Wisconsin delegation is always controlled by John M. Collahan. When last heard from he was anti-Roosevelt. He generally works with Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey and Massachusetts. He was part of the bloc that defeated McAdoo in 1924.

Iowa is in the farm belt and so has a good deal of Roosevelt sentiment. It is not yet clear how it will go. Minnesota and the Dakotas are similar. The most influential Democrat in all these states is E. A. Purdy of the Wells-Dickey Company. And he is disinclined to Roosevelt. Popular sentiment in this region is, however, for the New Yorker. Montana is for Roosevelt, and so is Idaho. Of Wyoming nothing is known.

Brother Charlie Bryan is after the Nebraska delegation, but there is a fight on him conducted by ex-Senator

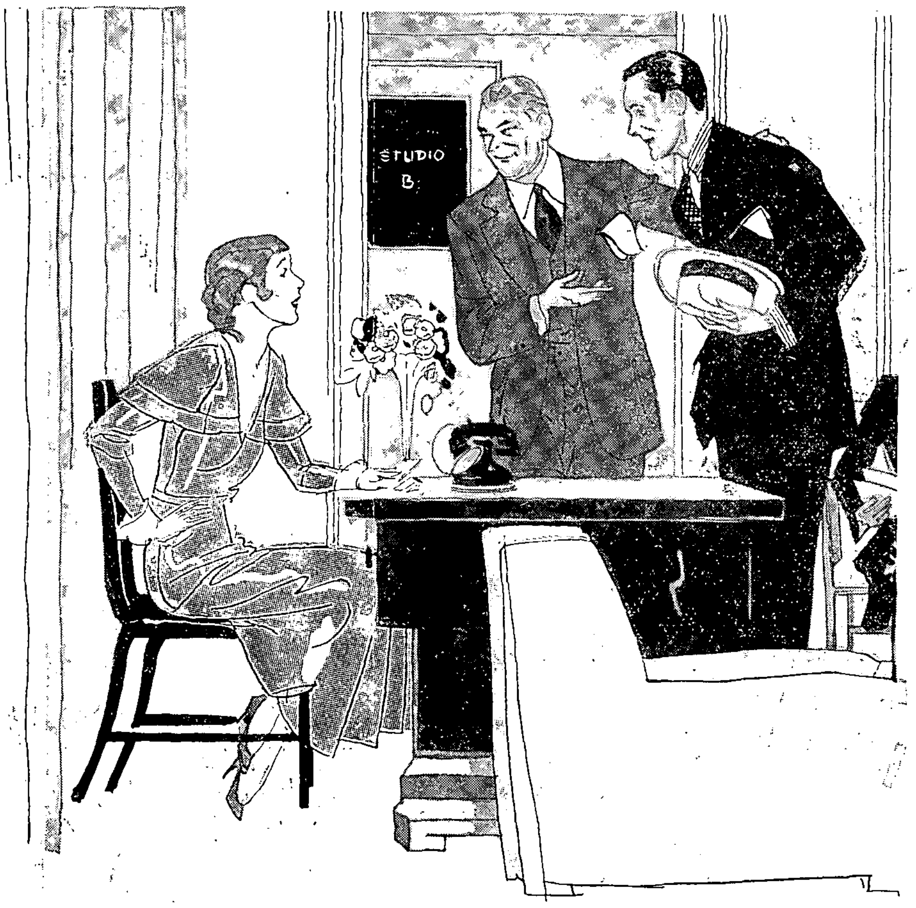
(Continued on page 53)

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen


Yours alfalfa Bill Murray
Yours Eternally Albert C. Ritchie
Forever Harry Byrd
EENIE-MEENIE-MINIE-MO
In fond Devotion Newton D. Baker
With Love Franklin D. Roosevelt
Always Thine Melvin A. Traylor
haenigsen

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy



"This is Danny O'Malley. He's a reformed gangster. Aren't

The Story Thus Far:

THINGS run pretty smoothly at Station WBLA. The programs follow one another over the air as brightly and naturally as though they grew that way. But behind the scenes there's a good deal of bustling and sweating—and some heartaches.

Take Laura O'Neal, for example. She's the "radio soprano" at the station. She lives in a one-room apartment with her sisters, Sally and Honey, who are also on the pay roll at WBLA. All three of them are living on their nerves. Sally and Honey are playing with a fast crowd headed by Judge George Lawrence Considine of the Court of General Sessions. Laura goes with them sometimes, but without enthusiasm. She's in love. She's been in love for ten years. And with a married man.

Bill Grimes is his name. He used to be in the Continuity Department at WBLA. But they fired him. He was getting ahead of himself—impertinent, unreliable. They had to let him go.

Bill was in a tough spot. At home there was no escaping his wife's nagging, and when he was with Laura the hopelessness of the situation weighed on them like lead. Finally Laura refused to see him any more.

Now that they've fired him, Bill has been drinking a good deal. He seems to be going to pieces completely.

That's more than Laura can stand. She decides to appeal to Mrs. Grimes, to plead with her to give Bill his freedom. She calls up, and Mrs. Grimes turns loose upon her a flood of contempt and abuse.

Laura, shaken and desperate, drinks poison.

V

1. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. O'Neal.

. . . and what could be more appropriate on this beautiful October morning than a thank offering of melody and mirth from the Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Boys, who have just played Thank Your Father, Thank Your Mother, Thank Them Both for Meeting Up With One Another, by Special Permission of the Copyright Owners. I don't mean they met by special permission of the Copyright Owners, but I do mean that if you want Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and G, drink Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice, spelled R-A-S-P-B-E-R-R-Y. Your digestion will thank you, your circulation will thank you, and the Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Co., of Mahwah, will thank you, not to mention your friends Calorie and Vitamin. . . .

Don't you think you could have a little something to eat if you sat up? The doctor said you could have anything except solids. You didn't have anything to eat for breakfast. Sally and Honey didn't eat hardly anything either before they went to work this morning. Just orange juice and coffee. Sally isn't going to have any stomach if she doesn't stop drinking, and Honey with her silly diet. I don't know why all the girls these days want to look like bean poles. When I was young, a girl was supposed to have hips. My goodness, you should see the bustles I used to wear. Your father used to say . . .

Have a heart, Ma.

At least you ought to eat some eggs or something. How are you going to get any strength? I can't nurse you back to health if you don't eat. You certainly aren't trying to diet, are you? You look so thin under that blanket.

I told you I can't swallow. My throat is all burned.

It's a wonder you have any throat left. I know you won't be able to sing any more.

But the doctor said . . .

It doesn't matter what the doctor said. You'll see. You talk different. Your voice sounds different. Why shouldn't it sound different when you sing?

But he said . . .

I know. That's just to make you feel good.

Will you let me finish?

You shouldn't talk so much. It isn't good for you.

I don't want to talk, Ma, and I don't want to listen either. Can't you get that Mrs. Peters next door to shut that radio off? It's been on all morning.

It's not very nice of you, Laura, to complain about Mrs. Peters, after all she's done for you. If it hadn't been for her, you'd have died before anybody found you on the floor here screaming. She told me all about it the very first night I slept there. And besides, she's been nice to me, taking me in there when you didn't have room for me.

She doesn't have to play the radio day and night just for that, does she? Turns it on in the morning and never lets up until two o'clock the next morning.

She's lonesome, Laura. She's lonesome and sad. How would you feel if you used to be a famous actress, and now because you're not young any more you can't get a job and have to sit home and listen to the radio? She told me how she used to sing in shows twenty and thirty years ago and how they used to come down the aisle with flowers, and young men in capes and high hats waited hours for her at the stage door. And now you won't even let her sit in her own room and listen to the radio.

Well, that's just tough if she grows old and gets out of step. Who can help that?

You might let her listen to her own radio. She's lonesome, just like I am at home with you girls gone. A body's gotta have something to listen to. You haven't any heart when you're young, that's the trouble.

Well, I don't care if she wants to listen to the damn' stuff. Why do I have to listen to it, too? There it goes—babbling all day like a half-witted relative. It drives me mad.

. . this pleasant tasting mild corrective has been helping people in all parts of the world, whose systems are victims of intestinal toxicity. And now we will continue our program with Thank God for a Garden. . . .

You shouldn't complain about the radio. It's your livelihood. At least it was, but now I don't know what you're going to do.

Will you stop saying that? I told you I'll be able to sing. The doctor said it didn't touch my vocal chords.

Why do you talk different? Why do you sound different? You can't fool me. I'm your mother.

A lot you know about me. You haven't seen me more than two or three times in ten years.

Well, I'm your mother just the same, and a mother knows.

All right. Have it your way. We won't go into what a mother knows.

You'd be better off if you listened to your mother. You know perfectly well what I told you about falling in love with a married man.

I suppose love is something you can turn on and off like a shower bath?

You can watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation, for . . .

All right, Ma! All right. All right. Between you and the radio . . .

Trying to kill yourself over a man—and a married man at that.

Will you stop?

That I should live to see the day a daughter of mine would set herself against the will of God and try to destroy the life which is His alone to give or take. That I should live to see the day . . .

Oh, Ma, go next door and visit Mrs. Peters. Tell it to her. I can't eat now. Take it away. I can't eat anything.

2. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally and Honey O'Neal, Larry Barnes, Judge Considine, Danny O'Malley and Jack Logan.

Oh, hello, Honey, wait a minute . . . I think you're wanted in B. Wait till I look. No, it's E. Healthy Dog Biscuit rehearsal.

I'll certainly be glad when Laura can get back on the job and take over her Dog Biscuit parts again.

She'll be all right next week if Ma doesn't talk her to death meanwhile.

Ma's sweet, Sally, but can't she drive you crazy?

Wait a minute. . . . Hello? . . . Yes, the Beau Brummel Dandruff Dandies have been switched, Mr. Carson. . . . Wait till I look. . . . They follow the Dog Biscuits in E. . . . Who? . . . the cast is in E now; so is Buddy. In about five minutes . . . Yes, Mr. Carson, I'll call you when they start. . . . What was I talking about, Honey?

Ma. I said . . .

Oh, yes. Well, lucky she has Mrs. Peters next door when Laura can't stand any more.

If she only wouldn't repeat and repeat and repeat, "Now, Honey, I don't see what you can see in this big city. You should come back home with me. Look at what has happened to Laura and look at the way Sally is running around, and it isn't as if I haven't talked and talked. . . ."

She can't help it, Honey. Just listen and be polite. She means well.

But she doesn't seem to understand. How can she? How do you expect her to understand? Who does?

But she thinks she does. She has it all figured out. Laura mustn't see Bill any more. Bill must get another job right away. You must stay home nights and read a good book. I must go right back to Middletown with her and marry Walter and have a little house with roses around the door, two mortgages and at least six children and then everything would be just dandy and everybody would be happy. As easy as that. And when you say, "Ma, if you know so much about doing everything just right and being happy, why have you been so unhappy all your life? Why didn't you marry the right man and why are you always complaining? . . ."

Wait a minute, Honey . . . Hello? . . . Who? . . . I haven't seen them come in yet. I'll tell them. . . . Has anybody seen the Maidenfoot Corn Plaster Trio? . . . Tell 'em rehearsal switched to 3 P. M. . . . . How's the new boy friend, Honey?

Jack? Swell! He's coming over sometime this morning. Has to learn all about radio.

Poor devil.

His father thinks he ought to have something to do to keep out of mischief, so he's been put in charge of the radio advertising for Clayton & Logan. Isn't that a scream?

Makes you mad, doesn't it? He'll be around here all the time, driving poor Larry crazy with jealousy.

He's the nuts, Sally. And dance—oh, boy!

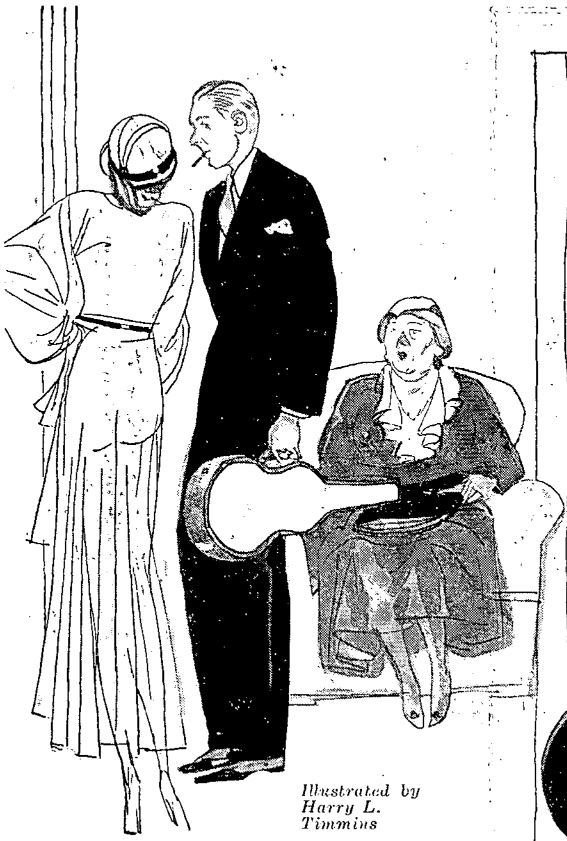
Some girls get all the breaks.

What's the matter with George? He's always trotting you around.

Oh, George is like an old pair of slippers. Reliable and all that, but just about as exciting. He'll be here soon for the Public Forum broadcast . . . Hello? . . . What? . . . You're wanted in E, Honey, the Healthy Dogs are waiting for you.

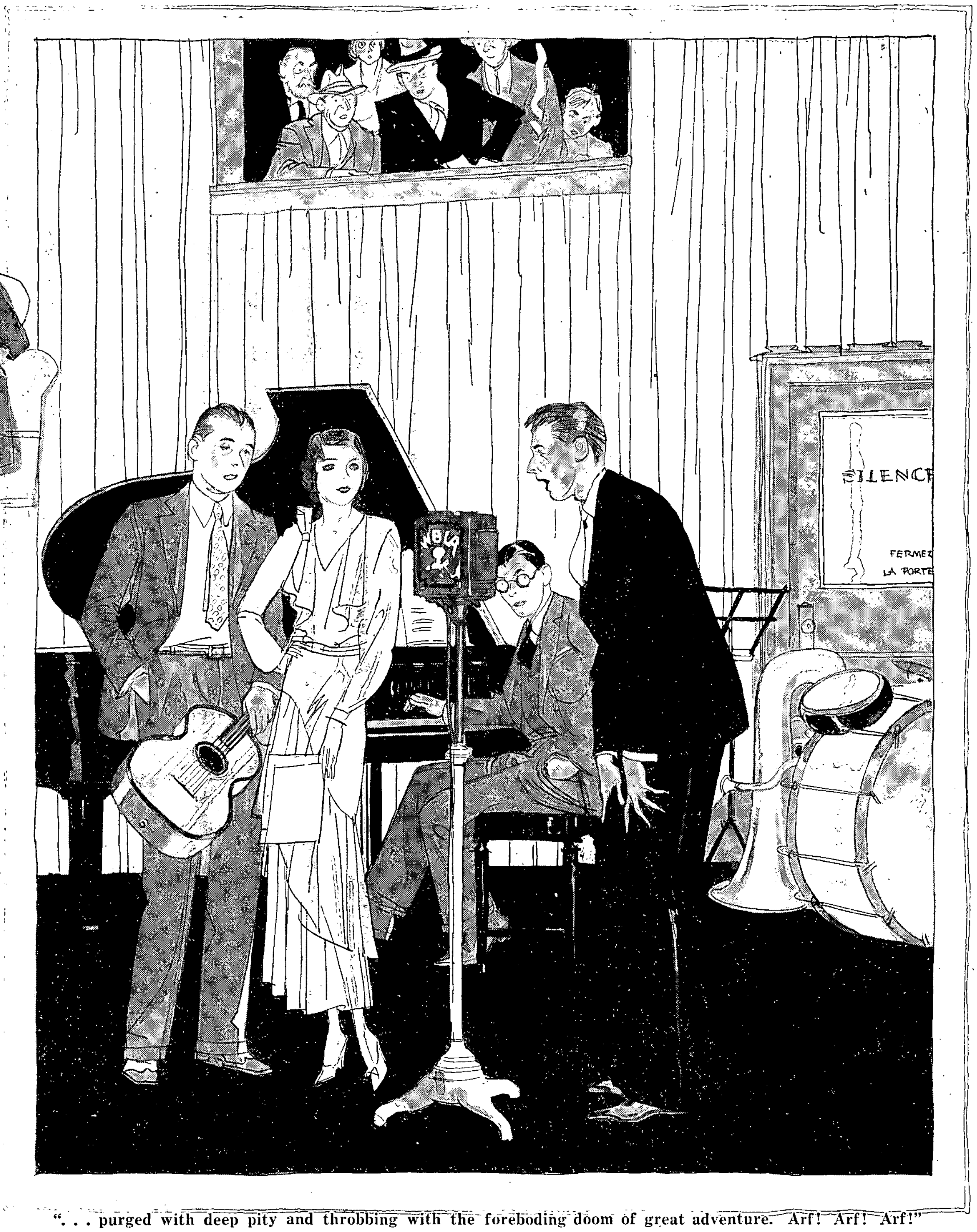
'By, Sally. If Jack comes, send him in.

O. K. . . . Give me Mr. Carson. . . . Hello? . . . They're starting the Healthy Dog Biscuit rehearsal in E now, Mr. Carson. . . . Yes, everybody's there. Wait a minute, here's Larry. . . . All



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

you, Danny?" "Sure"



". . . purged with deep pity and throbbing with the foreboding doom of great adventure. Arf! Arf! Arf!"

right, I'll tell him you're going right in. . . . Hello, Larry. You can't be as mad as you look.

Oh, can't I though? I'm madder.

Did Honey bite you?

No, it isn't Honey. It's Christopher Columbus.

Well, for crying . . . What's he done to poor little Larry?

Do you know what I've been doing all morning, and all day yesterday and the day before?

Following Honey around.

I wasn't following Honey around. I've been trying to cast the Discovery of America sketch.

Yeah? Is that necessary?

Certainly it's necessary. The Paper Towel Hour of History Retold.

Well, what of it? But I warn you, don't cry. I couldn't stand it this morning.

Well, it's Columbus. For three days I've been trying to find an actor who sounds like Columbus on the radio.

But who the dickens . . .

Yes, I know just what you're going to say. Who knows how Columbus sounds on the radio? Just the same you'd be surprised how many brass hats around this station know just how he should sound.

You're killing me.

If I'd known the kind of a job Bill had around here . . .

Say, they're waiting for you in E. The Healthy Dog Biscuits.

Yeah, I know. It's the sketch where the dogs bark and save Rome.

They were geese in my book.

We haven't any geese account—so now they're dogs.

You could have changed them to ducks and saved them for the Long Island Duck Hour.

Not bad—but too late.

And speaking of ducks, you better duck into E. They're waiting for you.

S'long, Sally.

S'long.

Tan-tan-tara . . . tan-tara . . . tan-tara.

Cyranose salutes you!

Wouldst hear a ballad of high adventure, fraught with action, tinged with pity, purged with terror, and glowing with romance? Cyranose salutes you, and tuning his lute, brings to you, through the courtesy of CYRANOSE ADJUSTERS (YOUR NOSE TELLS ALL), a ballad of the Kentucky Mountains. . . . Is your nose retroussé? Can you make a moue? CYRANOSE YOUR NOSE AND BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY. But hark! 'Tis Cyranose himself and his lilting lute . . .

In the tuneful lilting meter,
In the gay melodic measure,
In the style of Hiawatha
I will whisper, I will tell you
On this brown October morning.
I will whisper, I will tell you
Of a girl named Mary Ellen
And a lad named Eptha Jephtha.
I will whisper, I will tell you
Of their grim and gory story,
Of their grim and ghastly story.
How it started, how it wended
Through a shooting and a killing
And a loving and a leaving
In those high Kentucky mountains.
How it started, how it wended,
How it lingered, how it ended.
Mary Ellen was a Shirley
Eptha Jephtha was a Carson,
And the Shirleys hated Carsons
Like the Carsons hated Shirleys,
Always killing one another.
And the mountains rang with shootings,
And the rivers ran with killings
Until lived one lonely Carson
And his name was Eptha Jephtha,
And but one lone little Shirley
And her name was Mary Ellen.

Hello, George. Just in time. The Public Forum follows this.

How much time, Sally? Is that clock right?

That's one thing that's right around here, George. The clocks. Everything else is wrong. Just listen to that goo!

You're too young to be so cynical. I'd like to introduce a young friend of mine who's on the broadcast with me today. This is Danny O'Malley. He's a reformed gangster. Aren't you, Danny?

Sure.

Miss O'Neal, Danny. Miss Sally O'Neal.

Pleased to meetcha, Miss.

How do you do, Mr. . . .

Danny to you, Miss.

Is he really, George? I mean, are you really, Mr. . . . I mean, Danny?

Sure he is, Sally. Aren't you, Danny? Served time and everything.

Where? You mean in jail? In the penitentiary?

Sure. Sing Sing. Dannemora. Siberia, we calls it.

But that's all over. A thing of the past, eh, Danny? He's going on the air this morning to tell the youth of the nation that you can't win.

You said it, guv'nor.

Only a Judge, Danny. And we better be going. Got your copy of your speech all right?

Sure. But —— am I scared!

Oooh . . . none of that rough stuff on the air, Danny. Watch yourself.

(Continued on page 46)

The Flag Still Flies

When they were twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-four, a bugle blew and they answered it. It led some of them to death and pain; it led the rest to youth eternal and triumphant

By Edward L. McKenna

THIS year has had too many holidays; now, on the eleventh of November, we pause to celebrate another. The war's been over so long now that it's almost apocryphal. Its causes are a little hazy, and most of its hatreds are forgotten. Maybe it's time now to consider the career of Joseph Baker, who served without distinction in a branch of the service that was dull and unexciting.

First, there was this Joe Baker trying to play bridge up at the fraternity house. There was some yelling outside, and Joe stuck his head out and learned that there was a war on. It broke up the bridge game. The players went down to Mooney's and had a sandwich or something and fanned it over. It all didn't mean much to Joe. He'd traveled with a lot of German girls, and he'd met their people, who seemed to be just like anybody else. He liked the French, of course, and he didn't care much for the English, though the few he'd run across seemed pretty regular.

The next few weeks there was a lot of drilling all over the campus. Men in derby hats would try to learn "Right front into line" and "On right into line." Joe never learned. He was a big, lanky fellow, and he was always either one or two in the front rank and all he had to do was step forward.

A sophomore who'd been in military school used to drill them. He was warlike for fair. As Joe learned to say, later on, he was a regulation so-and-so. Joe used to be disgusted, because this fellow had a habit of saying, "In the army, we—" Joe often wondered whatever became of him.

Classes were funny, because when the roll was called there'd be long pauses. It'd be like this: "Adams?" "Here." "Brown?" "Here." "Calkins?" Then a pause. Maybe someone would say "In the service." It would make Joe feel sort of queer, sitting there and hearing that.

Bus loads of men were leaving every morning. There were some parties in the fraternity houses and downtown, and there was a good deal of wood burned unnecessarily in fireplaces, that spring. The brothers would sit around not saying much, and wondering. Next morning, somebody else would be packing his suitcase. General Wood made some suggestions that the college boys should stay where they were. Most of them didn't.

So Joe went over to New York one week-end and dropped in at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A goldfish over there told Joe, quite pleasantly for a goldfish, that he was the first seaman to enlist that day. All the rest had been storekeepers, commissary stewards, yeomen and the like. Joe couldn't claim any credit. He was just dumb. A million times afterward he kicked himself for not saying he wanted to be a paymaster. There was a rate, for your life. Nothing to do but deliver the jack twice a month and lose service records.

When he took his physical exam, he saw a bird who'd just been rejected putting on his shirt and trying to button it. Joe thought about that fellow plenty of times, later on, how he was so white, and how he stood there, looking straight ahead and trying to button his shirt.

JOE wasn't called till September. He felt a little uncomfortable, all that summer, imagining the neighbors were asking what was the matter with that big tall Baker boy, when all the local prides were driving camions or ambulances, or learning to be aces, or at least Jacks-up. Still and all, it was a nice summer. He and his girl used to go swimming almost every day. They never talked about the war at all.

The day he was to report, they went to Brown's Chophouse for lunch, and had a planked steak, and Joe drank a lot of dark beer. His girl said to him: "Listen, Joe. If I don't send you away with a smile, it'll be all right, won't it? You know how I am, and it doesn't mean a thing."

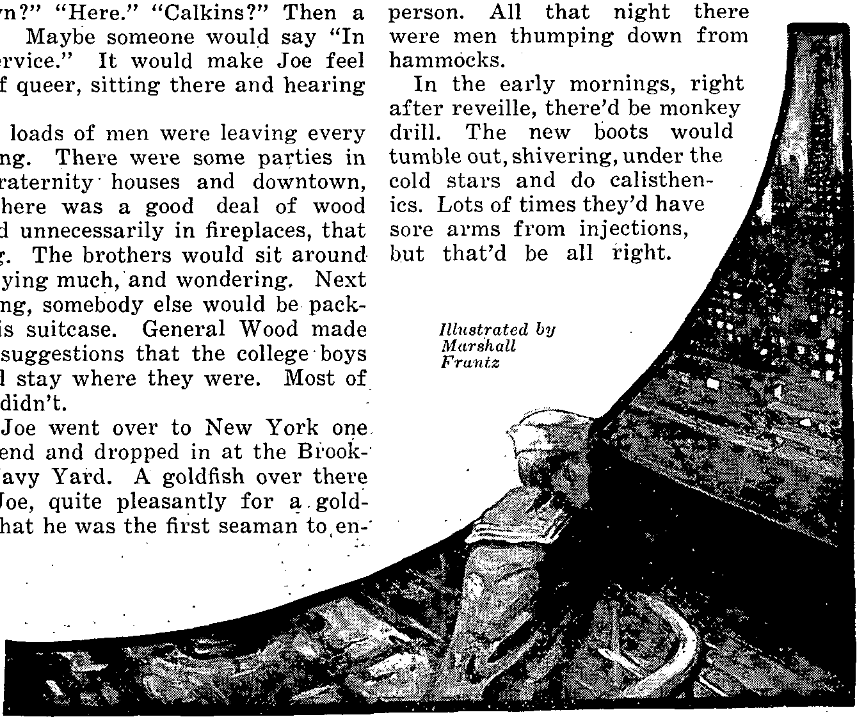
"Sure, that's all right," said Joe. "You're O. K. with me, you know that."

Where do you think he was going? To Pelham Bay. Laugh that off.

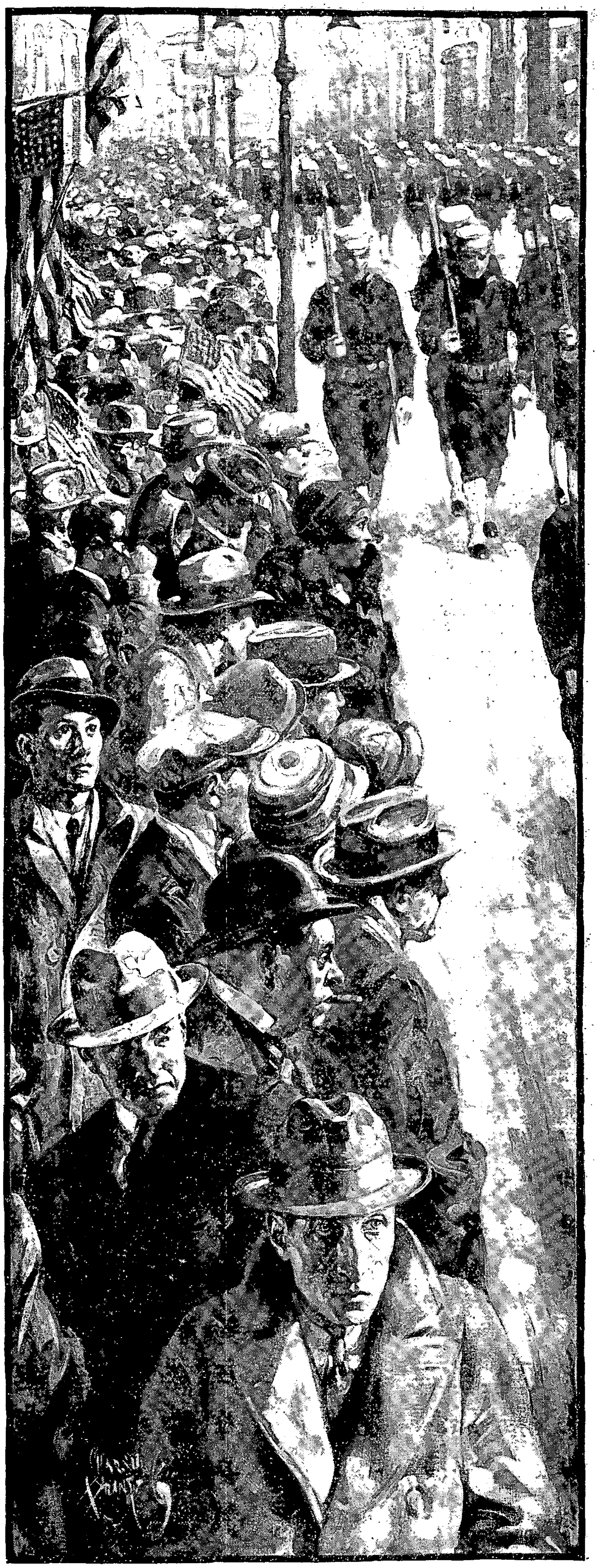
Joe fell out of his hammock twice the first night. That wasn't entirely his fault, as two of the clews, or rope strands, had been cut by some playful person. All that night there were men thumping down from hammocks.

In the early mornings, right after reveille, there'd be monkey drill. The new boots would tumble out, shivering, under the cold stars and do calisthenics. Lots of times they'd have sore arms from injections, but that'd be all right.

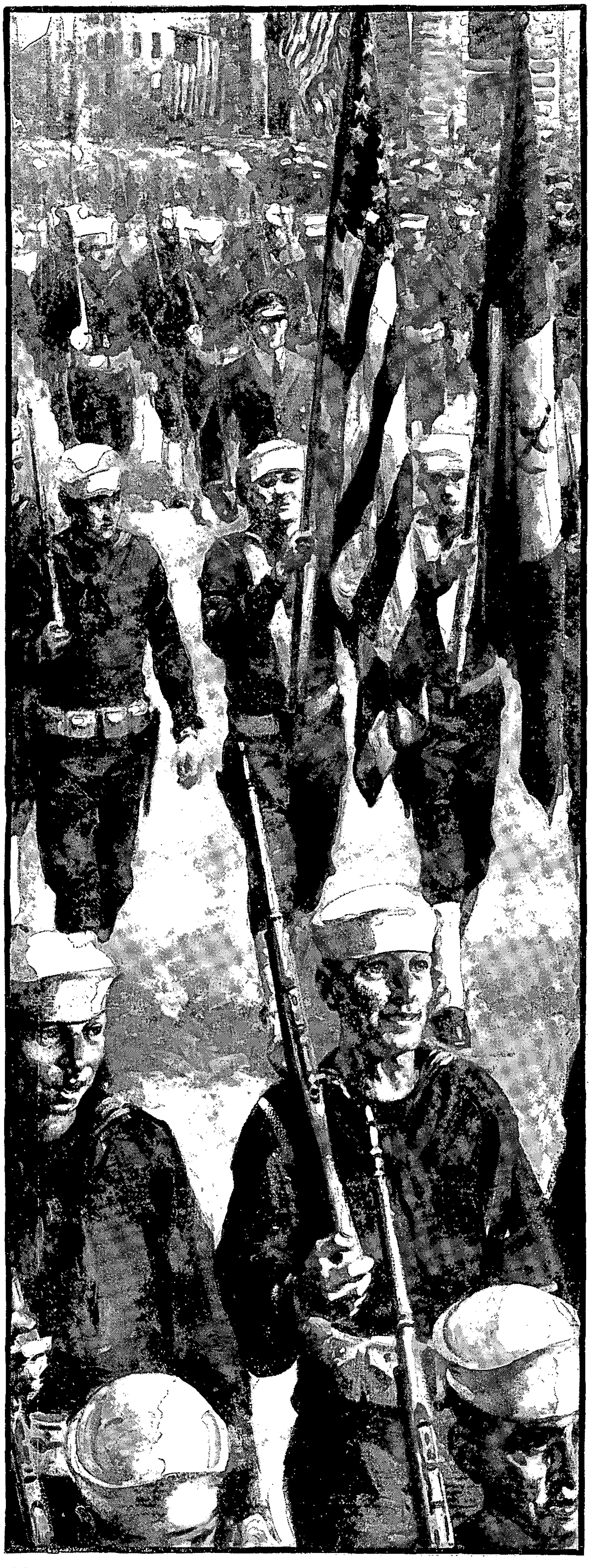
Illustrated by Marshall Frantz



From the East River jetties he could hear the city's muffled noises



Armistice Day—there they go, to a blare



of brass: *"You're in the Army now"*

Joe never could figure out just what they might do, during the day. They might drill or they might be herded into a mess hall, and hear a few confused remarks about the Lewis machine gun, or about knots and splices, or about the blinker system. These lectures didn't mean much to Joe. There were a few enthusiasts who'd follow them eagerly; they wanted to be ensigns. Wanted to be? In time, plenty of them got their wish, and it's to be hoped that most of them stayed on the land and never went to sea. A real ensign's quite a fellow; you can't make one out of a book or a course of lectures.

At night Joe would go over to the Y. M. C. A. hut. They had community singing there, and a leader who wore O. D. and leather putts. He used to get them to take their hats off when they sang Break the News to Mother. No fooling. There isn't much fooling in this anyhow. It's not exciting, but a lot of it is true.

After twenty-one days they let Joe have a forty-eight-hour liberty. He took his girl to Shanley's, and when they were leaving, the kid in the cloakroom folded his collar in under his coat, nice and pretty. "Hello, Sea-going," he said to her. "You never learned that in Shanley's." She grinned at him. "Good luck, Jack," she said.

AFTER he brought his girl home, Joe went back to an all-night place he knew about, on Broadway, in the Fifties. They had a good cabaret there and a poor sailor could get a drink, law or no law. One of the cabaret performers was making a speech about buying Liberty Bonds, and he pointed to Joe, and to a soldier who seemed somewhat the worse for wear, and besought the audience to buy plenty of bonds, so that these boys and all the other boys could have plenty to eat. It was funny to Joe, but it was sincere enough, too. When he got up to go, two of the chorus girls waved a good-by to him. "Good luck, Jack. Good luck," they said.

That was the way it was in the first part of the war. People would see a man in uniform and imagine him going into all sorts of danger, and wish him well. Once, when Joe's company was going over to Tietjen & Lange's drydock in Hoboken, all piled up in motor trucks and with sea bags, everybody they passed would wave at them and cheer. They were only going to do guard duty, but people didn't know that. A girl came running out of a house to see them pass; she threw kisses to them with both hands, and she was crying. Once, when they were out drilling in the streets an old boy about fifty, pretty shoddy and dilapidated, stood on the curb with his hat off as they passed, and they began to laugh and to kid the poor old bum.

Still, that was the way it was. Everybody was hollering, "We're going over. . . . We're going over. . . ." Rich boy, poor boy, beggar-boy, thief, Protestant, Catholic and Jew were going over.

After about five weeks at Pelham, they transferred Joe to Section Base No. 6, at Bath Beach, in Brooklyn. Section Base No. 6 had its headquarters in the old Fort Lowry Hotel. This was a wooden shack that in the past had been a racing resort, and a place of some liveliness. If you had a story about every room in the Hotel Lowry, you'd have something like the Arabian Nights, in many ways.

THEY put Joe in the guard company. They did a four-hour trick, with eight hours' intermission. During these eight hours, they drilled, and hauled logs on the beach. Call this another war lie if you like. At eight in the morning the watch just relieved would hustle over and get breakfast, mostly cold; then they'd drill till noon; at one o'clock they'd haul logs until retreat and at four o'clock, naturally, they would go on guard again. It was a great system to toughen a man up.

They had good, long posts at Section Base No. 6, and bright young officers would try to run the guard every so often. They weren't taking much of a chance; the rifles were loaded with blanks, which was no secret. If they did get by, they'd report it zealously, and no doubt the Navy Department would make them admirals or something. One of them got a nice new overcoat all ripped up by a bayonet one dark night. The guard, so they say, happened to see this goldfish hiding behind a tree, and just ripped the bayonet across his coat for luck.

Joe often wondered what made all the training-camp officers so brisk and nasty, and all the destroyer officers so casual and easy-going.

Joe didn't mind guard duty much. He'd walk along the beach in a million different manners, as General Orders prescribed, and see the lights of Coney Island over across the water. Part of his post lay past some abandoned bathhouses, the paint all rusty and peeling. Bath Beach was quite a place once, but that wasn't yesterday. He'd wonder what the Hotel Lowry was like, back in the old days when Africander was racing Hamburg Belle, and Bath Beach wasn't so far downtown. And he'd wonder whether those tramps of orderlies would bring the coffee around that night, or just forget it.

THE sentry on the next post would raise his voice, and it would come faintly along the beach: "Post Num-ber Four. Post Num-ber Four. Four bells and All's—Well." Joe would take up the call: "Post Num-ber Five. . . ." Two hours to go, he'd say to himself.

At last they put Joe on a ship. A submarine chaser, it was, the U. S. S. C. 41144. She was lying at the Yard. The day Joe and his shipmates boarded her it was drizzling rain. Here was this little 110-foot skiff bobbing up and down against a jetty, and there was Joe, along with twenty-two other men, eighteen of whom had never been on any ship except maybe the Coney Island boat. It was pretty cold on board, but it was pretty nice for Joe to think of

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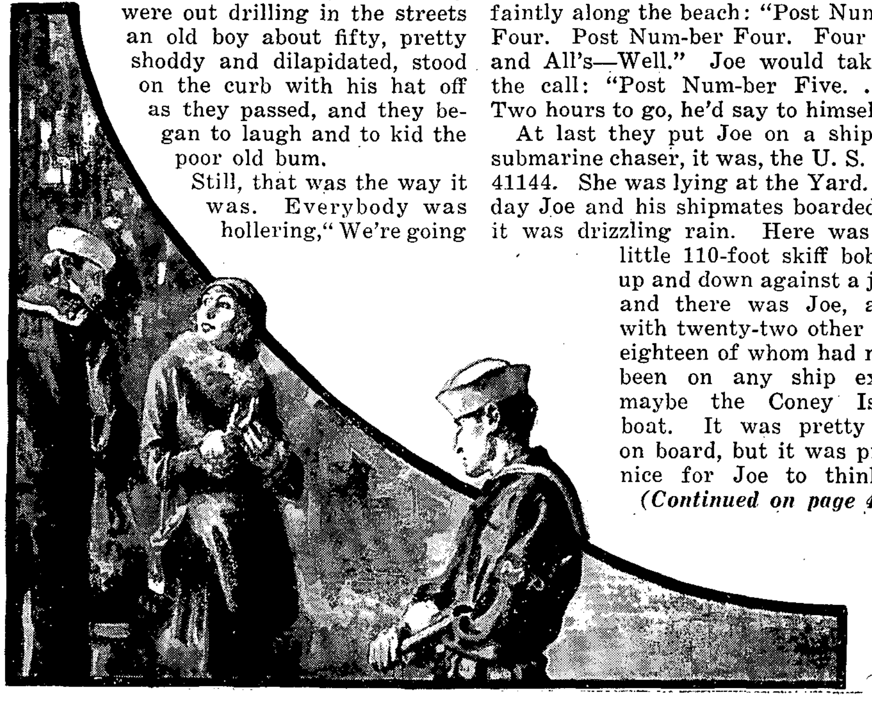
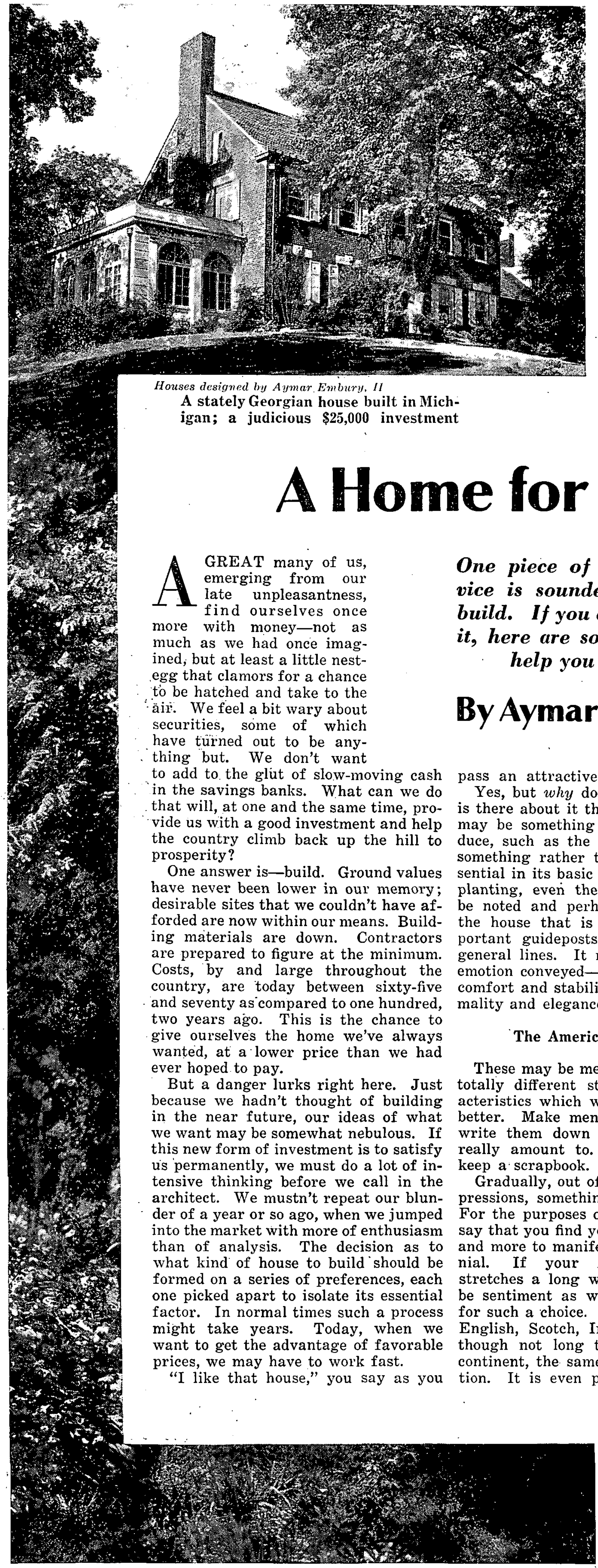


He was impressed into doing provost-guard duty in a bad district



Houses designed by Aymar Embury, II

A stately Georgian house built in Michigan; a judicious $25,000 investment

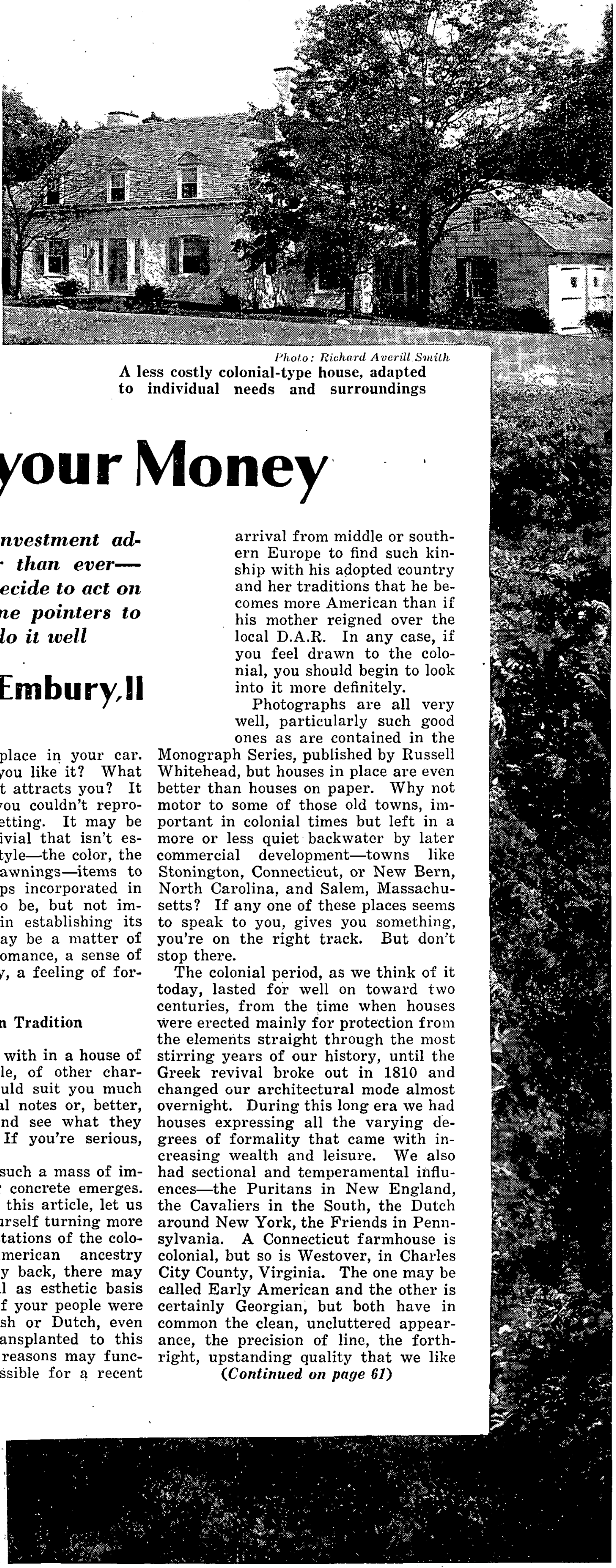


Photo: Richard Averill Smith

A less costly colonial-type house, adapted to individual needs and surroundings

A Home for your Money

One piece of investment advice is sounder than ever—build. If you decide to act on it, here are some pointers to help you do it well

By Aymar Embury, II

A GREAT many of us, emerging from our late unpleasantness, find ourselves once more with money—not as much as we had once imagined, but at least a little nest-egg that clamors for a chance to be hatched and take to the air. We feel a bit wary about securities, some of which have turned out to be anything but. We don't want to add to the glut of slow-moving cash in the savings banks. What can we do that will, at one and the same time, provide us with a good investment and help the country climb back up the hill to prosperity?

One answer is—build. Ground values have never been lower in our memory; desirable sites that we couldn't have afforded are now within our means. Building materials are down. Contractors are prepared to figure at the minimum. Costs, by and large throughout the country, are today between sixty-five and seventy as compared to one hundred, two years ago. This is the chance to give ourselves the home we've always wanted, at a lower price than we had ever hoped to pay.

But a danger lurks right here. Just because we hadn't thought of building in the near future, our ideas of what we want may be somewhat nebulous. If this new form of investment is to satisfy us permanently, we must do a lot of intensive thinking before we call in the architect. We mustn't repeat our blunder of a year or so ago, when we jumped into the market with more of enthusiasm than of analysis. The decision as to what kind of house to build should be formed on a series of preferences, each one picked apart to isolate its essential factor. In normal times such a process might take years. Today, when we want to get the advantage of favorable prices, we may have to work fast.

"I like that house," you say as you pass an attractive place in your car.

Yes, but *why* do you like it? What is there about it that attracts you? It may be something you couldn't reproduce, such as the setting. It may be something rather trivial that isn't essential in its basic style—the color, the planting, even the awnings—items to be noted and perhaps incorporated in the house that is to be, but not important guideposts in establishing its general lines. It may be a matter of emotion conveyed—romance, a sense of comfort and stability, a feeling of formality and elegance.

The American Tradition

These may be met with in a house of totally different style, of other characteristics which would suit you much better. Make mental notes or, better, write them down and see what they really amount to. If you're serious, keep a scrapbook.

Gradually, out of such a mass of impressions, something concrete emerges. For the purposes of this article, let us say that you find yourself turning more and more to manifestations of the colonial. If your American ancestry stretches a long way back, there may be sentiment as well as esthetic basis for such a choice. If your people were English, Scotch, Irish or Dutch, even though not long transplanted to this continent, the same reasons may function. It is even possible for a recent arrival from middle or southern Europe to find such kinship with his adopted country and her traditions that he becomes more American than if his mother reigned over the local D.A.R. In any case, if you feel drawn to the colonial, you should begin to look into it more definitely.

Photographs are all very well, particularly such good ones as are contained in the Monograph Series, published by Russell Whitehead, but houses in place are even better than houses on paper. Why not motor to some of those old towns, important in colonial times but left in a more or less quiet backwater by later commercial development—towns like Stonington, Connecticut, or New Bern, North Carolina, and Salem, Massachusetts? If any one of these places seems to speak to you, gives you something, you're on the right track. But don't stop there.

The colonial period, as we think of it today, lasted for well on toward two centuries, from the time when houses were erected mainly for protection from the elements straight through the most stirring years of our history, until the Greek revival broke out in 1810 and changed our architectural mode almost overnight. During this long era we had houses expressing all the varying degrees of formality that came with increasing wealth and leisure. We also had sectional and temperamental influences—the Puritans in New England, the Cavaliers in the South, the Dutch around New York, the Friends in Pennsylvania. A Connecticut farmhouse is colonial, but so is Westover, in Charles City County, Virginia. The one may be called Early American and the other is certainly Georgian, but both have in common the clean, uncluttered appearance, the precision of line, the forthright, upstanding quality that we like

(Continued on page 61)

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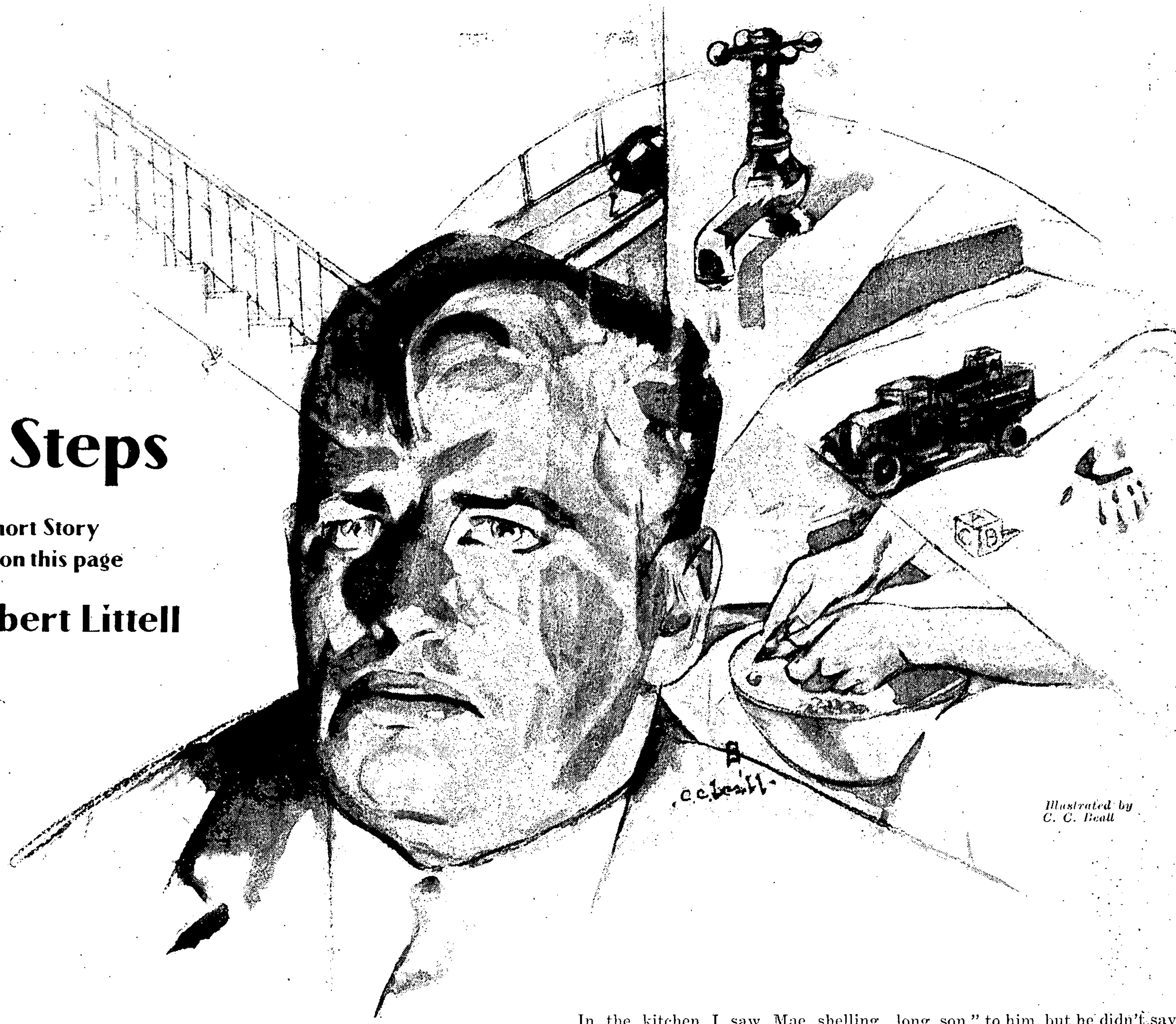
Ten Steps

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Robert Littell



Illustrated by C. C. Beall

I PUT on a clean collar. I was in our room on the second floor where I could see into the Hubbells' yard, and the ring on the stone post where they tie up their dog. The dog wasn't there. The collar I took off had two kinds of laundry marks on the band on the inside, like a double x for where we used to live, and my initials for where we live now. Then I washed my hands.

The soap was worn down so that there was almost none left. It was a soap that smelled like salad. I turned off the tap, but the water still went drip-drip from the tap. I dried my hands. I hung the towel on the left end of the rod. The right end of the rod is for Mae. The rod is glass, and some day it will come loose and fall down and break. I shut the bathroom door so I would not hear the drip from the tap.

I went into the room again which is Mae's and mine. On her bed in the daytime she keeps a French doll with pop eyes. Where the rail of the bed hits the wall there is a mark. I moved out the bed, and I saw the mark. It is black, and a yard long. The doll fell off and I put it back on the bed so it could not look at me when I went out. Then I went out.

I was in the hall, and I shut my eyes. I did not know what kind of paper there was in the hall. I thought it would be green, but when I opened my eyes again it was more blue than green, with a woman, and a basket, and a lamb. Around the door the paper was cut off, and there was only the lamb; eight times, from the ceiling to the floor, no woman, and no basket, but only the lamb. I could touch the ceiling when I stood on my toes.

Next to our room is the spare room, and I went into that. The back of the mirror was peeling off, and both windows were closed. On the windowpane there was a wasp, and I opened the window and drove him out and he flew away; and in the sash there was a long nail, and I took off my shoe and drove in the nail with the heel of my shoe. Then I put my shoe on again and paced off the room. It is ten by fourteen.

I CAME into the parlor from the door across from the desk. The desk has three drawers down one side. I took out an envelope from the bottom drawer and put some money in it and wrote "For Mae" on it and put it on the top of the desk. The curtains in the parlor were red. Where the sun hits them there is a streak that is not red, but pink. There was a magazine on the table called Movieland, and I started to read it, but I did not read it. I went over to the fireplace and looked at the rest of the room from there, and I saw the table and the carpet and how two chairs were facing right toward each other. I sat down on one of them and one of its legs was shorter than the others and I got up and went into the kitchen.

In the kitchen I saw Mae shelling peas. When she opened a pod it made a crunching noise, and when she had broken a pod open she forced the peas out with her thumb and they fell into the bowl. There were three peas on the floor and I picked them up and put them in my pocket. The kitchen floor was laid in linoleum with blue and white squares two inches square. Mae was on a stool, and her feet were hooked around sideways into the rungs of the stool. She was reading a paper propped up in front of her. She did not turn around when I came in. She said, "When you come back bring back some stove-polish with you."

There was a pan on the range and steam was coming from it. The range had spaces for six pans. Two of the spaces had smaller rings inside of them for smaller pans, like doughnuts. Mae said:

"They found Matthews doubled up inside his car. He had bled to death. The bullet went through his left lung and he bled to death."

Mae was looking at the paper and shelling peas. The sun was on part of the paper and she moved it a little. Then she said, "I suppose you're going now."

I said I was going now.

I went out through the screen door into the yard. There I saw my kid playing with some sand and toys in the sand. He was putting the sand into a toy truck, and then running the truck back and forth to make tracks. The sand was wet, and I could see the print of his hand on it. It was his left hand. I said, "So long, son," to him, but he didn't say anything. The truck made tracks just like a real tire.

Then I went back to the garage, and unlocked the door, and braced back both of the doors so they would stay open, and I ran a damp cloth over the windshield, and it was scratched in a half-circle where the windshield wiper wipes it. And I stood there for a couple of minutes, and then I closed the doors, and walked along outside of the house to the front and looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to ten.

THEN I walked down the wooden steps to the sidewalk, and I counted the steps. I counted ten steps, five with each foot. I thought I counted the last step, but perhaps I didn't. I walked down the street, and looked back, and saw the house, and there was one window with a shade halfway down, and I wanted to go back and count the steps again to make sure, but I didn't. I walked down to the corner and took the trolley and got off at the police station and found Captain Rogers and told him that if they were looking for the man who killed Sam Matthews they might as well arrest me because I had done it.

Captain Rogers asked me if I wanted to write out a confession and I said I would, but before I tell them how I killed Matthews I want to write down the last things I saw in my house and how I remember them, because now I'll want always to be able to remember about all those things that I won't ever see again, maybe.

Going to Pieces in the Orient

By Alexander Woollcott

You'd have more fun watching the audience instead of the show in a Chinese theater. Dr. Woollcott, the globe-trotter, here hands on quite a bit of it

"AND is the Chinese theater better than ours?" Arthur Hopkins asked me—for something to say, I suppose.

I was just back from Peking and had dropped in at the Plymouth Theater in New York to pass the time of day with this chubby and meditative impresario who probably looks a good deal more like Buddha than did any of the sundry conceptions of that mystic which I had found wrought in wood or bronze in the temples of the Western hills.

"Well," I answered, "the audiences are better."

For, as a confirmed playgoer, I had found myself going by rickshaw to a good many theaters in Peking, and nothing in the acrobatic antics of the actors, the nursery naïveté of the plays, or the whine of the ceaseless music had struck me with so sharp a sense of difference as the fine, hearty collaboration of the audiences. They arrive at four in the afternoon and stay until one in the morning, maintaining throughout that long session a state of glistening and exuberant interest that is in painful contrast to the fretful and lethargic assemblage which depresses the actor when the curtain goes up in America. For reasons which are many, obscure and complicated, our theater has lost most of its festivity, and the average audience, straggling glumly down the aisles, looks less like a group that has come to a party than like a haphazard collection of irritated passers-by who have been forced to take refuge under this roof to escape the congestion of the sidewalks outside.

In Peking the audiences are large, jolly and communicative. They so savor the fine points of technique that every expert performance is punctuated and encouraged by a very cannonade of shouts from the pit, everybody thundering out the Chinese equivalent of "Bravo!" with a resulting volume that must warm the actor's heart. Their disapproval or disappointment is equally vociferous.

Between-Acts Diversions

It has been years since I have heard any audience in my own land evince half so much interest in anything as was registered in one roar of Pekingese displeasure, of which the echoes still hum in these old ears.

Some Chinese friends of mine had reserved a box for a night when a veteran and celebrated actor of warrior rôles was announced to play one of his most successful parts. Perhaps I should explain that a long evening's bill is likely to include four or five plays, and that on this occasion the star was not scheduled to appear in any of them until the historical tragedy at ten o'clock. We arrived from dinner a good half hour before this—just in time, indeed, for a considerable intermission. To an alien of negligible ability as a linguist, the intermission is likely to afford quite as much entertainment as the performance. There is much handing out of tea and one is also given lotus seeds to munch. Then face-cloths fly in every direction.

Probably I should pause here long enough to explain the place of the face-cloth in the life of Peking. It is, they say, the dustiest city in the world. That is true at all times, but especially so when a southwesterly wind is scooping up the light, unresisting surface of the Gobi Desert, carrying it for a while and then, as if tired of it, dropping it negligently on the Manchu palaces. Wherefore, when you arrive at a restaurant for dinner, or drop in on some Chinese household for a game of poker, you are at once proffered a wicker basket in which reposes for your refreshment a face-cloth, warm, moist, perfumed. In Peking—or in Tokyo, for that matter—you reach for a face-cloth instead of a sweet. It is, I imagine, an ideal method of spreading scrofula, impetigo and other maladies of the human surface.

Well, in the Chinese theater the attendants, who in America would be busy passing out paper cups full of ice water (or even busier urging you to part, for the nonce, with your tight-clutched hat and overcoat), are preoccupied with the distribution of face-cloths. Once used, these are withdrawn from circulation and, I trust, subjected to some cleansing process. Six or seven such discards will be obligingly handed along to the waiting attendant, whose subsequent procedure in retiring them affords the stranger an entertainment of singular fascination. First, he gathers them into a knout and then lets an inquiring eye rove over the balcony. There this reconnoitering glance may light on a momentarily idle co-worker standing near an exit. Without any visible exchange of signals, the first attendant then sends his wad of face-cloths hurtling through the air and, as they describe their perfect arc, the second attendant, disdaining to reach out for them, merely lifts one nonchalant hand and plucks them from the air with almost contemptuous effortlessness.

Call for Mr. Yuan-Ta-ho

Also, the intermission is kept lively by announcements. The part of the front wall of the auditorium surrounding the proscenium arch is used for transparencies, and the lighting up of one of these is a signal that a communication is about to be made to the audience or at least to some member of it. My friends would translate these for me. Thus I would learn that what looked to me like a glorified laundry-check was a notice to Dr. Fu Tze-yi that one of his patients was being so inconsiderate as to have a fit, or to old Mr. Yuan-Ta-ho that his second concubine—or, as he would say, his No. 2 Old Lady—was waiting for him angrily in the lobby.

But one such communication seemed to be addressed to the entire audience, which received it with the mighty roar hereinbefore mentioned. I turned for light to my host and saw that his usually cheerful countenance was fairly wrenched out of shape with disappointment.

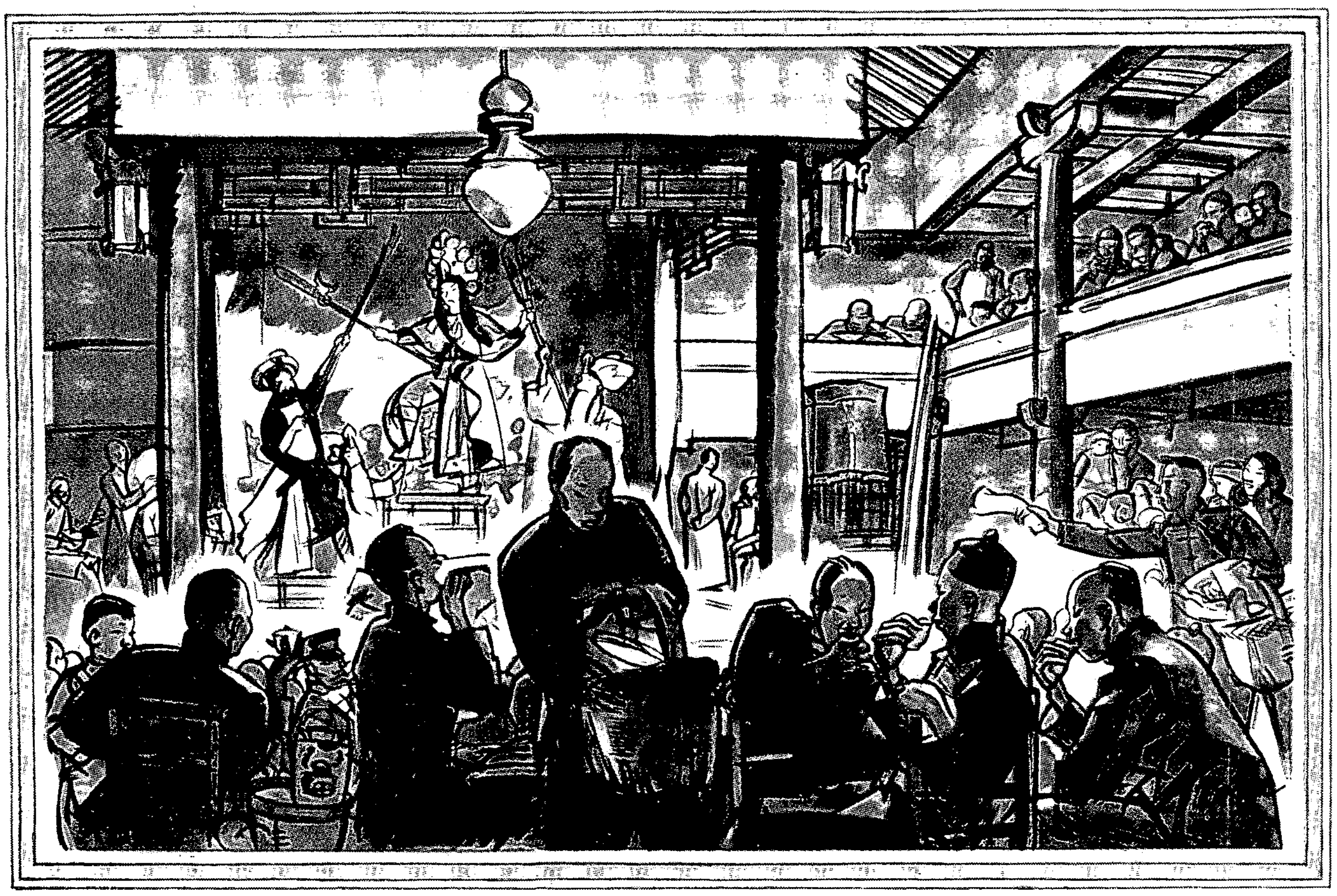
"He isn't going to appear," my friend said, and went on to tell me that the message was an apologetic one, explaining with many florid expressions of regret that the star was not feeling well that evening.

Even so, our party decided to stay long enough to see the scrumptious costumes which are traditional in this play, and longer still if, as seemed at least possible, the understudy proved to be a good actor. When it came time, at long last, for his entrance, there was another roar—this time one compounded of surprise, relief and pleasure.

"Why, it's him!" cried my host, who, in America, had studied at Colgate University.

And then we understood. The star was merely feeling seedy and, while willing enough to go through the night's work, had wanted his following warned not to expect his best. I thought then how many of our own actors would often welcome having recourse to such a comfortable device, and the incident brought to mind the story about the late Harry Kemble, an old-time English actor with

(Continued on page 62)



Howard Willard

Chinese theatergoers find the warm, moist face-cloth an indispensable adjunct of enjoyment

Mars Confections stand *absolutely alone* in Quality, Taste, Value

Milky Way
5¢
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHOCOLATE

CHOCOLATE MILKY WAY has a center of highly beaten, fresh egg whites, sugar and syrup, thickened to just the right consistency with malted milk and breakfast cocoa. Then a layer of soft, creamy caramel, which is nearly 1/3 real cows' cream. The thick coating is of finest, smooth milk chocolate. The great milk content makes it truly ideal for children.

NEW VANILLA MILKY WAY also has a center of highly beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk; but instead of cocoa, it has the delicious flavor of genuine vanilla. It, too, has the soft, creamy caramel layer . . . you'll say it's the most delicious, flavory caramel you've ever tasted. That extremely thick coating is of the finest quality *real vanilla* chocolate.

Milky Way
5¢
New VANILLA

A Mars Con
SNICKERS
5¢
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SNICKERS has a center that starts with beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk, as is the case with Milky Way; but it is deliciously flavored by the addition of fresh, sweet peanut butter. In Snickers' caramel layer are freshly roasted, selected, whole nuts that add greatly to its wonderful taste. Its thick coating is the very finest genuine milk chocolate.

HONEY ALMOND, the newest Mars Confection, is already very popular. It has a center of beaten egg whites, sugar and syrup, flavored with finest quality, pure strained honey, and chock full of fresh, crisp, whole almonds. The average bar actually contains *twelve* of these wonderful, big almonds. It is thickly coated with finest quality *real vanilla* chocolate.

A Mars Confecti
Honey Almond
5¢

THESE *new idea* candies are completely different from all others. Different in the kinds of ingredients, different in the blending of those ingredients and so—naturally—quite different in taste.

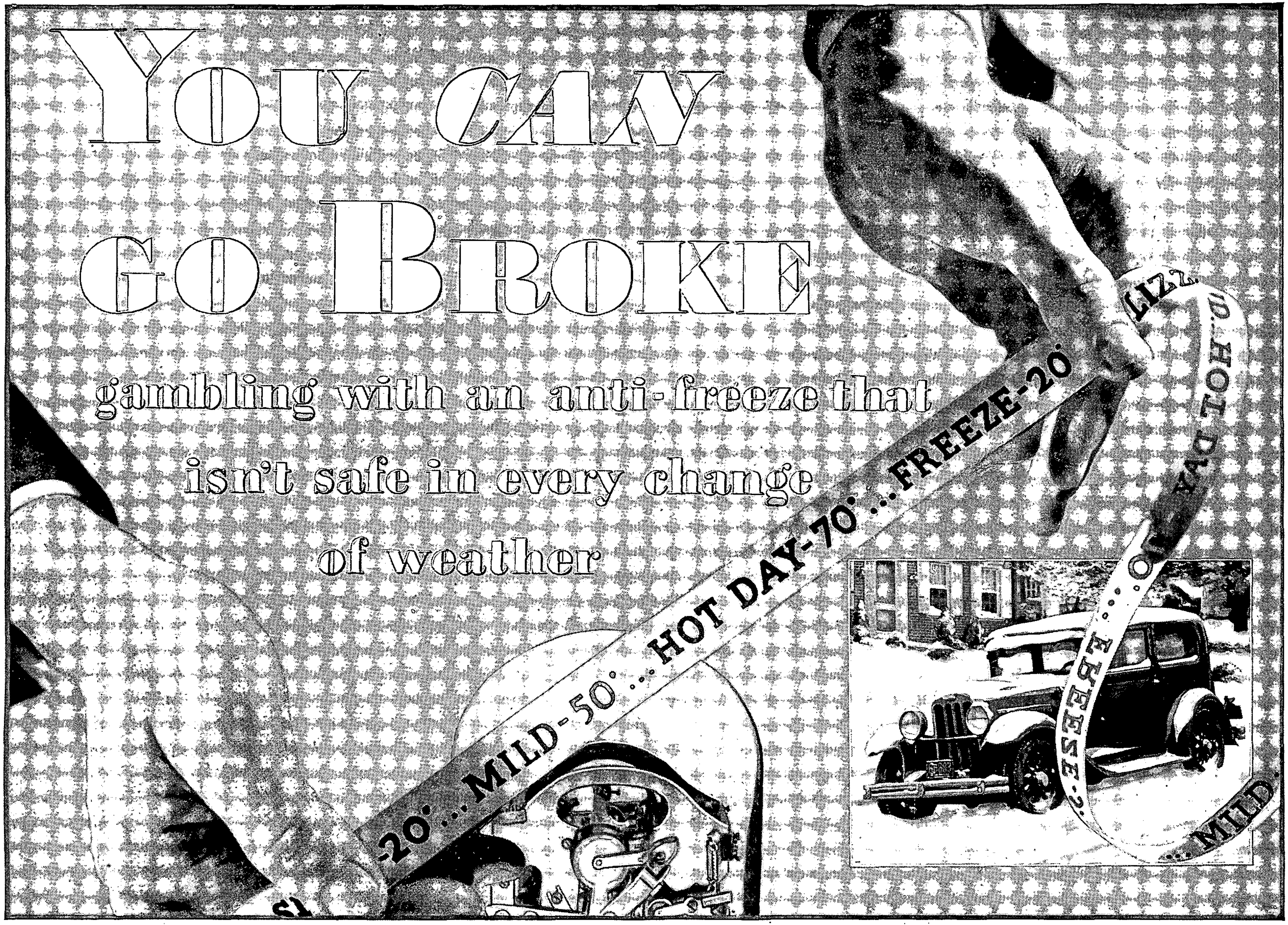
And these Mars Confections are also completely different from *each other.* In taste, they are four distinct bars . . . alike only in their supreme quality and *downright goodness.* Get acquainted with all four. Everyone likes a change occasionally, and here you have complete variety plus that distinctive *quality taste thrill,* found only in Mars Confections.

Most surprising of all is the fact that you buy them for 30c per pound, whether one 5c bar, six bars that make a pound or 24 of them, which make a full box. Many families buy them by the box, having the dealer mix them . . . for instance six of each of the four kinds.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary candy. You are entitled to the quality, the taste and the value found only in Mars Confections. Insist upon these *super* bars, each with the star and the words "A Mars Confection" on its wrapper.

A MARS CONFECTION FOR EVERY CANDY TASTE

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER . . . USE EVEREADY PRESTONE


YOU CAN GO BROKE
gambling with an anti-freeze that isn't safe in every change of weather
-20°... MILD-50°... HOT DAY-70°... FREEZE-20°
LIZZ
HOT DAY
FREEZE-2
... MILD

Not even the Stock Market can match winter weather for ups and downs. When you risk that car of yours with an "anti-freeze" that boils away on mild days, you're apt to wake up some blizzardy morning to find your engine frozen—and a big repair bill staring you in the face.

There's one sure way to end all guesswork and winter-worry. Use Eveready Prestone, the product that was scientifically developed for the one purpose of keeping automobiles from freezing.

Eveready Prestone is not a makeshift, intended primarily for some other use. It has none of the disadvantages of makeshift products. It flows freely at zero, yet it can't boil off. It has less tendency to leak than water. It does not decompose at high temperatures and gum up your cooling-system. It has no unpleasant odor. It will not eat away the finish of your car.

Eveready Prestone is accepted by leading car manufacturers and automotive engineers. Famous explorers use it on their polar expeditions. The "Los Angeles" and the "Graf Zeppelin" carry it. New scientific discoveries now make it better than ever. Substances have been added which form a protective film over the metals of your radiator. They retard rust, and keep the cooling-system clean and free-flowing.

Best of all, Eveready Prestone is surprisingly inexpensive. The first cost is the last; you don't have to test it — and replace it — every few days. It's not cost *per gallon*, but cost *per season* that counts. Eveready Prestone is concentrated, so that only a relatively small quantity is needed. A single supply of Eveready Prestone gives you absolute protection all winter long . . . without worry or annoyance . . . that's why more than a million and a half wise motorists used it last year!

This year many more will turn away from the old, chance-taking methods. Why be a gambler yourself, and risk heavy loss? Have your radiator cleaned, tightened and filled with Eveready Prestone—and let Old Man Winter do his worst!

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General Offices: New York, N. Y.
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9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection. 2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
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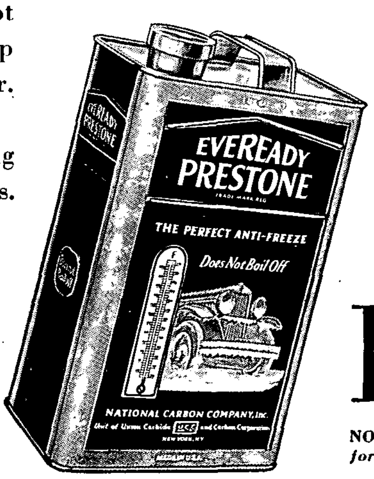
9. Economical — one filling lasts all winter.



EVEREADY PRESTONE

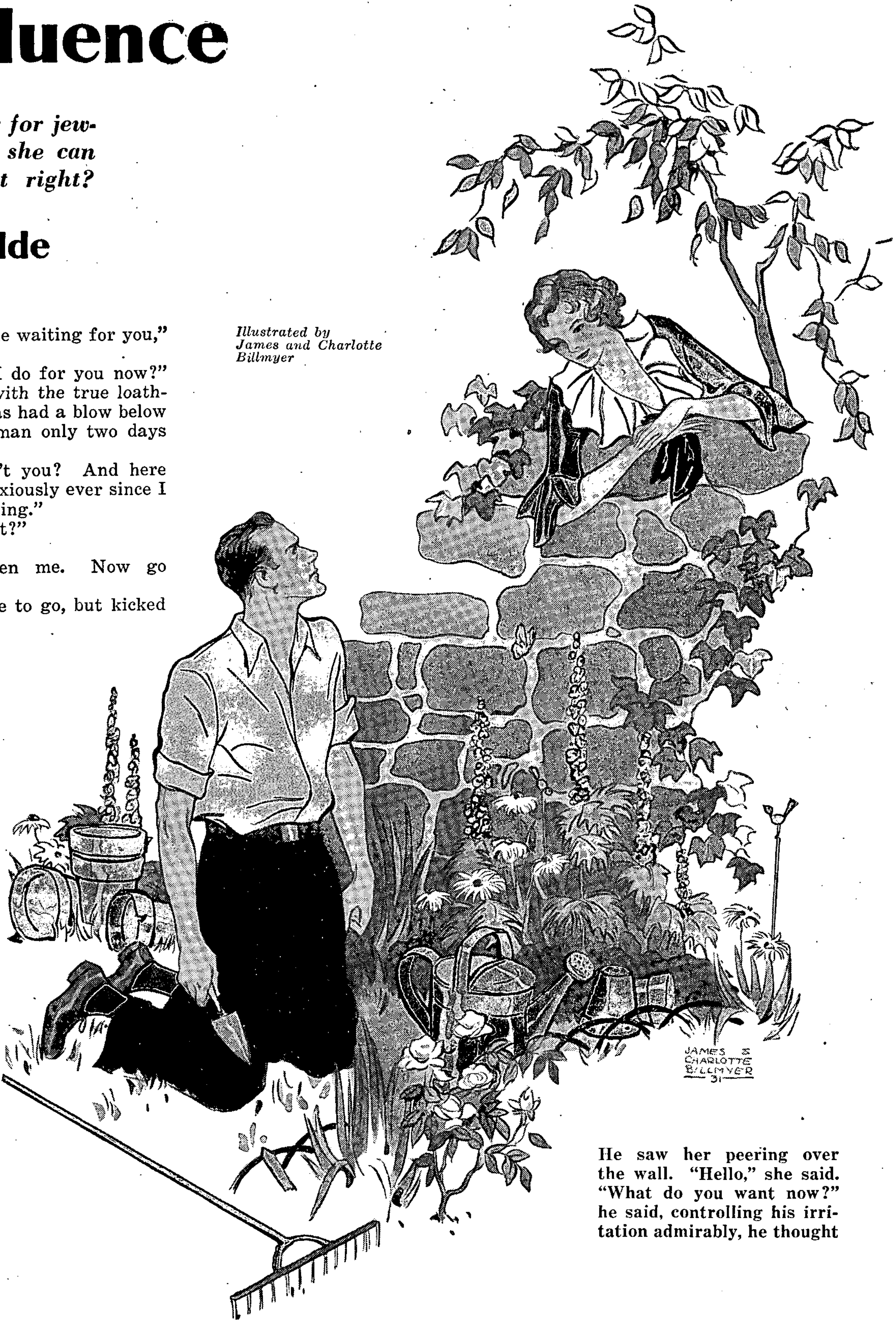
NOTE: *When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready* RUSTONE, *for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.*

The Red Influence

If a girl will marry for jewels, jewelry is all she can expect. Isn't that right?

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer



He saw her peering over the wall. "Hello," she said. "What do you want now?" he said, controlling his irritation admirably, he thought

ERIC JARVIS had definitely been done in the eye. The weapon had taken the form of a note enclosing his ring. Amelia Grayson had found someone with more money.

Eric threw his napkin on the floor, ground his heel on it and went to the telephone. After a three-minute wait Amelia came on the wire. Her voice indicated that she had been too-recently aroused from a sound sleep.

"Now, look here," Eric said, "Frank Whitlock may be . . ."

"What?" Amelia murmured.

"I said . . ."

Amelia yawned.

"You're not really going to marry . . ."

"*Eric*, it's *only* ten o'clock."

"But, Amelia, this is a matter of . . ."

"I wrote you a letter," she said. "Didn't you get it?"

"Of course I got it. That's why I'm calling up."

"Oh. Well, I said it all in the letter."

"You've nothing more to say?"

"No," she said.

"I see," Eric said and hung up, wishing that he hadn't called. He went back to his breakfast and pondered long and bitterly. The upshot of that interview with himself was a decision to retire to his Connecticut house, nurse his wounded vanity and invite his soul—to cease bothering him.

His housekeeper was dispatched to Connecticut with her instructions, and two days later Eric followed her.

His house was two hundred years old. Fifteen acres stretched in back of it, two of which were given over to flowers and shrubs. Eric left his coat in the house and went out to the garden.

Connie Granby was there, sitting on the wall and dangling her feet. Her legs were long and her stockings had runs in them. He noticed that her eyes were narrow and curious and that her mouth was too large for anything but kisses. She had beside her three of his choicest roses.

"Hel-*lo*," she said, "I thought you'd never come."

"Are you . . ."

SHE nodded. "I've been terribly excited ever since I heard you were coming," she said. "I wanted to see if you were still homely."

"You've been in my garden," he said, accusingly.

"Every day," Constance said, "except day before yesterday, and that day Aunt Emma was sick and I forgot. I'd had a lot of roses the day before anyway, so I didn't have to get any, really." She wriggled energetically and then lifted a lock of her crisp hair. "I've still got the scar from one of those rocks we heaved back and forth," she said.

"Indeed," Eric said, somewhat at a loss.

"You hid in the house for two days," she said.

"I did not," Eric said. "They held me in the house for fear I'd heave another one."

"I had a whole pile waiting for you," she said sadly.

"Well, what can I do for you now?" Eric regarded her with the true loathing of a man who has had a blow below the belt from a woman only two days before.

"Hospitable, aren't you? And here I've been waiting anxiously ever since I heard you were coming."

"Waiting for what?"

"To see you."

"Well, you've seen me. Now go away."

She made no move to go, but kicked her heels thoughtfully against the wall. "You see," she said, "they ride horses up here. Molly—that's my mother, you wouldn't remember her—is away, and I'm stuck with Aunt Emma. Aunt Emma is nice, but awfully horsey."

"SO IT follows that you must come over and steal my roses," Eric said.

"Nobody was using them," she said. "Do you ride horses?"

"I wouldn't see any point in doing anything else with them."

"I know, but you don't ride them all day long and then talk all *night* long about how you rode them all day long, do you?"

"No."

"That's what I thought," she said. "Aunt Emma thinks I'm a sissy because I won't, but I tried it once and I went over the wall but the horse didn't. It gives one a point of view."

"So that's how you got into my garden."

"No," she said, "it was another wall." She kicked her heels again and regarded him steadfastly. "I broke my arm."

"Well," said Eric, "how long do you plan to sit on my wall?"

"Not long. I have to go home for tea—at five, and it's—" she consulted her watch—"ten of five now."

"Don't be late for tea," Eric said.

"Oh, I don't mind being five minutes late," she said generously. "Why don't you come along? We'll have cream cheese and pineapple because Crosby Kling is coming and he likes cream cheese and pineapple."

"I loathe cream cheese and pineapple."

"Well," she said, "I could call Aunt Emma and tell her I'm not coming for tea, and you could give me tea here. We'd have toast and marmalade or something. Do you like toast and marmalade?"

"I've too much to do to waste time having tea."

She said suspiciously: "I don't believe you want me to stay for tea."

"NO," HE said, "I don't."

"Well, then, I'll go home. I want tea somewhere."

"By all means, don't miss tea," Eric said.

Her legs swooped suddenly and were on the other side of the wall. She said, looking back over her shoulder as she slid down, "I'll see you tomorrow." Then she gathered his roses in her arms and ran. He could hear her crashing through the hedge and then silence settled down.

At five-five, she sat demurely on a hassock sipping tea and munching thinly sliced bread and butter spread with cream cheese and pineapple. Crosby Kling and her Aunt Emma, attired in riding clothes, gobbled energetically. Constance wore a pensive expression.

With one of her habitual conversational bounds, Emma Granby jumped from a lame horse straight into her thoughts. "And what have you been doing all day, child?"

"Oh, this and that," Constance said, reaching for more cream cheese and pineapple.

"For instance?" Emma said, poising a cup in mid-air.

"Well, I washed Toto," Constance said. Toto was a French poodle.

"All day?" said Emma.

"I wrote Molly a letter." Constance paused and stared into Emma's eyes. "I read a book for a while," she said.

"What, exactly, did you do today?"

"I stole some more roses and met our next-door neighbor," Constance blurted.

"Young Jarvis?"

Constance nodded. "Eric Jarvis."

Emma put her teacup down and stared into space. "It's been sixteen years since I've seen that kid," she said to Crosby. "I was in love with his father, you know."

"No," Crosby said, "I didn't know."

"Well, I was." Then, to Constance,

"What does he look like, good-looking?"

"Oh, he has sort of grayish eyes and a stubborn nose, and he doesn't talk much."

"Looks like his father," Emma said. "I knew he would."

Crosby selected a small iced cake and bit it reflectively. "Amelia Grayson threw him over a couple days ago," he said. "It's all over New York. She's going to marry Frank Whitlock."

"Frank Whitlock's fifty years old," Emma said sharply.

"And a rotten stepfather," Constance said.

"Young Jarvis is probably up here mooning around feeling sorry for himself," Crosby said. "You ought to do something about it."

"The only way one gets results with a Jarvis," Emma sniffed, "is by using an ax. What would we do, anyway?"

"I invited him for tea," Constance said.

"Then why isn't he here?"

"He said he didn't like tea."

"Well," Emma said, "maybe he eats dinner."

"Maybe," said Constance.

"Why didn't you invite him for dinner?"

"Because he was snooty about tea."

"Finish your tea and go invite him. Tell him not to bother dressing."

Obediently, Constance finished her tea. She paused in the doorway and looked at Crosby Kling. "Hey," she said, "what is this Amelia like?"

"She's the kind of girl who'd marry Frank Whitlock," said Crosby.

Emma gulped a largish gulp of tea and stared at Constance, but Constance was not taking up the cudgels for her mother at that point. She placed one finger against the corner of her mouth and thoughtfully pushed a dimple into place.

"Homely?" she said.

"Lord, no," said Kling.

Constance released the dimple, tipped an imaginary hat, "The Granbys thrive on competition," she said, and disappeared.

Kling looked at Emma. Emma nodded. "I'm afraid so," she said. "She's more like Molly every day."

CONSTANCE found him digging moodily around a rose bush. Looking up as she approached, he said firmly, "Not another rose."

"Aunt Emma says you're to come for dinner and you're not to bother about dressing."

"Thanks very much, but I've made arrangements for my dinner here, and I'm very tired."

"You're just mooning around feeling sorry for yourself because that girl is going to marry Frank Whitlock. Why, he's fifty years old!"

Eric stood up. His lips drew to a thin line. "You go home and mind your own business, you brat," he said, "or I'll turn you over my knee and whack you."

Constance dug her heel deep into the ground. "I'm not sure," she said, "that I wouldn't have decided in Frank Whitlock's favor, too. After fifty years, a man learns something." She regarded him intently and amended it. "Sometimes," she said, "I don't really think you would. Not in fifty or sixty."

"In fifty or sixty seconds," Eric said, "I'm going to lose my temper."

"Match this scar, will you?" Constance said. "I like uniformity in everything."

"Do I have to go in the house to get rid of you?"

"Why?" Constance said scornfully. "You haven't thrown the rock yet." She turned and kicked a pair of garden shears out of her path viciously. "I have to go home anyway," she said, "and put on a blue dress. Aunt Emma likes me to wear blue. She thinks I look soulful in blue."

"You couldn't look soulful in anything," Eric shouted after her.

She was disappearing disconsolately over the wall, not bothering about the front gate, but her head popped back up. With gratitude, she said, "Do you really think not?" Then she was gone.

That night Eric sat in stubborn solitude on his front porch and cast irate glances at the moon. From the Granby house he could hear voices, loud and clear. Emma Granby's voice boomed out with an unmistakable underlying note of horses.

The thin strains of piano-playing overlapped her conversation, and the fact that there was a childish and disconnected quality in the performance pointed indubitably to Constance.

Eric stirred uncomfortably. He could picture in his mind's eye a sullen, rebellious little face overshadowed by a blue and soulful reflection. He had heard his mother talk about Constance's mother a great deal.

THAT, of course, was because his father had been in love with Emma Granby at one time. When Emma's brother had married, it made his wife eligible to gossip. Eric's mother had been that way. The slightest connection with anything was an excuse. Because Emma Granby had ridden horses, she had hated all women who rode horses. Eric remembered that his father had been strangely silent and uncommunicative on the subject of Emma's sister-in-law, who was supposed, according to his mother, to be definitely half-witted.

The moon was going down. Its light was duller, softer, and more melancholy. There was a discordant crash on the piano keys from the Granby house, and the front screen door banged audibly. Emma Granby's voice went on. The bang, then, had Constance behind it. Eric considered going in the house and thought better of it. He sat there. Presently she appeared, wandering nonchalantly past his front gate. The material of her frock was undeniably blue. She did not look in the direction of his porch, and he felt a stab of acute annoyance. Still he sat there. His sensations were those of a man who recognizes the wrong person on the street and tries, subsequently, silently to argue other passers-by out of a perfectly legitimate conclusion. To wit, that he had made a fool of himself.

SHE was gone for fifteen minutes, and when she returned he caught a glimpse of a three-quarters profile which proved that she *was* looking. He carried on a debate with himself, knowing the outcome, and when she was nearly past, said loudly, "You'll catch your death of cold!"

She stopped short, shouting, "And what if I do?"

"Nothing," said Eric. "I thought your mother might mind."

She dallied, kicking at the hedge. "What are you doing?"

"Going to bed," Eric said and felt a vague, but none the less satisfactory, glow of triumph. He got up and clapped his pipe against the palm of his hand. She still stood there outlined dimly against the road.

"Good night," said Eric and retired, his evening complete.

She muttered to herself, "Oh, for that pile of rocks now!" and went home.

At ten o'clock the following morning a tall youth in gray strode up Eric's path and accosted him. "Look here," he said, "I think it's simply foul of Connie not to meet me as she promised. I've searched all over for this place. Where is she?"

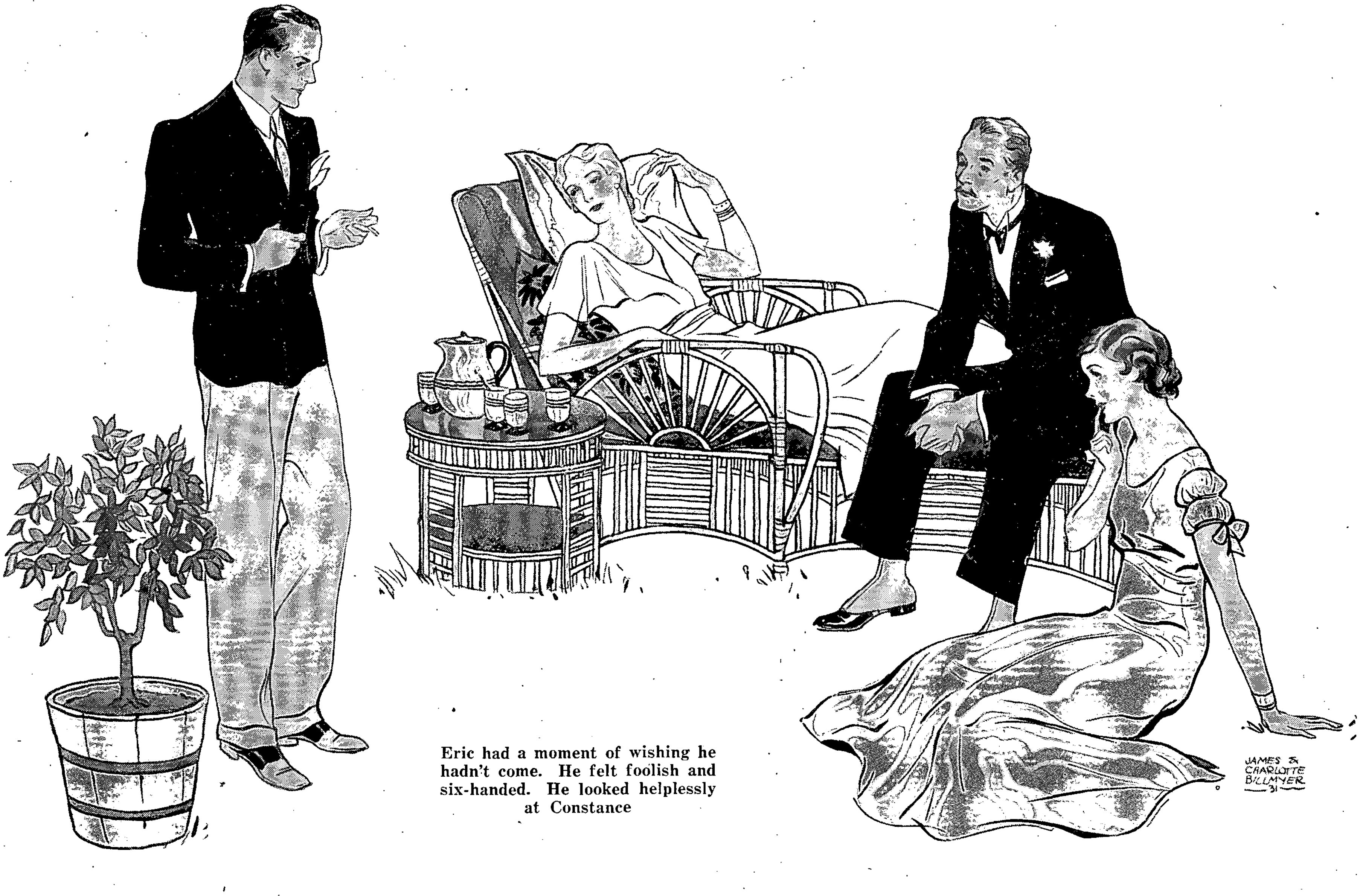
"I suppose she's home," Eric said coldly.

"Doesn't she live here?"

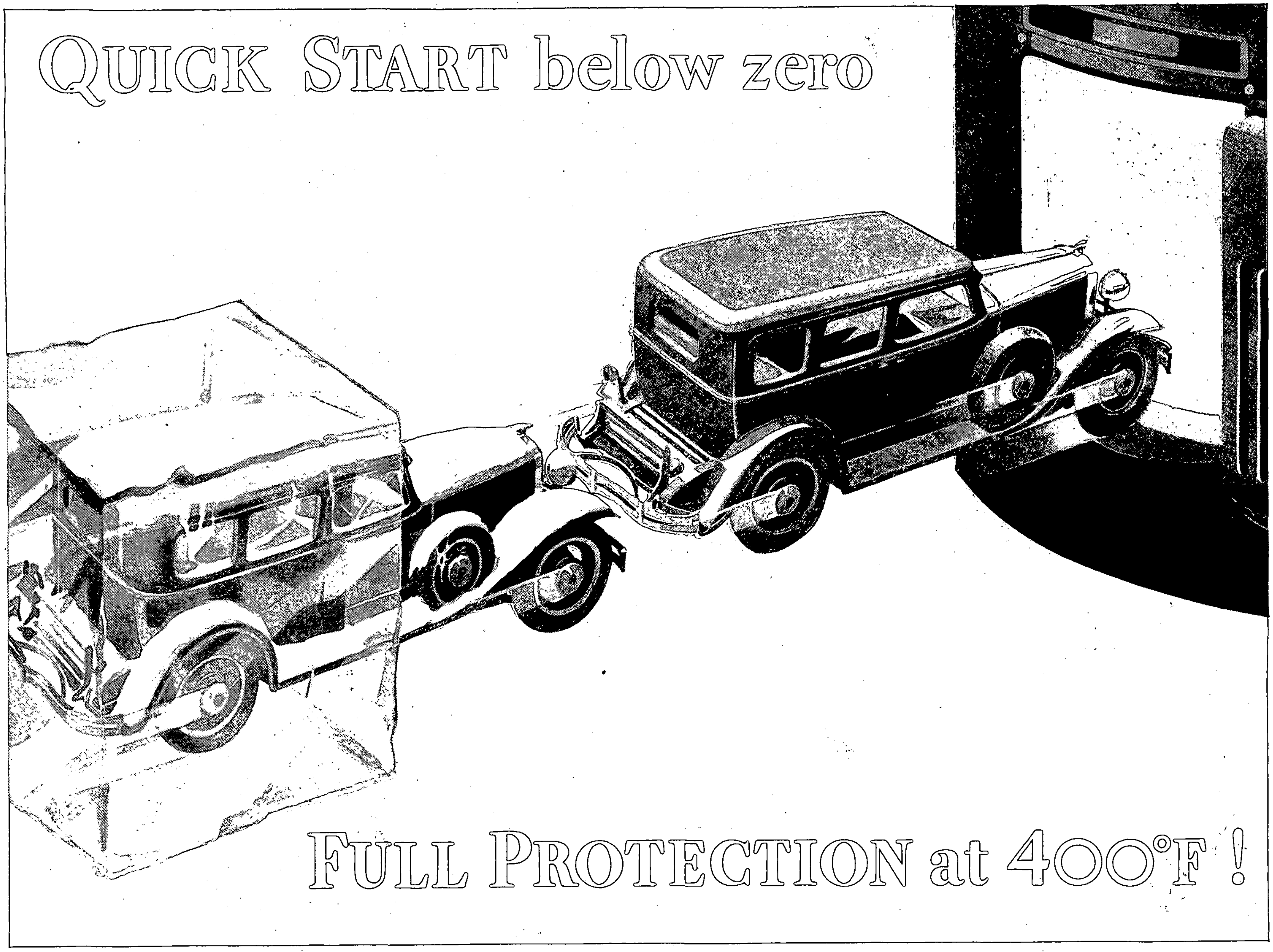
"No, she lives next door."

"Sorry." The youth in gray strode off again. Eric stared after him. He had a nice back, and his clothes fitted well. With a shrug Eric went back to

(*Continued on page 39*)



Eric had a moment of wishing he hadn't come. He felt foolish and six-handed. He looked helplessly at Constance



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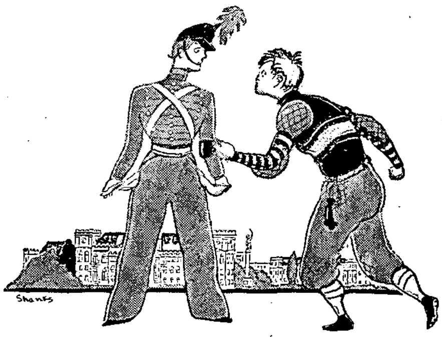
What's the matter with Football?

The question is merely rhetorical. Pop Warner, famous coach with thirty-six years of football behind him, admits the game isn't perfect but thinks its critics talk through their hats. He tells here how football has been improved and where the gate money goes. It's a spirited defense of the game which football fans will cheer—even those who think it needs no defense

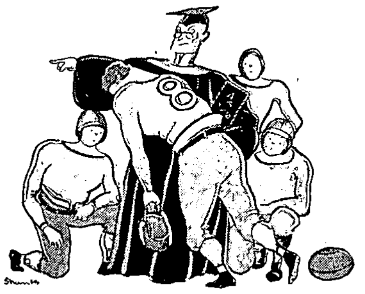
By Glenn S. Warner



West Point football teams haven't always been self-supporting

Illustrated by George Shanks

Football coaches receive more publicity than college presidents



The profs set George Gipp down in the middle of his best season

"WHEN in doubt, attack football." This is a rule that has always governed a certain American type, either teachers who insist that education is entirely a matter of books, or else that aggressive body of men and women with whom "reforming" is a passion and sometimes a regular profession. In the course of my thirty-six years as a coach, I fail to recall a single season during which the game was not being deplored, investigated or damned up hill and down dale.

I am not saying, nor have I ever said, that football is perfect and without need of supervision and reform. Certain recognized evils still persist in spite of earnest efforts at correction. For instance, the recruiting and subsidizing of college athletes goes right on in a good many institutions, although the practice is far less common than in earlier days. Back in the time when freshmen were allowed to play on the varsity, gangs of alumni from the various colleges and universities scouted the country for promising football material, openly offering inducements in the shape of sinecures at good wages. The number of miners, blacksmiths and plumber's helpers taking art courses was a standing joke.

When I captained Cornell, our best back suddenly switched to Pennsylvania, and later on we discovered that he was being paid $1,500 a year to take care of "an invalid." I also recall an afternoon when I was pushed all over the landscape by a husky gent with a half-inch brow, and after the game I asked him what course he took. "Search me," he answered. "I jes' don't seem able to remember the name of it."

Once upon a time Princeton developed urgent need of a first-class tackle, and somebody suggested a Pennsylvania player who had made quite a record the previous season. After much inquiry the man was located in Wyoming, and as the result of an exchange of telegrams, packed up his canvas suitcase and hurried to New Jersey for another college course. Although a star on the football field, he was a complete flop in the classroom, and finally one conscientious faculty member decided to make an appeal to his pride.

"Unless you do some studying," said the professor, "it will be impossible for us to continue your name on the rolls. Think of the disgrace of being dropped!"

"Shucks," exclaimed the player, grinning amiably. "That may be awful here in the East, but we don't think anything at all of it out West."

In 1904, I think it was, one Western university played twelve men who were openly hired for their football skill, making no pretense of study. Another college, facing a hard game with a "hated rival," imported a coach from a distant state, and put him in the line. The opposing team had quite a few "ringers" of its own, and was in no position to squawk, but the captain did muster up courage enough to question the eligibility of the coach.

"You can't get away with that," he protested before the game started. "The man's not a student and I dare him to say he is."

"Me not a student!" The imported professional registered shock and hurt. "Say, fella, if you'd studied Latin as hard as I've studied football, you couldn't remember any English at all."

Ringers in Religion

A good story that used to go the rounds was about a game between a Baptist university and a Methodist college. The Baptists had scored seven points, but in the last few minutes of play the Methodists managed to put over a touchdown. Everything now depended on the kick for the extra point that would tie the score. As the Methodists' quarterback crouched down to hold the ball for the place, it was plain to be seen that he was a Jew. As for the big half who advanced to make the boot, the map of Ireland was all over his mug. He stopped and crossed himself before drawing back his foot.

"Ouch!" groaned a coreligionist in the grandstand. "If he misses it now, what a hole he puts us in."

In support of my contention that honest effort has been made to cure the evil, I point to the fact that "tramp athletes" have long since disappeared, and that almost every reputable college is doing its best to end recruiting and subsidizing. It is not an easy task, however, for the average alumnus is irrepressible, and there are so many ways to cover up unfair recruiting. For instance, it is the right of every citizen to help a boy through college, and the fact that the youngster happens to be a great football player should not bar him from receiving such aid from some enthusiastic graduate.

What has been done in many schools is to lay down the rule that when a job is provided for a boy it must be a bona-fide job. What must be made to stand clear is that the athlete is receiving money for real work instead of getting it for playing football. Going still farther, I have urged that 100-per-cent amateur colleges and universities should cut off relations with those institutions that persist in recruiting and subsidizing, refusing to meet them in any sort of competition until they raise their standards.

I say again that no true lover of football quarrels with honest criticism of the game. All too often, however, it is not criticism that is offered, but merely stupid and unfair attack. Back in the early days of football, the "critics" condemned the sport because its brutality killed public interest and kept the crowds away. Now that millions of people fill the stadiums of the country every year, fairly fighting for admission, the attack has switched, and the outcry is against "overemphasis" and "commercialization." This is the sort of thing that I resent and deny.

Football is the major sport in high schools, colleges and universities today because it makes the strongest appeal to the normal, growing boy. Its annual gate receipts run into huge figures because it gives the largest return in wholesome pleasure to the sport-loving population of the United States. If this be "overemphasis," then it's in the right direction and the nation can stand a lot more of it without hurt.

As for "commercialization," just what do they mean? Football makes money, to be sure, but how can that be helped as long as great numbers of people demand the privilege of attendance? Surely no one will urge that the public be barred or else admitted free? If, however, the attack implies that football is a mere money-making scheme, operated solely for its profits, the accusation is without truth. Few dollars of the millions taken in at stadium turnstiles ever stay in football's bank account, for receipts are quickly devoted to some beneficial use connected with school betterment and student development.

Those crying the loudest about "commercialization" and "overemphasis" are careful indeed not to give any emphasis at all to the fact that football income takes care of every other form of college athletics. The money that an enthusiastic public pays to witness gridiron struggles maintains basketball, baseball, track sports and health centers, and without it the physical education of America's youth would be a mighty poor and inadequate thing.

The Cradle Days of Sport

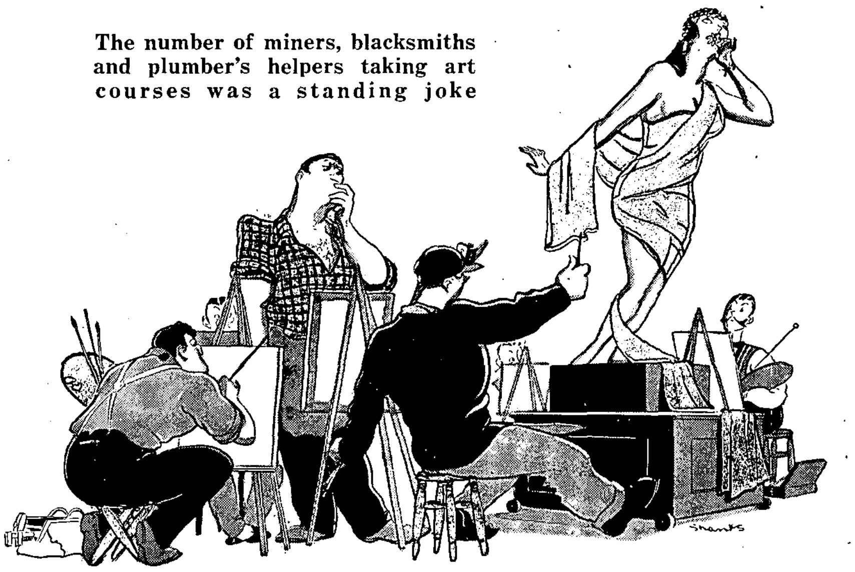
Throughout my boyhood, athletics of all kinds were regarded as an extracurricular activity, and schools and colleges did little or nothing to promote them. If students wanted sports and games, they had to initiate and organize them, and tax themselves to buy the equipment and support the team. There were few gymnasiums, no stadiums, no athletic fields and no provision whatsoever for physical examination and medical care. If a pupil was sickly and undeveloped, it was just too bad.

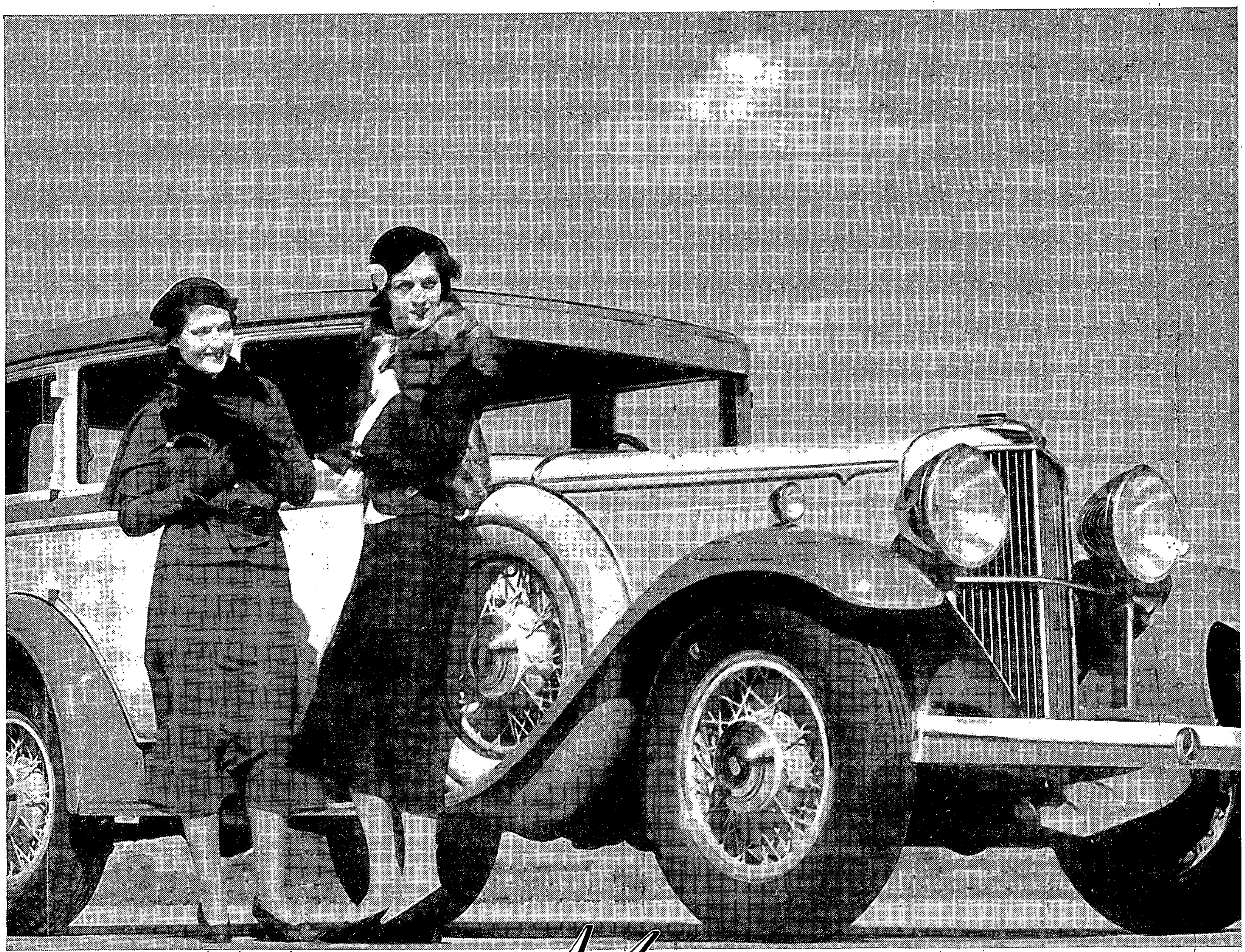
When I played on the Cornell team in the middle '90's, the university generously bought our equipment, but it was sternly stated that sweaters, pants, shoes and stockings were expected to last a whole season, and the prime concern was to buy stuff that would "wear like iron." The football field was little more than a corner lot, and we dressed and undressed under the battered old wooden grandstand, a few cleated boards our only privacy and also our sole protection against the wintry blasts.

Along about the same period, I remember, West Point had a hard time making both ends meet athletically. The

(Continued on page 57)

The number of miners, blacksmiths and plumber's helpers taking art courses was a standing joke





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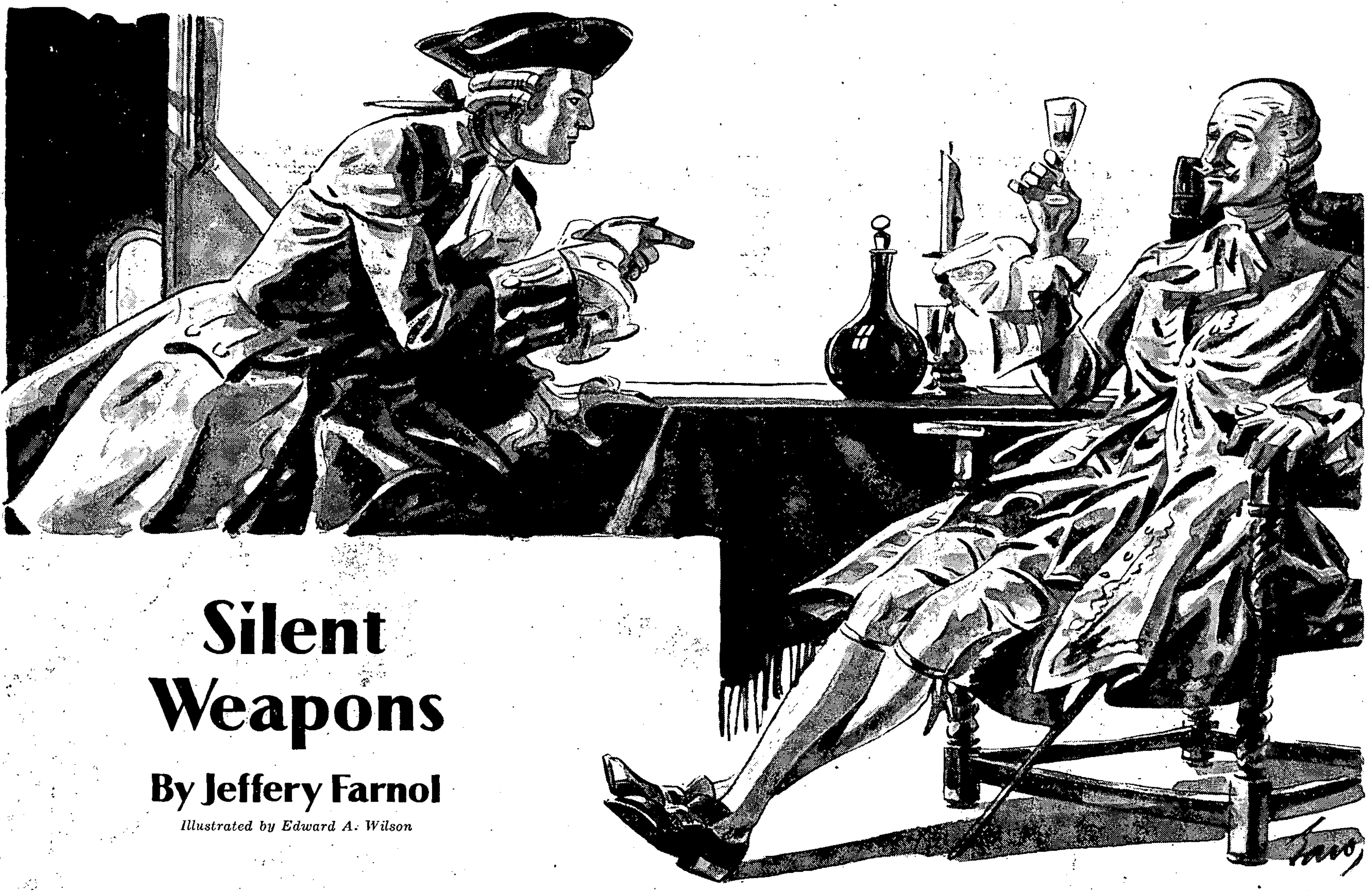


Mr. Gafton, lolling at ease, sipped his brandy and surveyed the set young face opposite with lazy interest

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE in Paris, young Richard Vibart, son of Sir Peter and Lady Charmian Vibart, meets Henry Willoughby-Gafton. Gafton, a scoundrel and one of the most skillful duelists in Europe, speaks rather lightly of Lady Charmian, with whom he had once been in love. Richard slaps him. A challenge follows at once—and the boy promptly accepts it.

Terrified, Tobias Chantrey, Richard's tutor, posts a letter to Sir Peter, who receives it at his country estate in England and at once departs for Paris. Guessing her husband's intentions—to fight the duel in Richard's place—Lady Charmian follows him—succeeds in reaching Paris, with Janet, her maid, before Sir Peter arrives. There she bribes Bob Meadows, one of Gafton's servants, to kidnap Sir Peter. After which, she awaits developments.

Sir Peter arrives, announces his intentions. Richard protests manfully; but to no avail. The courageous man goes boldly to Gafton's apartment. There—while the perfumed dandy, the Vicomte de Villebois, and the swaggering Colonel Santerre, two of Gafton's friends, look on—he pleads for his son.

Gafton listens. Then: "I might," he purrs, "be persuaded to spare the lad." "Pray be more explicit," says Sir Peter. "Well," says Gafton, eying Sir Peter craftily, "there is his mother. A delightful lady. A beautiful lady! Perhaps if she were to come to me—well, as a suppliant Charmian, Lady Vibart, would be—"

But Sir Peter listens no longer. Now, at last, he fully understands the character of the villain with whom he must deal. Eyes flaming, he leaps forward—and strikes!

III

MR. GAFTON went down heavily; then Sir Peter's foot was upon him and Sir Peter's whip was flailing him—while the vicomte watched with youthful glee and rubbed small hands, albeit furtively . . . until the colonel, spluttering oaths, interposed.

Sir Peter, a little surprised at his own vehemence, tossed aside the whip, picked up his hat, and reordered his attire with as much dignity as possible.

"Mr. Willoughby-Gafton," said he, having thus recovered his breath, "I venture to think this may suffice; if not, pray take notice this flogging shall be repeated as often as possible."

Mr. Gafton arose and, somehow, contrived to do it with dignity.

"Sir, you . . . win your point!" said he, between bloody lips. "Instead of callow son I will shoot devoted sire."

"Precisely!" said Sir Peter, smoothing his hat. "At once, if you will—here, across the table or—"

"No!" answered Mr. Gafton, refilling the glasses with steady hand. "You shall wait my time, sir—you shall wait and—think! For at my time and convenience I shall most certainly shoot you dead."

SIR PETER bowed and went from the room and down the stair, a little grim and extremely dignified. Reaching the courtyard he paused to glance up at the stars, viewing their palpitant glory with an odd sense of comradeship and well-being, then, a leisured, stately figure, he stepped into the sudden darkness of that gloomy archway . . . was seized by many gripping hands, was pinioned, stifled, trussed into a helpless bundle and borne ingloriously away.

Mr. Willoughby-Gafton, more resplendent than ever, having called down the usual bitter curses on his all too-inadequate looking-glass, smiled complacently at his reflection, took up the dainty *billet-doux* that stood propped against his sadly depleted pomatum pot and conned over the written message as he had done at intervals since it had reached him; and the words these:

"Lady Vibart presents her compliments to Willoughby-Gafton, Esqr., and begs the favor of his attendance this afternoon at three o'clock on a matter very near her heart."

And below this, scribbled in the lower left-hand corner: "Do not fail me, Henry."

And in the lower right-hand corner he read: "For the sake of other days."

And Mr. Gafton smiled, his handsome teeth looking very white and exceedingly sharp:

"A damned, alluring witch always!" he murmured and laughed gently. "Ah, well, since she stoops to the lure as expected, let us see—! Robin," he called gayly, "Robinet, my faithful cabbage, behold five francs for thee! Nay, gape not, my fish, but bring me instantly my hat and the clouded amber cane. For today, my Rob, I go to bask in the smiles of beauty! Today I—ha, malediction! I'll see nobody! Say I'm out!" he exclaimed pettishly, for now was a knocking at the outer door; crossing thereto, Bob swung it wide and with rustle of silk and whispering stir of petticoats, Charmian, Lady Vibart, entered the room.

And surely never did blue poplin shadow forth such alluring beauties as this same gown that clasped her shapeliness in such caressing folds, never did coquettish bonnet frame more lovely face as she stood, a little flushed and something breathless, all vivid and aglow with quick-breathing life.

Mr. Gafton actually forgot to bow and was silent so long that she questioned him at last:

"You can guess why I am here?"

"Charmian . . ." he breathed.

"At least ask me to sit down, Henry."

He placed a chair for her with hands not quite steady and stood looking down on her with the same rapt expression.

"I saw you a year ago in London . . . from a distance," said he in tone that matched his look. "I thought you beautiful then . . . today you are divine! The years do but glorify you, Charmian."

"Nay, this is fulsome!" said she, opening her fan, "and the day so hot and trying!"

"Shall I open another window?"

"No, pray be seated and let us talk."

Mutely he obeyed and sat viewing her speechlessly.

"Well," she demanded, at last meeting his look with her calm, level gaze, "well, Henry, when do you propose to kill my husband?"

Mr. Gafton's eye wavered, grew hard and bright, and he laughed softly.

"All in good time!" he murmured. "It is a prospect I dwell upon. After all, life has its little compensations."

"Compensations?" she repeated in voice softly modulated as his own. "You were always vindictive, Henry, even as a boy, and Sir Peter struck you, I believe?"

"HE WAS so ill-advised! A rash being who seems positively eager to destroy himself, for, alas, I have no recourse but to—shoot him. Therefore, my dear soul, if you come to plead for him pray do not and thus spare me the pain of refusal."

"Henry, I am told that you shoot very well."

"Tolerably, I believe."

"Almost as well as your notorious friend the Vicomte de Villebois."

"Quite as well, I venture to think."

"And you have killed men in duels?"

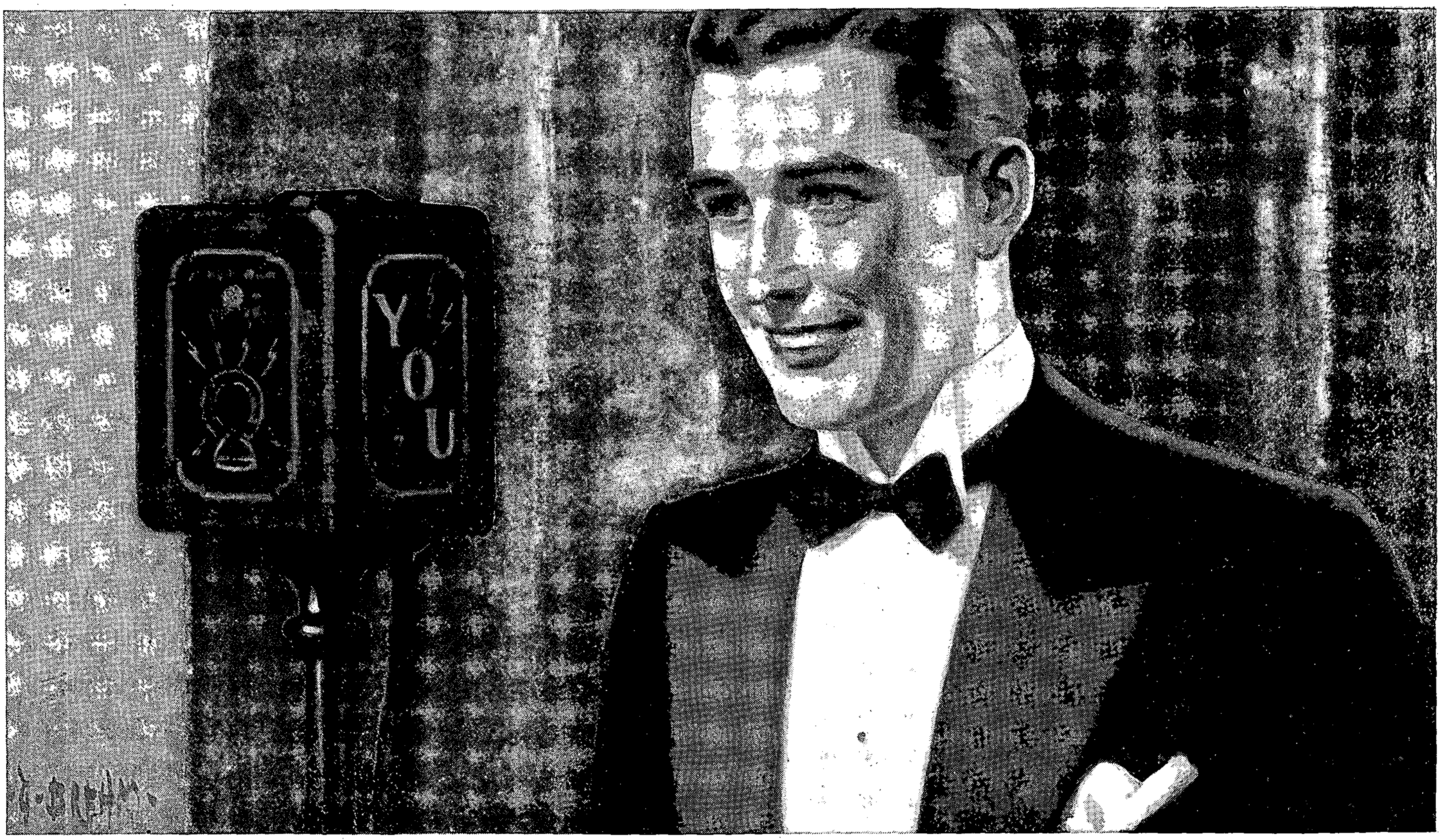
"Occasionally, alas!"

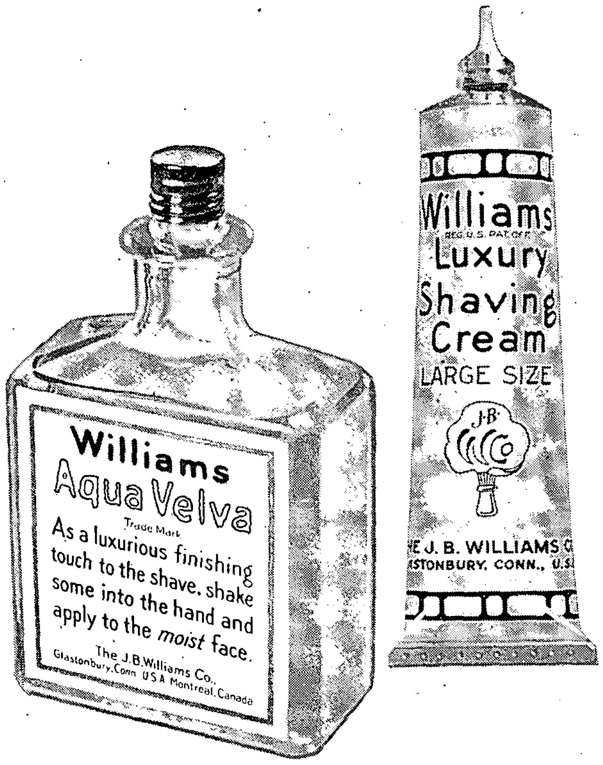
"Though not so many as your friend the vicomte."

"I believe the dear Victor has been more unfortunate than myself upon two occasions, but I may have the unhappiness to equal him ere long—who knows?"

"Yes, Henry—having threatened my dear son's life, you would kill my husband. Am I right in assuming that you are striking at me through these that

Station Y-O-U *and the Face that's Fit*

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I love? Though indeed, I know it!" said she, watching him above her gently swaying fan—his glittering, half-closed eyes, his sharp-toothed smile.

"But, now really, Charmian, can you possibly love that dignified austerity that calls itself Sir Peter Vibart—you? By heaven, I refuse to credit such ridiculous impossibility. You so passionately alive and he—? Indeed I have thought the worthy gentleman would look his best in marble—on a tomb, say."

"And your age, Henry, is forty-six!"

"Forty-five, Charmian."

"I wonder you have survived so long."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It surprises me that no one has killed you long ago." Mr. Gafton laughed gayly and leaned back in posture of indolent grace.

"DOES the wish father the thought, I wonder?" he sighed. "Ah, well, several misguided unfortunates have attempted my—translation hence, yet I have been preserved for this happy hour, Charmian, this very charming occasion."

"How right was my childish detestation of you, Henry! And I never feared you, I never shall."

"For this, at least, I am grateful."

"Today I pity you for what you are and—what you might have been. I mean the waste of faculties that should have made you a—less ignoble creature."

Once again his bold eyes wavered, his pale cheek flushed painfully and his soft laughter rang a little false.

"And you, my lady Charmian, upon my soul you are scarcely so humble, so tremulously diffident as a suppliant is generally supposed."

"I do not come to supplicate, Henry."

"No?" he inquired, masking his surprise."

"Indeed no!"

"Then pray what was the meaning of your—engagingly intimate note? Why are you here—alone with me, Charmian?"

"To bargain," answered my lady.

Mr. Gafton sat up with a jerk, then, very slowly, leaned towards her to stare . . . and stare in dumb yet avid question; but reading her answer in the eyes that met his with such serene and utterly passionless gaze, his eager fingers that had crept so near her own clenched suddenly to a quivering fist.

"DID the worthy Sir Peter send you to me, madame?" he demanded hoarsely. My lady merely curled disdainful lip, then she smiled faintly and shook her head in tolerant reproof:

"How clumsy, Henry! But then you are angry."

Mr. Gafton frowned blackly, laughed stridently and bowed:

"*Touché!*" he nodded. "A palpable hit! Egad, Sir Peter is no complaisant spouse. I ask his dignified pardon. You are here, of course, without his knowledge—delightful fact!"

"Of course, Henry."

"And such sweet stealth, Charmian! So deliciously secretive! Yes, despite your arrogant pride and wifehood, you have crept to me at last—because I willed it so, have fled across sea and land—to my delight."

"Are you making love to me?"

"Is there any need, Charmian? In your letter here," and he tapped the breast of his coat, "you write: 'For the sake of other days.' Well, let us recall those days. Lay by your dignity, forget your pride—blush, sigh, tremble—look at me again with the shy-bold eyes of questioning sixteen, for one little hour be as you were the day you kissed me, twenty-odd years ago—God knows it was all innocent enough!"

"Yes—it was twenty-odd years ago!" she answered. "You were my boyish lover. . . . But you went away to the university and came back—a man and hatefully changed—"

"NO—AN adoring boy still!" he said.

"A hateful boy that I detested. . . . And then, you forged your uncle's name—"

"Admitted!" said Mr. Gafton, smiling.

"You attempted his life—"

"No—that is false! That I utterly deny!"

"You suggested as much in the letter you wrote me before you fled."

"It is quite possible," he nodded, "yes, it is even probable, for I would have damned myself with all the cardinal sins to show the deeps I'd sound, the lengths I'd go, the heights I'd climb to win you—in those days, Charmian. I was a wild, reckless boy and you—ah, you were my immaculate siren, wooing me to ruin and despair, my ever-chaste and beautiful destroyer, my always-virtuous lure to evil, my—"

"Stop, stop!" she cried. "For shame! Your ruin was your own wild and wicked nature. To blame others is the act of a weak craven! However, that most compromising letter was not destroyed—"

"Aha, sweet Venus bless thee! Can it be that it was cherished for sake of the once-loved, cruelly jilted, miserable writer? What—no? I thought not!"

"No, Henry. I would have destroyed it but—it was snatched from the fire and preserved all these years without my knowledge."

"Well, Charmian, and what then?"

"My husband's life for this letter."

Mr. Gafton's face darkened; then he smiled, leaned back in his chair and laughed while my lady, fanning herself gently, watched him with curious eyes.

"Do you find it so amusing?" she inquired at last.

"Oh, beyond expression!" he answered, laughing still. "Oh my bewitching blackmailer! Most virtuous stately dame, is this your sorry bargain?"

"WHY, what—what do you mean?" said she, a little breathlessly.

"I mean, my haughty lady, that the inept sinning of the foolish boy touches the man no whit. Publish the miserable letter by all means, print it in the journals, paste it on the walls, score it upon the sky, for all I care. . . . No, my lady Charmian, disdainful, heartless witch—as I once pleaded, wept, groveled in my abasement so must you supplicate, if you will, upon your proud knees, madame, beseeching me with sobs and tears and every line of that beautiful body, and then . . . well, perhaps, I may be moved to consider the possibility of handing your stately spouse back to your arms—merely blooded—winged but—alive."

Charmian closed her fan and sat, with head a-droop, staring blankly down at it; mute she remained thus and so very still that Mr. Gafton began to fidget and, rising suddenly, crossed to the open window and leaned there a while.

"Well," he demanded at last, "what now?"

"I am praying, Henry."

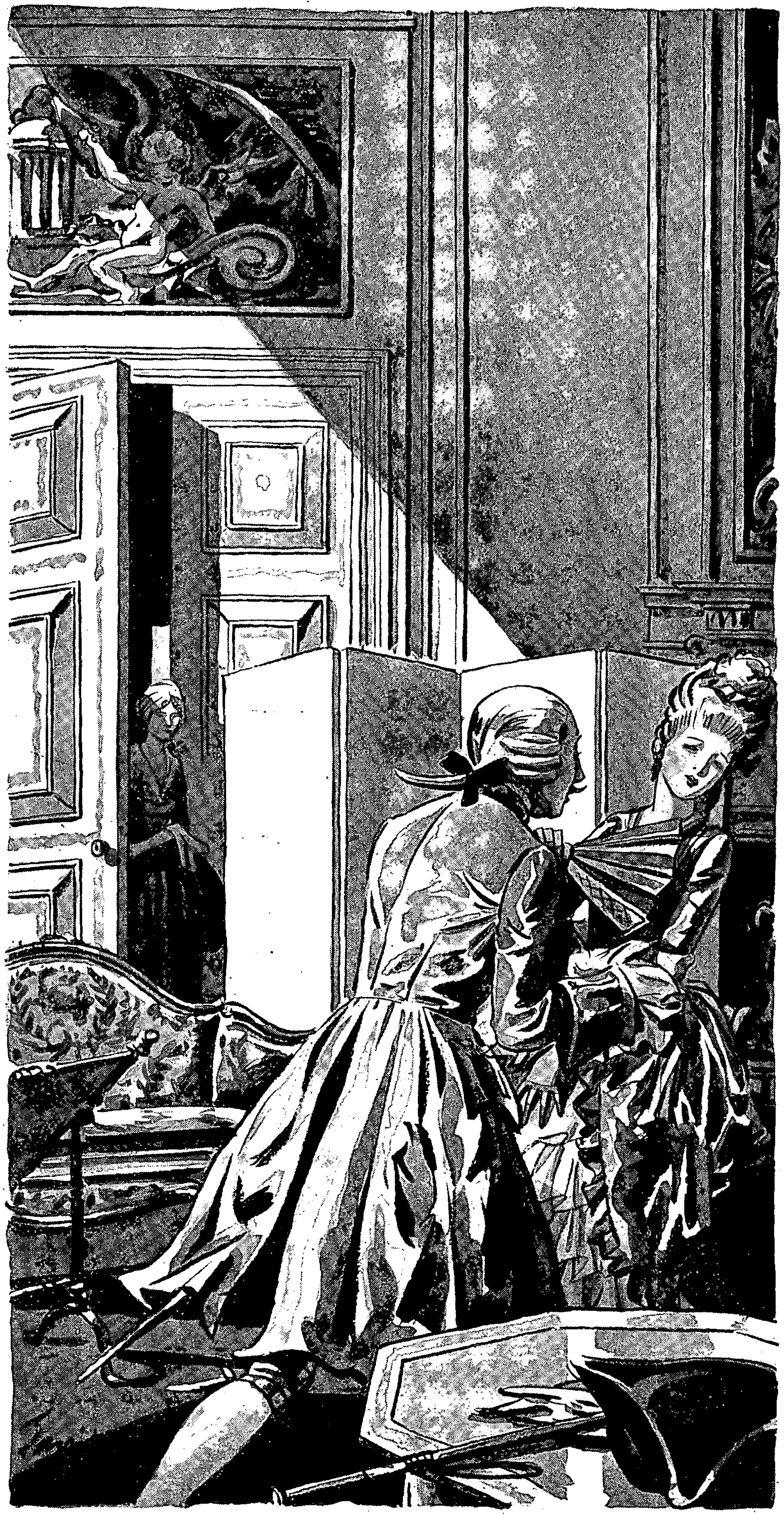
"Death of my life!" he muttered.

"You believed in prayer—once, Henry. I do still . . . I am praying to find—another way."

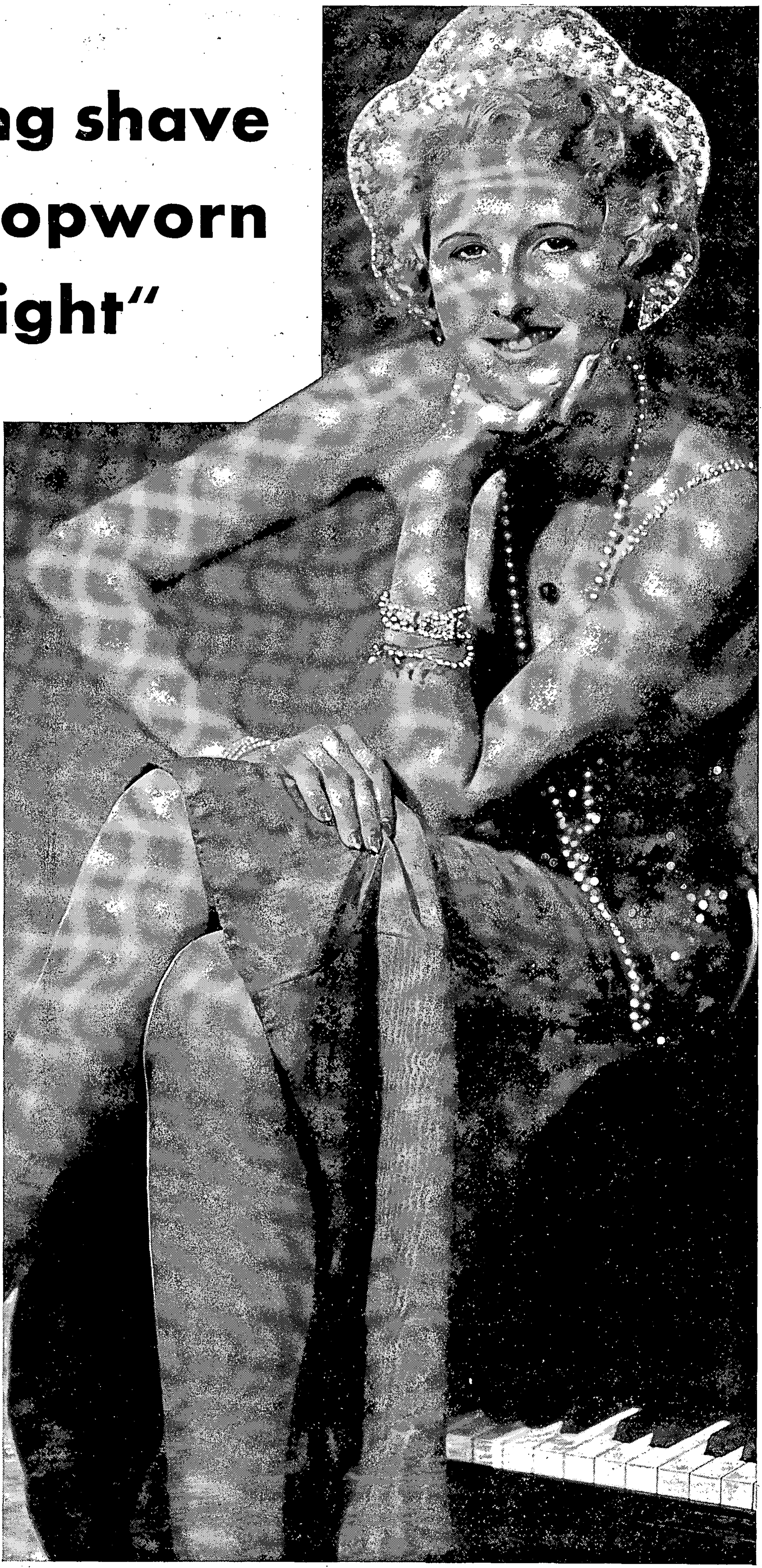
Then he was before her, shaken from his cynical calm at last, his eyes bright with fierce anger, his mouth bitterly scornful as he frowned down into her paling face.

"Ah, Charmian," said he between shut teeth, "oh, Immaculate Chastity that would dare ask all and give nothing—Impeccable Virtue that, still immaculate, would triumph by a trick—yourself as immune as ever, madame

(*Continued on page 33*)



The vicomte stood a moment, speechless, astounded; then he moved very suddenly



"Your morning shave is badly shopworn at midnight"

"I'M not trying to sell razors or razor blades. I don't shave and I don't give testimonials. But I'd like to tell you what I think of men who don't shave carefully. I believe my opinion really means something because I'm a hostess in a night club and we girls must take them as they come. So we learn as much about men in a week as the average girl learns in a lifetime.

"Of course it really doesn't make much difference to me, but you'd be surprised at the number of men who think their morning shaves will last until midnight and later. Along about 11 o'clock they're nobody's bargain and I wouldn't dance with them if I didn't earn my living that way.

"My experience has taught me that a man can't be attractive along about the time the milkman starts delivery, unless he takes a clean shave before he steps out for the evening. And speaking of milkmen—what I've said doesn't apply to night club customers alone. Most men aren't as particular about shaving as they should be. To get along with women a man should be clean shaven all the time."

• • •

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Chairman

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

Silent Weapons

Continued from page 30

—well now, save your darling by your holy prayers—if you can! For, by God, madame, any gentleness I may have cherished for you even yet, any mercy I might have shown for the sake of those other days, I cast from me—there, they are dead and done with . . . the life that hangs upon my trigger-finger shall be snuffed out—pray how you will!"

"I am . . . praying now . . . Henry!" she whispered brokenly, clasping her hands like one in an agony.

. . . And then the door swung open and Vicomte Victor entered with youthful exuberance but, espying Charmian, halted suddenly, opened his so innocent eyes very wide, bowed profoundly and stood viewing her vivid loveliness, his youthful air strangely at odds with his eyes—eyes of a gloating satyr in the face of a rosy cherub.

"Ah," he murmured, "a thousand pardons! Is it that I intrude—yes, no?"

"In effect, my dear Victor, you do!" answered Mr. Gafton, a little stiffly.

"Alas!" sighed the vicomte, his burning gaze still fixed. "My Henri, I am desolated, but the . . . the affair is of moment and—"

"Then pray keep it for—some other moment, Victor."

HERE, slowly and unwillingly, the vicomte turned to glance at the speaker.

"But, Monsieur Henri, I am then *de trop?*" he murmured, his slim, delicate brows slightly wrinkled.

"Perfectly, Monsieur the Vicomte!" answered Mr. Gafton, his thick brows close-knit. And then my lady, quick to heed his flash of sudden antagonism, spoke in her most dulcet tones:

"Pray, Henry, present your friend."

Ungraciously and almost awkwardly Mr. Gafton complied, whereupon the vicomte tripped forward and, lifting her hand to his eager lips, kissed it with a lingering rapture while she saluted him with a curtsy particularly gracious. And then once again the door swung wide and young Richard stood upon the threshold, flushed, breathless and a little wild.

"Mother," he cried in petulant anxiety—"Madame, I . . . I could wait no longer! Let me take you away—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Gafton, quite unheeding the distraught youth, "so, Charmian, even your visit was not so sweetly furtive as you gave me to suppose!"

"Mother," cried Richard, striding into the room, "let me escort you from here . . . and if this . . . this fellow has dared affront you—"

"Hush, Richard! You should know I do not suffer myself to be affronted. Pray leave me, go back and wait me at the hotel."

"But, Mother—"

"Go, Richard! Monsieur le Vicomte shall escort me to the carriage."

"Ah, madame!" cried the vicomte, bowing in a very transport, "but with a joy the most intense!"

HEREUPON, meeting his mother's compelling gaze, Richard turned and, still flushed and a little wilder than ever, strode out and away.

Then my lady arose and, giving her hand to the vicomte's fervid clasp, went forth upon his arm, leaving Mr. Gafton to gnaw at scarlet nether lip and scowl darkly at the worn and dingy carpet.

From these bitter reflections he was roused at last by the hoarse voice of Bob Meadows:

"By your leave, sir, I'd like tonight off."

Sinking into worn arm chair, master surveyed man with languid yet grave curiosity:

"What—again, my Lothario?" he murmured. "Alas, you too! Beware of the women, my faithful cabbage—tigers and cats, death and damnation! Is it understood?"

"Ah! They don't mean nothing to me, sir."

"Why then you may bring me the cognac." Bob obeyed with that speed and precision of movement so very evident at times. "And now," said Mr. Gafton, pouring the brandy, "suppose you confess what takes you abroad so often of late."

But while Bob was meditating suitable answer and before his master could raise glass to lip, the door burst violently open and young Richard was back again, still breathless but looking wilder than ever.

"Sir," said he, steadying his voice with an effort, "I come to demand instant and final settlement of . . . of our difference . . . at once . . . this moment!" And from the folded cloak upon his arm he produced two pistols one of which he laid upon a table and, with the other gripped in tense fingers, stepped back, facing Mr. Gafton across the wide hearth. Mr. Gafton calmly besought the young man to put his pistol down, and to discuss the matter as gentlemen. He motioned him to a chair beside the table. Bob Meadows waited a few paces beyond his master's chair.

AND now ensued a pause wherein Richard fidgeted nervously while Mr. Gafton, lolling at ease, sipped his brandy and surveyed the set young face opposite with lazy interest.

"Robinet, my old one," he murmured at last, "our young gentleman is not drunk, surely? Let us hope not for his handsome mother's sake—"

"Mr. Gafton," cried Richard between trembling lips as he jumped to his feet, "I forbid you to mention her . . . my mother! Get up, sir—take one of the pistols—make your choice and let us be done! Your man there shall give the count. Stand up, I say!"

"Robin, my small cabbage," sighed Mr. Gafton wearily, "desire the so agitated young gentleman to depart and vapor elsewhere."

"Silence, sir!" cried Richard. "I am beyond your sneers. Pick up your pistol . . . I . . . I am ready to answer for the blow I struck you—no one else shall, I swear. So arm yourself . . . stand up, I say, or, by God, I'll shoot you as you sit—take up your pistol! Don't . . . don't drive me too far, Gafton," he panted. "Oh, you fool, don't you see, can't you understand? I'll kill you or be killed—gladly . . . I'd murder you to save my father!" And stepping forward he picked up one of the pistols and leveled the weapon at his tormentor's mocking face . . . Mr. Gafton sipped his brandy.

The pistol wavered in Richard's grasp, he drew a sobbing breath and wiped sweat from his pallid face:

"Sir," said he in strange, hushed voice, "I'll count five and fire. One! . . . Two! . . . Three—"

With that self-same speed and precision of motion Bob Meadows leaped and struck with expert fist and so accurately that Richard went down heavily and lay inert.

"Excellent, my faithful one!" cried Mr. Gafton, "accept my thanks and these base ten francs, also thy leave of absence is granted—begone, Robinet, and take our slumberous young gentleman to his lady mother."

THUS it was that, after some while, Richard opened his eyes to a sponge, very large and moist, wielded by my lady's capable hand; also he was amazed and mortified to find himself in bed.

"Good heavens," he began indignantly, "why am I—"

Here the sponge silenced him what time my lady, sighful though stern, lashed him with reproaches:

"Oh, disobedient, wicked boy! Oh, to have deceived me so hatefully—stealing away so soon as my back was turned!"

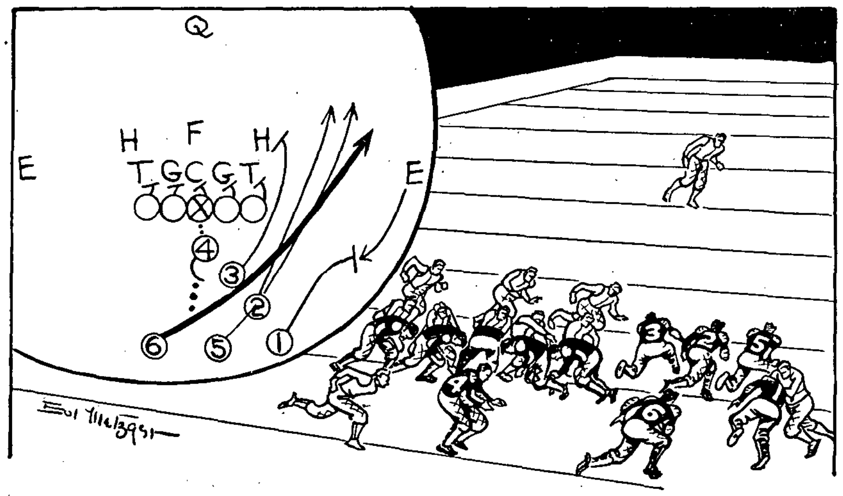
"But, Mother—"

"Be silent, sir! Do not seek to justify yourself! Ah, surely no poor soul was ever so plagued by her willful, headstrong menfolk! Heaven help me!"

"But, dear mother, I—"

"Richard—hush! I'll hear no excuses. I expressly forbade you even attempting to see Mr. Gafton—"

(Continued on page 36)



Guards Back

By Sol Metzger

AN OLD-TIME American football custom permitted prep school mentors to play on the teams they coached. Thus in '89, George W. Woodruff, coach and guard for Hill School, suddenly swung from behind his line in one practice, seized his back going around end by the nape of his neck and swept him downfield for a touchdown. This startling play of helping the runner later bested Princeton Prep, 28-0, and Penn's Freshmen, 76-0, victorious opponents of the previous season.

Woodruff, delighted, passed on his discovery to Walter Camp, Yale's coach, through Captain Charles Gill of Yale. Camp said to Gill, "Tell George he could do that, but my man Heffelfinger couldn't." Princeton beat Yale. But next fall Heffelfinger did do it to wreck the Tigers 32-0 as an interfering guard.

By '94 Woodruff realized the wedge and flying interference were obsolete. He also wisely discarded his invention with which Heffelfinger had slaughtered the Tigers. Phil King's experience several years later, when coaching Wisconsin, verified his farsightedness. Phil, pondering the problem of stopping Minnesota, then running rampant in the Middle West, assembled his team. It seemed that Harding, a Minnesota guard, built like Heffelfinger and coached by him, was causing all the damage as an interfering guard.

King informed his varsity that they could beat Minnesota if the guard opposite Harding would take severe punishment and still keep his head. He called for a volunteer. Jerry Riordan stepped forth. He was instructed to tackle Harding on every play and hold on, no matter what happened. Plenty happened, but Jerry hung on, true Irish, took a terrific beating, and Wisconsin won, 6-0. Football has had many such martyrs.

Woodruff, then coaching Pennsylvania, had foreseen such a defense, so he planned a brand-new attack, placing his guards behind the line to begin with. On the Monday preceding the Princeton contest, Penn played a secret practice game with the Warren A. C. of Wilmington. Guards back, the new attack, brought touchdowns at will.

Judge Woodruff recently told me that for four years no other coach ever thought of shifting his defense to stop Penn's guards back. But Phil King, then Princeton's first paid coach, did. Phil placed spies on near-by Pocono peaks with field glasses—then an ethical procedure. Thus Princeton was ready, come what may. King had instructed his tackles, Lea and Holly, to line up together opposite Penn's formation. What might have happened had Holly obeyed these orders, no one knows. What did happen was a crushing defeat for Princeton's championship team, 12-0.

For four years guards back ran rampant. Its principles, too, continually refined, dominated attack to 1910. Then seven players were required on the offensive line and pulling or pushing the runner was barred.

The strategy of Penn's new offense was to use the two most powerful players on the team as interferers. Princeton's ends-back tandem-tackle did not. Note how closely Woodruff's mass-on-end play, here diagrammed, duplicates his earlier flying interference. The guards are Nos. 2 and 3. Ball to quarterback, 4, who hands it to 6 for a dash at end. Backs, 1 and 5, and guards, 2 and 3, lead him. Crushing power! As it combined the tandem and split and delayed bucks, defense never actually solved it. It compelled low and hard charging, too. In this same Princeton-Penn game, Woodruff also revolutionized defense, a story I'll tell next week.

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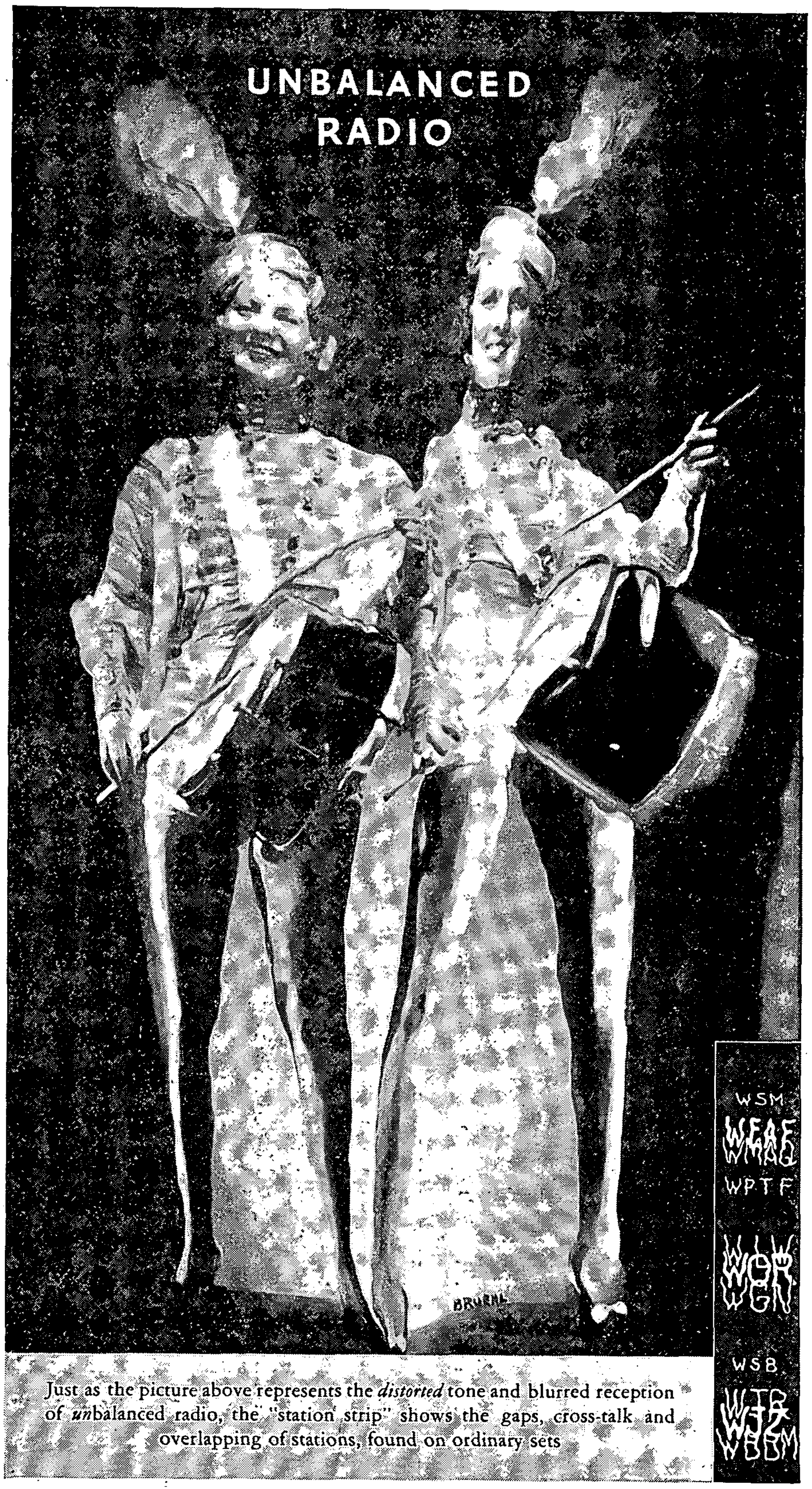
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More than this, Automatic Volume Control prevents the nerve shock of "blasting" from strong locals when you are tuning from one station to another. It ends the tension and nuisance of constantly jumping up to adjust the manual volume control—you enjoy radio for hours, bring in dozens of stations, without even touching the volume control knob.

And it frees to full performance and brilliancy the marvelous combination of Superheterodyne selectivity, Screen Grid power, Philco Tone-Control and Balanced-Unit construction that has made Philco the first choice of radio buyers everywhere.

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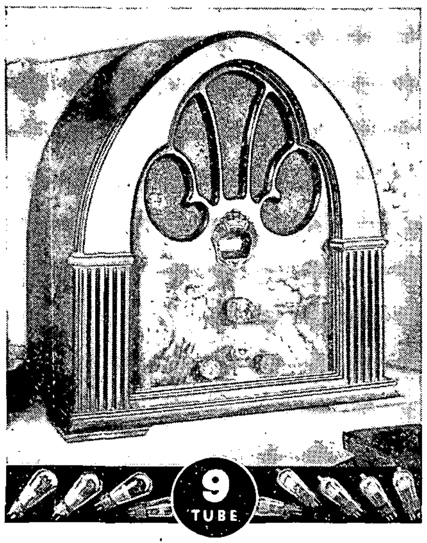
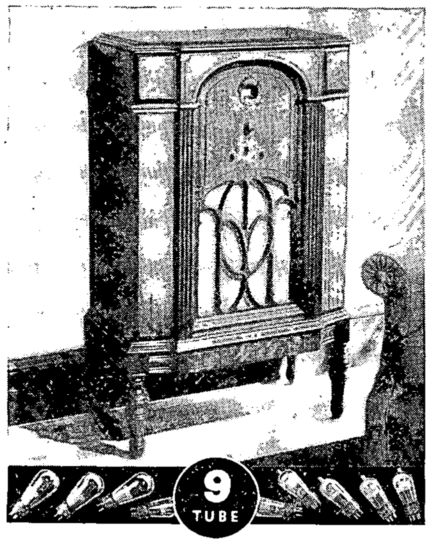


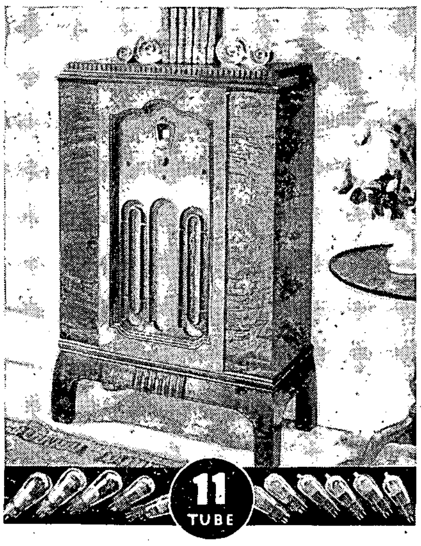
9-TUBE BABY GRAND, $69.50

Complete with tubes. By far the greatest of all small radios, with real big-set performance—Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—New Electro-Dynamic Speaker—New Pentode Power Tube—in cabinet of American Black Walnut. Instrument Panel, matched Butt Walnut and Arch of "V"-matched Oriental wood. Hand-rubbed finish. Cabinet only 18 inches high.



9-TUBE LOWBOY, $89.75

Complete with tubes. Cabinet gracefully executed in American Black Walnut and "V"-matched Oriental wood, hand-rubbed finish. Decorations in pin stripe American Walnut and quilted Maple. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—New Pentode Power Tube—*Also in a* HIGHBOY, *with doors, at $109.75, complete with 9 tubes.*



11-TUBE LOWBOY, $149.50

Complete with tubes. This beautiful cabinet designed by Norman Bel-Geddes, premier designer, and executed in American Black Walnut and matched Butt Walnut, hand-rubbed finish. Instrument panel in figured Black Walnut. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Two Pentode Power Tubes—Push-Pull. Long Distance Switch.

11-TUBE HIGHBOY, $169.50

Complete with tubes. Cabinet by Norman Bel-Geddes, in pin stripe American and matched Butt Walnuts. Sliding doors. Hand-rubbed. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Two Pentode Power Tubes—Push-Pull. Long Distance Switch. *Also all-electric* RADIO PHONOGRAPH *with automatic record changer, $295, complete with 11 tubes.*

Each model is equipped with an Illuminated Station Recording Dial on which to log your favorite stations, and ever after tune them in quickly and accurately without having to remember their wave lengths

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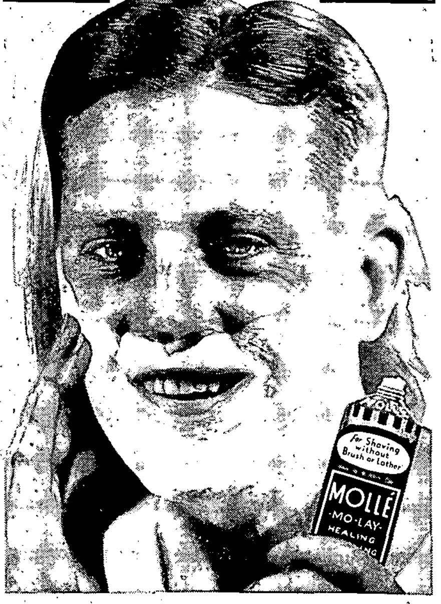
PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Good News!

MOLLÉ comes in three sizes: (1) the giant 50c tube; (2) in 75c jars containing twice as much as the 50c tube; (3) in the convenient *traveler's size,* 30c tube.


For Shaving without Brush or Lather
MOLLÉ
MO-LAY
HEALING

Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY) shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Buy a tube or a jar of MOLLÉ at any drug store. Use ONE-HALF the entire amount. If then you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving preparation you ever put on your face, return the balance to us and we will refund the entire purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

Silent Weapons

Continued from page 33

"Ah, then—you know—"

"Of course I do. I know that in your mad folly you actually . . . threatened murder and but for the man Meadows—oh, heaven only knows what fearful thing you might have done . . . rash, wretched boy!"

"Madam," retorted young Richard, eluding the sponge and speaking with as much dignity as possible, "do pray believe that I am not a boy. This quarrel with Mr. Gafton was mine and I am man enough to—"

"To break your mother's heart, ruin her life, blast her happiness, plunge her into untimely grave—hold your wicked head still—do!" Richard obeyed perforce and suffered her to sponge the large contusion and very small cut above his temple, to frown and sigh at him as she would.

But at last, blinking through water and despite dabbing sponge, he ventured to question her, though in all humility:

"Tell me . . . pray . . . what of . . . my father? Why did he go away . . . so suddenly and . . . where?"

"As I have told you before, Richard—hold still, sir! Your father went because he was forced . . . compelled by . . . circumstances."

"But at such a time, Mother?"

"Exactly, Richard. Time was the important factor."

"But what business could—" The sponge stopped further utterance.

"Your father will return safe and well, bless him, so soon as he can. . . . And now the bandages for your poor head."

"Bandages?" cried Richard, recoiling. "But, my dear mother—"

"And yet no. I'll wait for the doctor—"

"Doctor? Heavens and earth, Mother, I'm perfectly well . . . I'm merely bumped . . . the cut is nothing—nothing indeed—"

"Calm yourself, Richard, or we shall have you in a fever—"

"But I don't need a doctor—"

Here Miss Janet opened the door to say the doctor had arrived at last.

"Thank Heaven!" quoth my lady fervently and, having posted Miss Janet beside the amazed, protesting Richard's bed, she went forth to interview the physician—a small, cheery gentleman he, to whom my lady spoke in hushed yet eager accents and to such effect that the smiling and obliging gentleman, having examined Richard very thoroughly, his hurt, his pulse, his tongue, became very grave, shook his head ominously and declared the invalid must remain in bed for three days at least.

Then, leaving Richard more amazed and indignant than ever, he hurried out and alone with my lady, bowed and smiled to her grateful acknowledgment.

"So, dear madam," he chuckled, "that should keep your so rash young gentleman quiet for a while, oh, beyond doubt."

BENEATH a Louis Quinze ceiling whereon smiling Loves hurled roses at a plump and very naked Venus, sat my lady glancing with a strange anxiety at the clock upon the heavily carven mantelpiece. So intent was she when the door behind her opened suddenly, a door garnished by roguish cherubs, she started violently though her eyes, wide with momentary apprehension, beheld no one more formidable than Miss Janet, bonnet on head and bulky reticule on arm, who, halting suddenly, glared up and around at walls and ceiling of this small, luxurious boudoir; she eyed the roguish cherubs, scowled at Venus and snorted instant abhorrence.

"So, 'tis here ye come of an afternoon?" she demanded. "Aweel, it's waur than I thocht, Charmian, it's fair shamefu'! Heart alive, my dear, it's the house of a wanton!"

"Indeed I believe it was once, Janet. This is why I've taken it, servants, carriages, horses—for a month. Though God forbid I should need it so long!"

"Ay! And who'll ye be expecting? Why must ye jump and look sae guilty?"

"Lord, Janet, don't be a fool!"

"IT'S no myself is the fool, I'm thinkin'. Tell me, what desperate, shameful risks are ye running—"

"No more than any other loving woman would take—"

"Ay! Then ye're expecting to meet—him again! And—here!"

"I expect Henry Gafton in about three quarters of an hour."

"No, not Henry Gafton. He's bad enough o' conscience. No—I mean that little, evil thing, that wee, foul creature that calls itself Viscount Vileboy."

"And a most apt name for him, Janet dear," said my lady with a rather wan smile. "I am expecting the little vicomte in about ten minutes or so."

"But the man's vile . . . a beast! And the way he looks at you! Oh, Charmian!"

My lady glanced at the clock and shivered.

"Yes," she murmured, "yes . . . I know!"

"Then why permit his visits and—in such place? Why endure such—contamination?"

"No, Janet, only—disgust. And it is to a good purpose . . . the only way. The Apostle Paul says he fought with beasts at Ephesus—well, I'm fighting with beasts here in Paris and in cause as righteous."

"But, Charmian, my own dearieheart, why? Why such vile way?"

"Because I see no other."

"Ah!" sighed Miss Janet. "Ah, but there is! Ay, there is so!" My lady glanced furtively at the reticule Miss Janet's powerful hands were fondling:

"How—how do you mean?" she questioned.

"No matter," answered Miss Janet with a grim nod, "only I thank the guid Lord I'm here tae protect ye."

"Surely God can do that unaided, my dear."

"Mebbe! Oh, ay, I'll no deny His omnipotence—forby it comforts me tae ken myself the instrument o' Proveedence—if need be."

"Oh, Janet," sighed my lady wearily, "oh, my dear, you become almost as much a worry as my two headstrong, blundering menfolk."

"Ay, but Charmian, ye're so mysteerious. What's to be the end? What are you scheming for—aiming at?"

HERE, instead of answering, my lady glanced at the clock and shivered again. With discreet knock on the door a very superior young footman appeared to inquire:

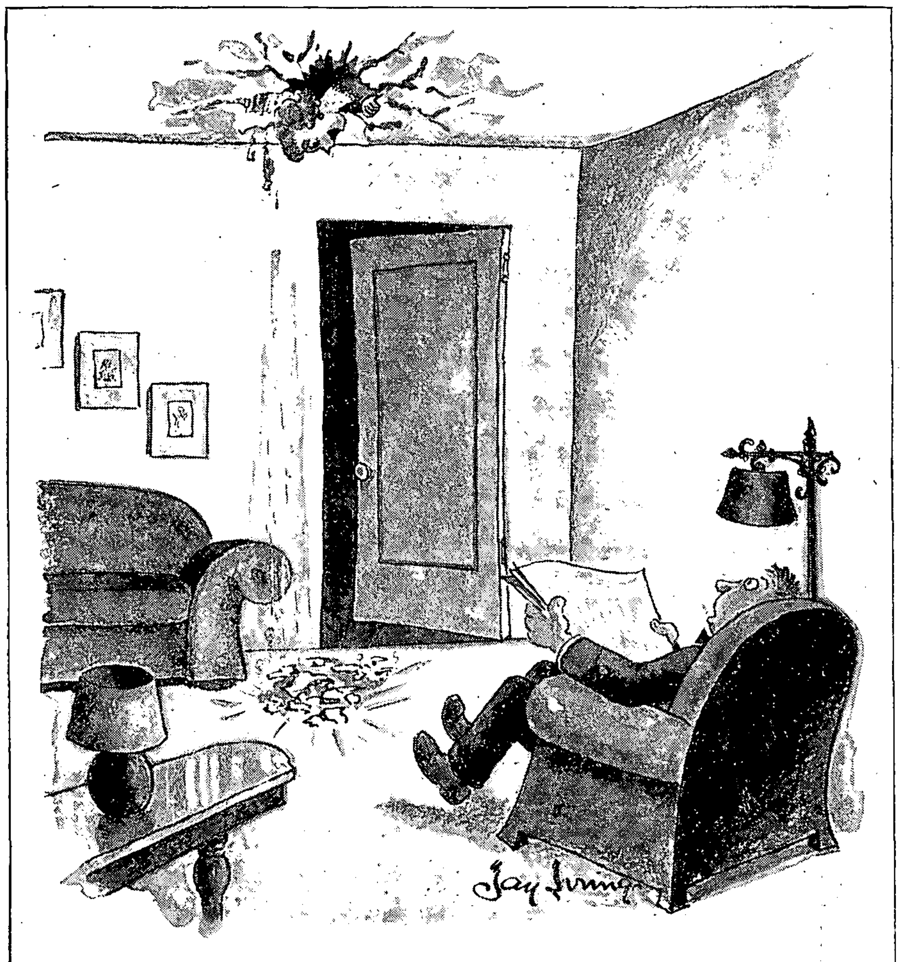
"Would madame see a person, one Robert Medo?"

"Mr. Meadows? Ah, but yes, immediately."

So in came Bob who, knuckling an eyebrow to the ladies, glanced at the splendor about him uneasily and, catching sight of the Venus overhead, instantly abased his glance and fumbled with his hat.

"Well?" cried my lady, rising eagerly. "How is he? How does he look? Does he eat well? Is he sleeping regularly?

(Continued on page 38)



"Oh, Mr. Hamilburg—I didn't know you were home! You must come up and join our party!"

DANGER! *Many motorists were taken by surprise during last year's mild winter. Sudden cold waves struck without warning and froze many radiators. Don't run this risk! Fill up with Whiz Gold Band now!*

SAFETY! *"Glad I stopped in, Bill. Didn't know I could get an all-winter anti-freeze for only $3.25 a gallon."*

USE NO MORE THAN ONE FILLING OF ANTI-FREEZE . . . **PAY NO MORE** THAN $3.25 A GALLON . . . **FREEZE NO MORE** AT ALL!

One filling of anti-freeze, and one only, is all you'll need this winter.

In the coldest weather you can drive without worrying about your radiator, wondering if the anti-freeze has evaporated, wondering if it will boil away, wondering if it's time to pay out good money for more.

But won't it cost more to put in this single filling than it would to add temporary anti-freeze repeatedly throughout the winter?

Not a bit of it, if you use the right anti-freeze! Whiz Gold Band is only $3.25 a gallon. At that price, it is *the most economical means of protecting your car all winter long.*

It's the safest, too! You can put Whiz Gold Band in at any time. It won't boil away in warm weather, nor will it overheat your engine.

It's absolutely harmless. It won't hurt metal, rubber, or the finish of your car—Duco or anything else. It won't evaporate. It won't foam. It won't burn. It won't cause any short circuits. It has no odor.

A Safe and Sure Anti-Freeze at Last!

Whether it's 32 above or 50 below, Whiz Gold Band will keep your car from freezing throughout the whole winter. This is certified by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, whose certification tag is attached to every can and drum.

Canada has picked Whiz Gold Band. And that cold country knew what it was doing!

Don't let an unexpected cold snap hand you a frozen radiator, which means a big repair bill! You can get Whiz Gold Band at any garage, service station, or accessory shop.

Put Whiz Gold Band into your car *once—now*—and be ready for any kind of weather! Your radiator will not freeze, even if the winter is the longest and coldest that ever hit the country!

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WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE

$3.25 **PER GALLON**
CERTIFIED BY THE PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

We're out to SHOW MEN how much 25¢ will buy

We did it with Listerine Tooth Paste. We're doing it with Listerine SHAVING CREAM

You know the Listerine Tooth Paste success story:

Because of our resources we were able to produce a better tooth paste and price it at 25¢. Millions found by use that it actually was a better tooth paste. It is now a leader.

We're doing the same thing with shaving cream. We're out to show men that here is a really remarkable product at a common-sense price.

The best thing we can say about it is that 99 out of a 100 men stick to it.

Maybe they like the fragrant, soapy lather that it gives even in ice-cold water.

Maybe they like the way it softens the toughest beards so that even the dull razor does a fair job.

Perhaps they welcome that wonderful feeling of coolness and comfort that this cream imparts to the skin.

Again, they may appreciate the big tube and the saving that the 25¢ price permits.

Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that Listerine Shaving Cream is rapidly climbing towards the top. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢ the big tube

Silent Weapons

Continued from page 36

Is he quite, quite well? Speak, man—speak!"

"Why, ma'm," answered Bob somewhat bemused, "all as I can say to all that 'ere is—ah!"

"What, oh, what do you mean by 'ah'?"

"I means, lady, as he's right as a trivet, right as ninepence, couldn't be no better nohow—except his temper like."

"The dear soul! Is he angry?"

"Angry, ma'm? Lady, no gentleman couldn't never be, no nor never was no angrier—"

"Yes, yes—of course! He would be."

"Ma'm—'e is!"

"Otherwise he is quite well? Quite comfortable—and safe? You are sure?"

"And sartin, lady! And how is t'other un, the young gentleman, ma'm?"

"Very well, thanks to you, Mr. Meadows."

"'Oping, ma'm, as I didn't wollop 'im too 'ard-like."

"No, oh, no!" answered my lady, between laugh and sob.

"Ye see, lady, me fists is a bit nobbly-like."

CAME sudden rustle of silken draperies, and, to Bob's speechless surprise, the fist in question was clasped and held between two slim, white hands.

"Yes," said Charmian, giving that same fist a tender little squeeze, "yes, it is very . . . nobbly-like, Mr. Meadows, and thank God for it! I'm grateful—deeply, humbly grateful to it!" And she looked up from this powerful fist to the grim, fiercely mustachioed face through glittering tears. "For my dear son is alive and guiltless of bloodshed. . . . Ah, Janet, go back to him or we may have him flourishing more pistols—go, my dear—" Even as she spoke the young footman reappeared to announce:

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Villebois!"

And as Miss Janet vanished behind the cherub door the vicomte tripped gayly into the room, then halted to goggle at the imperturbable Bob beneath faintly wrinkling brows, a small, delicately perfumed creature, sleekly elegant and blooming with rosy youth.

"Alas, madame, alas!" sighed he, "I speed myself hither on the wings of joy hoping to find thee—all alone!" My lady smiled and, dismissing Bob with a kindly nod, gave her hand to the vicomte who, casting himself on his knees, covered it with ardent kisses—he pressed it to his heart, he sighed, he languished until, the hand becoming somewhat restive, he rose and conducted her to a gilded ottoman and, there seated beside her, he sighed, ogled and languished more soulfully than ever:

"Ah, my goddess so adorable," he cried in piping youthful accents, "I have existed but for this moment!"

"Really, Vicomte," she answered lightly, yet drooping her lashes to the persistent stare of his china-blue eyes, "you overwhelm me."

"Ah, madame, I protest I think of you—oh, but constantly! Of thee I dream waking and asleep, oh, la, la! But now—Henri Gafton, his man, why do I find him here?"

"Henri Gafton is an old friend of mine."

"Ah, the so happy, so fortunate Henri! But then, dear madame, for myself I dream of a happiness more great—a rapture—"

"Henri is also a friend of yours, Vicomte, is it not so?"

"But yes," answered the vicomte, shrugging his narrow shoulders, "we agree, the good Henri and I. We agree to—agree!"

"Yes, truly," murmured my lady, opening and shutting her fan, "most people find it—wisest to agree with Henri Gafton, I understand."

"Wisest, madame, wisest? Sacred heaven—why, pray?"

"He is a duelist so notorious . . . so deadly!"

"But, dear madame, there are others, oh, my faith yes, one or two—especially one! Certainly our Henri has a reputation, oh, beyond a doubt, a fame second to—"

"Ah, yes—yes!" cried my lady. "He is terrible! This is why I so fear him . . . why I came to supplicate him on my son's behalf."

"Alas, your son!" cried the vicomte, rolling his eyes in ecstatic commiseration. "The youth so gallant! Child heroic! So young—la la! For Henri is indeed of a ferocity, a dexterity infernal, a skill undeniable and second only to—one! One who is of a spirit so sublimely bold to forbid and defy him."

"One?" breathed my lady, viewing the little vicomte with lovely eyes wide in eager question.

"One, but certainly!" he answered, leaning nearer with smiling complacency. "One, my most beautiful, who lives but to serve and adore, who dreams ever of those so glorious eyes—myself!"

My lady sighed hopelessly and shook her bewitching head:

"Ah, yes," she murmured, "but Henri is so tall, so commanding, so hatefully assured, so determined, so strong and terrible . . . and you, Vicomte, you may be very brave and gallant . . . but . . . . " here she turned away, sighing more hopelessly than ever.

"Oh—oh?" cried the vicomte in shrill amazement, "But, madame—so? Well, pray what mean you by your 'but'?"

"Only that you are not commanding, or tall, or—"

The vicomte leaped afoot, arms, legs, hands and eyes passionately protestant:

"Name of a name!" cried he, youthful figure very upright, slim brows close-knit, eyes viciously bright, "how, madame, how? Is it that you adore the great, gross animals then—bulk, madame, the cumbersome monsters, yes? But reflect, death of my soul, reflect! Cæsar was not the giant, and I, madame, I am—Victor de Villebois!" And, smiting himself on small bosom, the vicomte folded his arms with a magnificent gesture. My lady glanced at him, sighed, shook her head and looked away again.

"Yes!" said she.

NOW, reading the cold disparagement in her look, the vicomte stood a moment speechless and utterly astounded; then with hissing intake of breath he moved very suddenly and she was struggling in his arms—arms that crushed with unexpected power while closer and closer leered the eyes of a triumphant satyr.

"Fear me—yes!" he whispered. "Hate me—perhaps! But scorn me—no! I am—Victor!"

Desperately she held him off . . . until her strength began to fail . . . until the cherub door swung open and a large hand clutched him . . . spun him round and clapped a pistol to his breast.

"Doon wi' ye!" cried Miss Janet fiercely. "Doon on y'r wee hunkers and pray for the black and sinfu' soul o' ye!" The vicomte blinked at the threatening weapon, gaped at the stern face behind it and recoiled as, closing her eyes, Miss Janet pulled the trigger.

(To be concluded next week)

When time's too short for a long cigar . . :
. . . . . it's time for

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Two minutes is all a "B. T. A." asks. They fit into any odd niche of time. They're just your favorite 15¢ cigar split into 10 little shares. Just as fragrant. Just as flavorful. But one-tenth as long. And one-tenth as wasteful. Try a tin of ten today.

10 FOR 15¢

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LITTLE CIGARS
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The Red Influence

Continued from page 24

the job of puttering around with his roses.

At eleven o'clock a tall youth wearing flannels and a weary expression appeared. "I beg your pardon," he said.

Eric fixed him with a hard glare. "She lives next door," he said, indicating the direction.

"Thanks so much," the young man said.

Noon and a mild-looking individual bearing a large box which looked suspiciously like candy arrived almost simultaneously. "I b-beg y-your p-p-pardon," he said, "I-I-I—"

Eric snapped, "She's right next door. The girl in blue. You can't miss her."

"M-M-Miss G-Granby, I-I-I—"

"Precisely," said Eric. "The situation remains the same. You'll find her next door."

STUTTERING his gratitude, that one disappeared, too. Quiet reigned. Eric had dug the earth around all his roses. He looked for something else to do. Half-heartedly, he turned to the delphiniums and started to twig weeds from the earth.

This time it was a pair. They were both tall, but differed violently in coloring. One was very blond and the other was extremely dark. The blond acted as spokesman. "Does Miss Granby . . ."

"No," Eric said firmly, "she does not."

"Then where?" said the dark one, helplessly.

"Next door," said Eric, and didn't bother to point out the direction.

"Thank you," said the dark one, and had some difficulty with the *th*. Eric reflected, twigging the next weed, that an accent like that might well have a title tacked onto it. Princess Constance, or the Comtesse de Umpty Ump. Was he interested? He was not. He twigged out a delphinium in his wrath and cursed as he tried to put it back.

Looking up after a while, he saw her peering over the wall. "Hello," she said.

"What do you want now?" he said, controlling his irritation admirably, he thought. "More roses?"

"I got those this morning before you were up," she said calmly. "I thought you might not give them to me."

"What's the matter with your aunt's roses?"

"Aunt Emma leans to the snootier variety," she said. "I don't like them."

"Well, either come over the wall or go away. The effect of your head without a body is wearing."

"I can't come over. I'm ripped."

"Ripped?"

Nodding gravely, she said, "Clear up. From stem to stern. I caught it on a fence and it went whole hog. I can't go back to my house, either. I didn't wear a slip, and the rip is in back, and there are men there."

"Are you telling *me* there are men there?" he demanded. "My day has been spent directing them there."

"I know," she said, with another grave nod. "I told them to come here so you'd have a chance to look them over. See, I'm having a party tonight, and I was going to invite you, but I wanted you to see the party first, and then you'd know."

"So," he said.

"My mother's come," she said. "Unexpectedly. Mother always comes unexpectedly, but she says I have to wear the blue dress anyway because I'll still Aunt Emma's guest. Will you come?"

"Will I come where?"

"To my party. It's tonight."

"No," said Eric.

"Aunt Emma was right," she said.

"Right about what?"

"She said you were fool enough not to."

"*So*," said Eric.

"If I were you," she said wrathfully, "and I were invited to a party where Amelia Grayson and Frank Whitlock were going to be, I'm the sort that would accept. Of course, my instincts aren't always in good taste. Aunt Emma says they aren't, anyway, but she's a little sick of fussing about it because she's been fussing at Molly for years, and Molly hasn't changed much. Look here, I *am* rip . . ."

"You didn't say anything about Amelia . . ."

"Didn't I?" she said. "Well, she's coming. I *am* ripped, as I started to say, and you'll have to do something about it."

"Wait a minute."

Eric went into the house and reappeared with a gray topcoat. Shaking it out, he handed it over the wall. "You didn't tell me that you knew Amelia," he said.

One of her arms came up through the coat sleeve, and without regard for the coat, she rolled the cuff busily until her hand appeared.

"I don't," she said.

"And she's coming to your party?"

Constance rolled the second sleeve and shook her hair back out of her eyes. Eric came up close to the wall and looked down at her. "Yes," she said, "I used to come into rather close contact with the man she's going to marry."

"Oh," said Eric.

The coat came to her heels and its shoulders stood out in square bunches. He fancied that she was jiggling around in it trying to make it shake down to her size. "You certainly look funny," he said.

"Come over some time and try on one of my dresses," she said, with dignity. "I won't urge you about the party, but if Amelia Grayson were invited to a party that I was invited to . . ."

"If you persist in keeping to that subject," said Eric, "I shall take my coat away from you."

Warily, she moved away from the wall and raised her voice. "Of course," she shouted, "they couldn't have kept me in the house for two days after I threw a rock and knew I had something coming, unless they *tied* me!" Then she left with all haste. Eric watched the gray bundle wading swiftly in the other direction.

In thoughtful fury he went into the house and tore up his last picture of Amelia Grayson.

DINNER, with the housekeeper in one of her tactfully talkative moods, was next to unbearable. He stamped off upstairs to smoke and stare out of his bedroom window into the Granby grounds. There was Constance, no longer ripped, sitting on her heels in the damp grass. Her frock was blue, and her expression, as he had expected, was sullen. He dressed, peering out of the window at intervals. Dusk had fallen and more people had arrived. Little by little, the sullen ridges along Constance's jaw-line grew larger and more noticeable.

Emma Granby was coming down the staircase when he entered the house. She wore black, and her shoulders were too wide. He paused. "Good evening," he said. "I'm . . ."

(*Continued on page 40*)

4 Rising Cheers *for the* Saline Cocktail

IF you feel "like nothing at all" in the morning—dull, dispirited, logy—there's nothing that will brace you quicker than a Saline Cocktail!

Just pour a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh, cool water—and drink it down! Half an hour is plenty of time for it to complete its gentle, thorough, pleasant action, to purify your system and send you singing on your way.

All sorts of fruit juice cocktails, tomato juice cocktails, sauerkraut and clam juice cocktails are playing their part in keeping this country hearty and healthy. But when you drink a Saline Cocktail, you're downing the very best cocktail of them all!

For Sal Hepatica sweeps your whole system clean—and sweeps it promptly and completely. It stops constipation. It neutralizes harmful acids and purifies the bloodstream. Colds, headaches, rheumatism and many digestive disorders—all yield to the saline treatment. Many women drink Sal Hepatica for the good it does their complexions.

Long have physicians sent their patients to "take the saline cure" at continental watering-places. And the salines of Sal Hepatica offer you the same benefits as the famous spas of Europe—the same health-giving qualities that have made Aix and Carlsbad and Wiesbaden modern-day "Fountains of Youth."

Your doctor will tell you about the saline method with Sal Hepatica. Get a bottle today! And every morning that you wake up gloomy and dispirited, try a Saline Cocktail! Your spirits will soar to a new high, as gloom disappears in its sparkling bubbles!

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Wake up that LAZY SCALP . . .

Deep down in your scalp is an undeveloped growth of hair. Give it a hand—literally! Clogged pores and a tight scalp make it practically impossible for these new hairs to push out, but you can hand-raise them this way—it's so easy:

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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Chesebrough Mfg. Co. New York, U.S.A.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York, N. Y.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931

(Continued from page 39)

"I know who you are," Emma Granby said. "I almost married one like you, but he turned out to be a mule, so I didn't."

"He *was* something of a mule," Eric said.

"You're very like him."

"I'm not a mule," said Eric.

"I'm too old to be married now," said Emma. "You'll find the party out in the garden."

Eric wandered uncertainly through doorways until he came to an exit. He took it. Now, everybody but Constance was sitting on chairs. As he came through the doorway, Constance said huskily, "Of course, Frank, weddings with veils and best men are swell, but don't you think it's . . ."

AMELIA, stretched languidly on a blue lawn chair, sighed faintly. "It's *my* wedding," she said, "and I suppose I can wear a veil if I like."

"Sure you can," Constance said. "Hel-*lo*, Eric."

"Hello," he said. He looked at Amelia.

Straightening slightly, and with a trace of panic in her voice, she said, "I didn't expect to find *you* here."

Eric had a moment of wishing that he hadn't come. He felt foolish and six-handed. He looked helplessly at Constance.

Suddenly, she kicked her heels out and he saw that she was wearing red leather slippers. The heels were high and thin. Her soul came out in one small splotch of color. Blue she might be bludgeoned into, but red slippers were her destiny. Wanting to cry, Eric sat down beside her. She groped for his hand and gripped it tightly. He held on in panic-stricken gratitude.

"You shouldn't sit on the damp ground," he said.

"My mother wouldn't mind if I caught cold," she said.

Fascinatedly, Eric's eyes sought Frank Whitlock's ankles. Frank was sitting on the foot of Amelia's lawn chair. Undoubtedly, those spats were cream-colored. He wanted to laugh. The picture of Amelia in a bedroom where there was a drawer . . . even a closed drawer . . . filled with pearl-gray, dark gray, beige and cream-colored spats was a bit comic. Compensation galore. He laughed aloud.

Amelia said without thinking, "What's funny, dear?"

Eric could feel Constance stiffen. Frank Whitlock cleared his throat, saying, "Amelia darling, shan't I get you a wrap? The night air seems a little . . ."

"I'm all right," she said shortly.

Constance giggled. "Are you still chasing around getting wraps, Frank?" she said. "I remember Molly cried once because you brought her a woolen muffler when she was watching the moon. She said that she felt quite sure if you two went on being married that some winter day she'd have been wearing long underwear."

"Your mother," Frank said, "was a charming but a foolhardy woman."

"Molly says that one can get rid of colds, but the woolen influence hangs on forever," Constance said. "Father encouraged it while he was alive. He thought that a foolhardy woman gave a man a run for his money. He never knew when he came home whether she'd be there or on her way to Africa. He loved suspense."

"Well, I didn't," Frank said.

"You know," Constance said, "I'd suspected that."

Amelia said, "Eric, *what* are you laughing at?"

"Oh," Eric said helplessly, "I don't *know*."

"Of course," Constance said, "a woman would *live* a long time, married to you, Frank. She'd have to. Molly said that you made her gargle twice a day. Did you, really?"

Eric went into a silent and excruciating spasm. Amelia's face was visible only in profile. Tilted a little, and with strange sounds coming from her throat . . . wearing a woolen muffler . . . long underwear . . .

"Constance," Eric said softly, "have you any diamond bracelets?"

"Hunh—uh," Constance said. "Molly hasn't any money since she divorced Frank and Aunt Emma buys me turquoise."

A voice came out of the darkness. "L-look here," it said. "I have b-been all over this d-darned p-place and I c-can't f-find M-Molly."

"She's down under the tree at the foot of the hill," Constance said.

"Is Molly here?" Frank demanded.

"Yes," said Constance, "she's down under a tree at the foot of the hill."

Amelia stirred uncomfortably. "I thought she was in Europe," she murmured.

"She was," Constance said. "She brought back a prince and now she's tired of him, so she sits under trees whenever possible. She says it rests her."

A complaining foreign voice drawled, "It's not nice to tell people that Molly's tired of me, and she didn't bring me back. I followed her."

"I didn't know you were there," Constance said, "but she is, and you know it. I think, personally, that you'd make a lovely stepfather, but Molly never sticks to a thing long enough to get herself a reputation for reliability. It's an awful handicap to me."

"A most disconcerting woman," Frank Whitlock said.

Amelia Grayson got to her feet with a smothered gasp. "Eric," she said, "take me for a walk. I'm tired of sitting still." It was a command.

"It's very dark," Constance said. "You'll see practically nothing."

"I've seen so much," Amelia said, "nothing will do nicely. Come, Eric."

Constance's hand released him. He got to his feet and Amelia took his arm.

Frank said, "The grass is damp, Amelia. Don't get your feet wet."

"Frank'll get you your wrap if you want it," Constance said.

SAFELY out of earshot, Amelia started crying and clinging. Eric stood there, wondering why his arms didn't close around her, but they didn't. She clung and cried gustily. "I can't," she said between sobs. "I can't do it!"

"Do what?" Eric said.

"I can't do this to you!"

"I don't mind," Eric said; "go ahead and cry."

Amelia raised her head and looked at him. "I didn't mean that," she said.

"You didn't mean what?"

"Crying."

"Start over," Eric said. "I'm confused."

"It was beastly of her," Amelia said, and broke down again.

"What was beastly of who?" said Eric.

"Constance. Bringing you here, and me, and Frank, and her mother."

"Oh," said Eric. "I suppose people have a hard time arranging parties without *some* conflicting forces."

"She loves you," Amelia said. "It was pure meanness, to put me in a bad light."

"How does it put you in a bad light?"

Amelia stamped her foot. "Don't be such a *mule!*" she said.

"I get that from my father," said Eric.

"Eric . . . I . . . I'll break the engagement. I'm sorry."

"You can't do that," Eric said.

"Yes, I can."

"But why?" he said. "It seems so pointless. You'll marry for bracelets eventually anyway. You might as well have it over."

"Eric!"

"Well, you will."

"Eric, look at me."

He looked at her.

Her face hardened. "You're in love with her, too," she said. "You don't care whether I marry Frank or not. . . ."

"I'm in love with who?" Eric said.

"Constance," she said.

Eric stared at the moon. "I threw a rock and cut her head open once," he said. "Funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny about it?"

"I guess it isn't," he said vaguely. "I thought it was for a minute."

"Eric, have you gone mad?"

"I'm not sure," Eric said. "Why?"

EMMA GRANBY came plowing through the darkness. "Constance!" She came upon them standing there. "Constance, what did you do with . . ." she stopped short. "Oh," she said. "I *thought* it was Constance. Where is she, do you know?"

"She was with the crowd when we left," Eric said.

"She isn't now," said Emma. "Young man, you look more and more like your father. The resemblance in the moonlight is startling."

"My ears have grown slightly in the past hour," Eric said.

Emma turned to Amelia. "Frank is looking for you with a wrap," she said. "He's fretting about the night air."

With a faint sigh, Amelia said, "Oh, very well. I'll find him." She took Eric's arm. They returned to the group silently. Eric stood around for a moment. He cleared his throat after a while and addressed the universe. "Where's Constance?"

"She j-just w-went off s-somewhere," a voice said. "I heard her sprain her ankle out that way."

"You heard her what?"

"I h-heard her say ouch and I y-yelled, and she s-said she'd t-turned her ankle, b-but it was all right."

"She's probably sitting under a tree with her mother," Frank Whitlock said. "They're a great deal alike."

Eric started off in the direction of the tree at the foot of the hill. Amelia called, "Good-by, Eric." He waved.

Eric found them under the tree. Constance held the heel of one red slipper in her hand. It was detached from the shoe. She looked up at him. "I broke it off," she said. "I should have known better than to run in them."

A mature replica of her voice said, "You'll never know better, angel, pray God."

"Molly, this is Eric," Constance said.

"Hello, Eric," said Molly. "Did you see a dark young man looking around for me?"

"No," Eric said. "He was still stretched out on the lawn when I left."

Constance giggled. "He's learning," she said. "Now Molly'll go back."

Molly sighed. "You're the kind of a daughter I never wanted to have," she said.

"I think he'd make a nice stepfather," Constance said.

"You can't pick out my husbands," said Molly without malice.

"All right," her daughter murmured.

Molly got up. Eric saw that her dress was scarlet. She poked her head up and sniffed the air. "I think I'll go back," she said. "I'm beginning to get moons under my eyelids."

"You've always had moons under your eyelids," Constance said.

Molly looked down at her. "You're a lovely child," she said. "Blue *is* becoming to you."

Constance snorted audibly. Molly laughed deep in her throat. "You snort just like your father." She bent and placed a kiss on the tip of her offspring's nose. "Some day, lamb, when there's time, I'm going to get acquainted with you." Then vaguely, she said to Eric, "I'll tell you this much. No matter *how* much she loved you, she'd always be barging off to sit under trees." She went off without another word.

Eric reached out and took the red heel from Constance's hand. "Well?" he said.

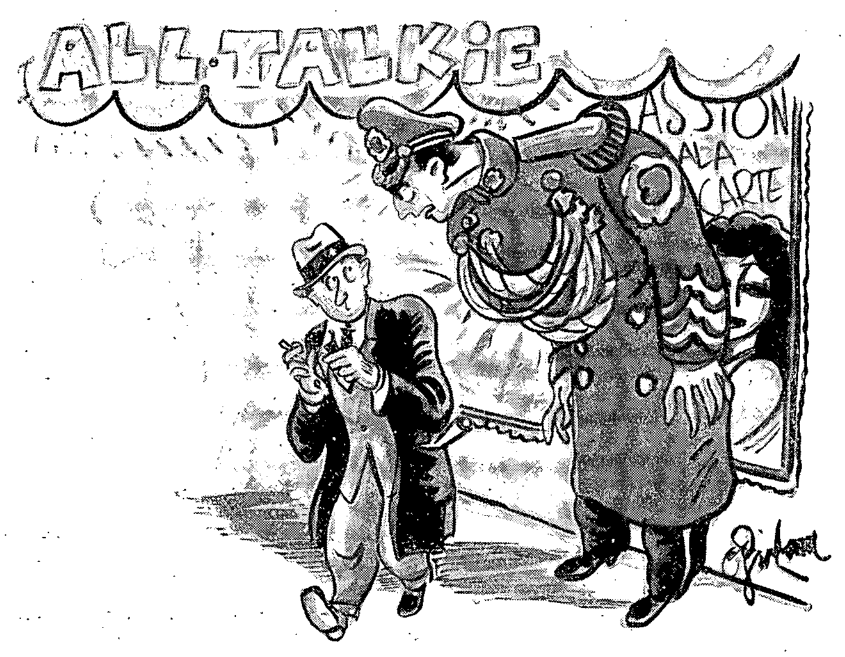
"Molly's always poking into things that don't concern her," Constance muttered.

ERIC reached out and got hold of her. He found, to his surprise, that this time his arms closed, and hard. "But she does wear red dresses," he said against her hair.

Constance sighed happily and nestled a bit. "I'm glad you noticed that," she said. "All I've had so far are the red slippers, but once I'm out of Aunt Emma's clutches. . . ."

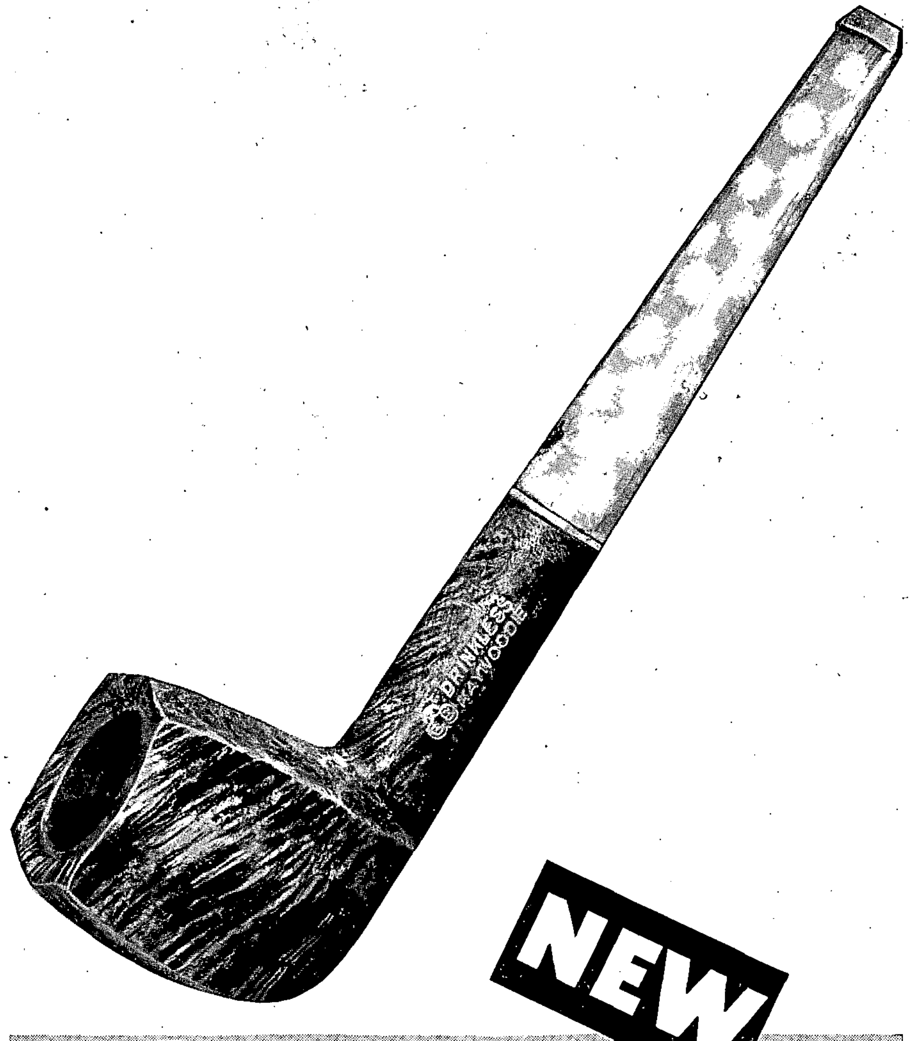
"Red dresses and the commonest sort of roses," Eric said. "And me, of course."

"I'd take anybody who'd give me red dresses and low-class roses," Constance said. "Even you, darling."



Doorman (to movie critic): "I heard what you said about our pictures, you cad!"

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



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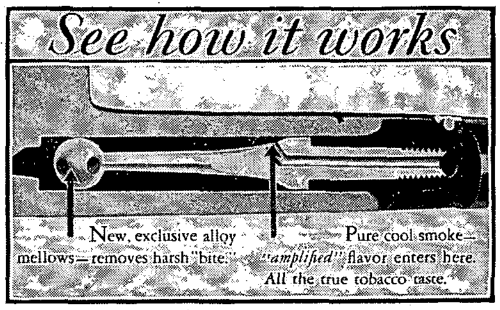
Above, No. 46, Ambera bit and Synchro-stem $3.50, Thorn $4.00.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And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

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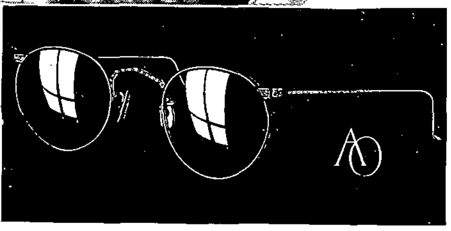
WEAR GLASSES
and still look
YOUNG *and* SMART!



Old-style glasses (at top) *have the "low temple," restricting vision and hiding the eyes. New, modern Ful-Vue* (above) *has the high temple, freeing vision and revealing the eyes. Ful-Vue offers new style and comfort. Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you.*

With modern, high-temple FUL-VUE...
You see better and look better to others

HOW MUCH more becoming than old-style glasses! Ful-Vue reveals your eyes at the side. The large photograph shows you what we mean. Notice the high temples, or "bows." See! They form a pleasing streamline to the ears instead of an uphill line that partly covers the eyes and restricts sideway vision.

The difference that the camera sees in these photographs, your friends will see.

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Mail the coupon and receive, without obligation, "What's New in Glasses?" It gives you, with many pictures, the whole story of Ful-Vue and what it means to you in vision, looks and comfort. It also tells you about Tillyer Lenses, the "wide angle" lenses, accurate to the very edge. Mail the coupon now.

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The name of the man who fits my glasses is
____

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The Flag Still Flies

Continued from page 17

hitting the hay for all night, just for once.

The skipper told Joe afterward that it was a week before he knew he belonged on the ship. The reason for that was that Joe was catching up on his sleep. You might not think there are many places where you can get lost on a 110-foot packet. You'd be surprised.

They had to go over to the various stores in the Yard for the gear proper to such a ship as the 41144. During these excursions they stole twice as much as they rated. Joe wondered whether they ever took inventory at the Navy Yard.

He'd never seen such a place before, in his life. Manila hawsers as big as your thigh and cables to moor the Leviathan. Ten kinds of anchors, ships' clocks, and bells, whistles and foghorns, pennants and cutlasses and Very pistols, spikes as big as spears, and silver plates for the admiral's barge. The crew of the 41144 would be bringing up the rear, deftly selecting some trifle and dropping it into their jumpers.

THEY weren't at the Navy Yard long. In a few days they left for foreign parts, that is to say, Pier 23, Twenty-third Street and the East River.

Everybody liked Pier 23. The East River jetties are pretty good places at which to moor. You can see the Metropolitan Tower at night, and hear the city's muffled noises, and watch the traffic in the river and the Greenpoint ferries. Joe liked anchor-watches. He'd sit up in the pilot house and write letters to his girl, or just smoke and look out at the river. Joe's grandfather used to own a coal barge in the East River; his father was born a few blocks away from it; so was Joe. When Joe was a young kid his father told him about Coenties Slip Park, and about a murder on Cherry Street, and about river pirates and ship chandlers, and about a man named Goff and another named Parkhurst, and about how it happened that the New York river front is the cleanest river front in the world. That's the sort of folk tale a city boy hears, if he's got a father smart enough to tell him. That's how he gets to love his town, and to hate its defamers and its despoilers.

Many a time Joe had looked down at the lights along South Street, from the bridge, and wondered what it was like down there along the water front. Now he was finding out. It was just like any other place.

That was one advantage a uniform had, Joe figured. You could go where you liked and no one paid any attention to you. You were just another sailor, and they took you for granted, either ignoring you or treating you with rough consideration. You weren't yourself any more. You were just a big, raw-boned gob with a dirty neck. Within limits you could do as you pleased. You could go along a tough street without bravado and without fear. Your life was suddenly simple; you ate and slept and dodged work if possible; you saw to it that nobody took something that was yours, and you let what was his alone.

You got so that you'd say to yourself, "What'll I do for an hour? Play cards, or write a letter, or cork off?" You could sleep almost at will; you could eat anything, almost at any time. You were like the children in the orphan asylum who can eat pie and then more soup.

Now, the U. S. S. C. 41144 might have gone, as some of her sister ships went, to Corfu in the Mediterranean, to Gibraltar, or to the Irish Channel. She didn't. She went through the Cape Cod Canal to the ocean, and up through the Bay of Fundy to Halifax, Nova Scotia. She fought the war along the Canadian coast from Halifax up north to Sydney, doing convoy and patrol duty. She wasn't a fast ship, and she couldn't keep up with anything except wheezy old cargo-carriers. As she didn't sight any submarines, naturally she didn't sink any.

It would be hard to say just what this gallant little ship accomplished that helped to win the war. There were hundreds just like her, and it would be just as difficult to answer that question about them. They weren't all American ships, either. There were French chasers and patrol-boats and English trawlers, and a species of Canadian mystery ship which bore a charming name. Canadian Drifters, they were called; the Americans called them Comical Dreadnaughts.

These small ships were out there; that's all you can say. It's a cold and foggy place, the Canadian coast, and the waves do bounce a small boat up and down. The patrol ships went out, sullenly and doggedly; they took a beating. It wasn't spectacular; it wasn't heroic in any memorable way. These boys were not to be compared with the balloon busters, the aces, the camion-drivers; they had no theory that they were.

Sailors are apt to take things for granted, anyhow. The sea's not entertaining, take it all in all. Monotonous at best, now and then it presents a soggy menace of some sort. Even the dangers don't stir the blood. It's as if you were suddenly called upon to fight for your life against a professional wrestler. You'd go through with it, if you had to, but you'd know in advance that the best you'd get would be a lot of discomfort. Well, that's what the sea is like. There are a certain number of things you can do when you're in trouble; you do them and see what happens. Striking attitudes doesn't get you anywhere, and there haven't been many ringing speeches since Lord Nelson's time.

HOWEVER, the sea did a few things for Joe.

In the first place, it taught him that he wasn't yellow. Every man worries about that once in a while. As a general thing it's a foolish sort of worry. There isn't one man out of fifty who's really a coward. That's not to say that a man will go looking for adventure. But when death leers suddenly at him, usually he'll leer right back and let a curse answer for a prayer. It's a queer thing, the amount of profanity that's expressed when men are in danger. It's even true of pious men.

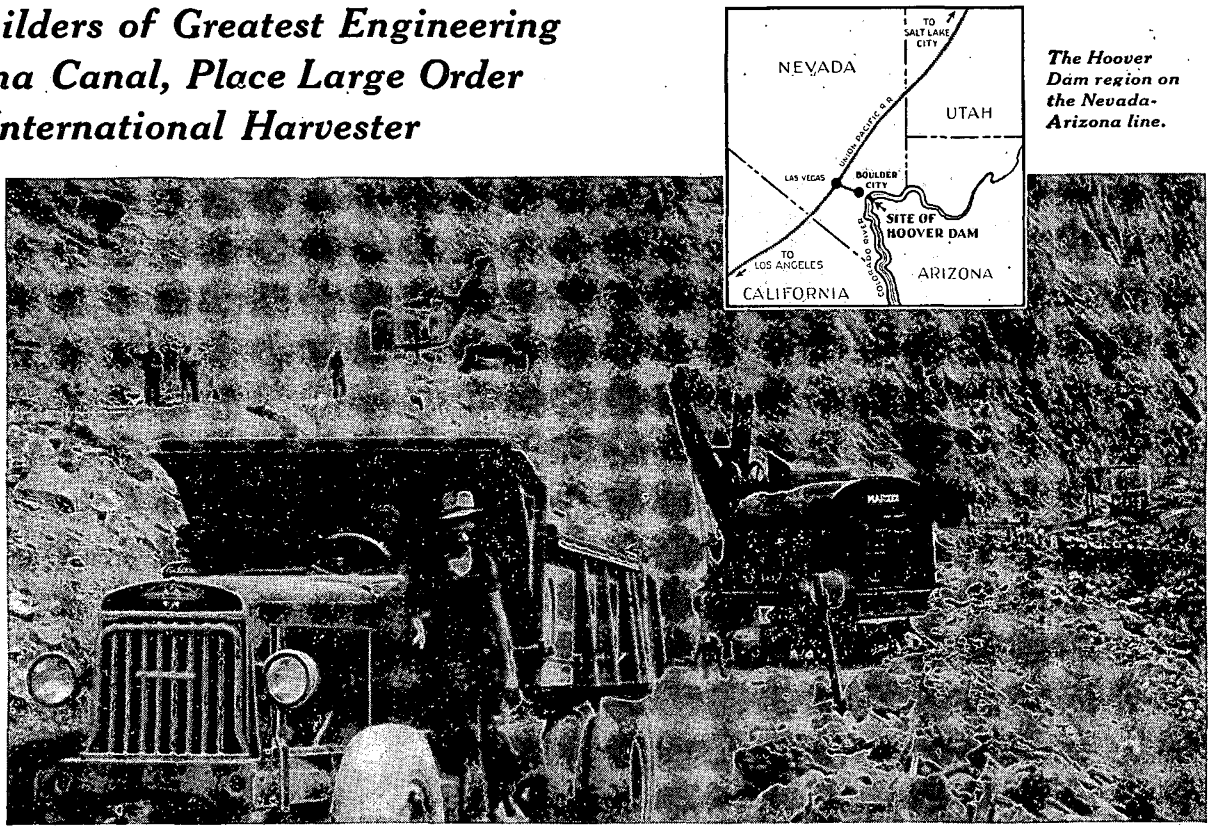
Then Joe learned to hate a lot of things. He hated cheats, and sneaks, and goody-goody people, and orators and cry-babies. One of the first things a man in the service learns is that crying gets you nowhere. You've got two choices when you don't like something. You can put up a battle or you can shut up. You'll have to do plenty of both before your hitch is over.

Also, he hated every man who should have been in the war and who managed not to go. Above all, he hated the professionally virile men, the movie actors, the prize fighters, the baseball players. This hatred has never completely disappeared.

(Continued on page 44)

BUILDERS of HOOVER DAM Select INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"Six Companies Inc.", Builders of Greatest Engineering Project Since the Panama Canal, Place Large Order Exclusively with International Harvester



The Hoover Dam region on the Nevada-Arizona line.

One of the International heavy-duty trucks working at Hoover Dam. The open hood is expressive of the intense heat in the canyon, rising as high as 128 degrees. The boulder-proof armored cab is further evidence of conditions encountered. Note, at right of shovel, the entrance to an auxiliary tunnel used in construction of the great diversion tunnels that will extend three miles through solid rock.

HOOVER DAM is under way. The great Boulder Canyon project of the United States Government which has long made news for a nation now advances into construction stages.

And as action begins on the mighty Colorado, comes a news item of vital interest to the construction industry and to the automotive world. Six Companies Inc., of San Francisco, a combination of six leading western contractors which is to build Hoover Dam under a bid of $48,890,999, has standardized on International Trucks as qualified above all others to bear the heavy hauling responsibilities in their contract.

The full meaning of this decision—the extent of the honor paid to International performance and service—can be appreciated only when measured against the immensity of the project itself.

The Job—

Space does not permit going into the details of the Hoover Dam project. They have long been matters of public record. Suffice it here to say that the plan encompasses flood control and general river regulation, irrigation, silt control, power development and domestic water supply affecting a large part of the Southwest. The entire enterprise involves an appropriation of $165,000,000 and includes many auxiliary developments of great magnitude in addition to the dam itself.

The dam will fill the gigantic chasm of the Colorado River to a height of about 730 feet above the foundations. It will be one-eighth of a mile thick at the base, will contain about 3,400,000 cubic yards of concrete, and will impound 30,500,000 acre-feet of water in an area vastly greater than Gatun Lake at the Panama Canal. Millions of yards of rock and earth must be removed; millions of tons of building material must be hauled. Employment will be given to thousands of men, the work extending over a period of six to seven years.

Today the canyon hums with intense activity. "Boulder City" is springing into being like a magic town of gold or oil. Railways and highways are being built. Modern engineering genius is mobilizing to conquer problems that stagger the imagination. Already work has begun on four great diversion tunnels each 50 feet in diameter and nearly a mile long, to be driven through the solid rock of the canyon walls. These channels alone involve the hauling of *nearly a million truck loads.*

—and the Trucks

In such a setting, with mountains to be moved under such conditions, trucks will have their work cut out for them. Six Companies Inc., guided by years of experience in heavy-duty hauling, is banking on Internationals. The fine performance of Internationals in the service of the first sub-contractors on work in the canyon only made the choice the easier. Scores of International Trucks are now in process of delivery at the site. The first fleets have long been on the job, rugged, capable, and economical—admired alike by the engineers, the drivers and the shovelmen who know full well how good each truck must be to stand the gaff.

International Harvester is proud to have Internationals selected for work on Hoover Dam. The news from Boulder Canyon is of great practical value to buyers of trucks everywhere. It provides another chapter of evidence contributing to the high reputation of International Trucks.

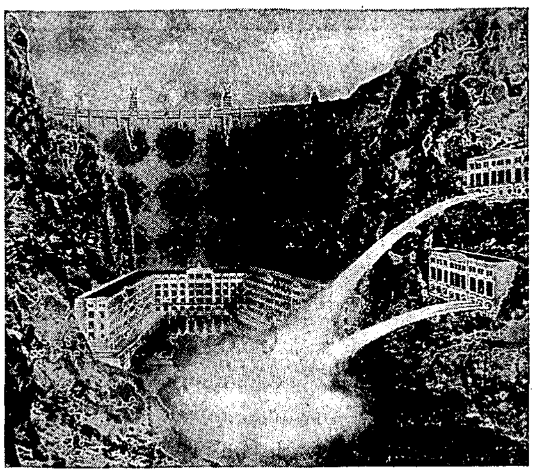
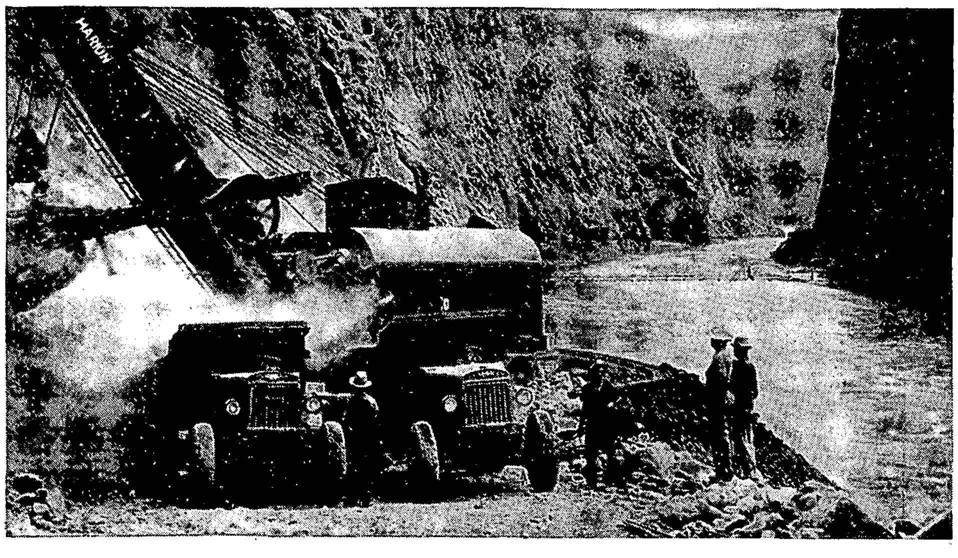


Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

Hoover Dam as it will look on completion, towering 730 feet above foundation rock, with power houses on both banks of the river. The dam will be nearly 1200 feet long and 45 feet thick at the top, and the thickness at the base will be 650 feet. This barrier will form a reservoir 115 miles in length with a shore line of 550 miles.



Front of dam will rise just beyond foot bridge shown here. Hoover Dam will be higher than any dam now existing and the construction will require 5,500,000 barrels of cement and nearly 60,000 tons of steel and other metals. The surface of the river will be raised 582 feet, creating the largest artificial lake in the world, with an area of 145,000 acres or 227 square miles.

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TRY A big bowlful of Heinz Rice Flakes, with milk or cream. See how crunchy and good these golden-brown flakes are! And remember—

Heinz Rice Flakes contain pure cereal-cellulose. That's why they help keep you healthy—just as the cellulose in apples, prunes, lettuce, and certain other fruits and vegetables helps you!

For cereal-cellulose is one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective of correctives. Made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process, it is added to Heinz Rice Flakes and gives these crisp, delicious flakes their mildly laxative action—the healthful quality sometimes referred to as a "corrective vegetable effect".

Here's something else to remember, too—*Heinz are the only rice flakes that have the cereal-cellulose added. Get a package when you go to your grocer's—and be sure to insist on Heinz!*

● *Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose.* ●

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ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

The Flag Still Flies

Continued from page 42

He used to like to see a new town, a new port. After a while he found that all new towns are a lot alike, unless you're looking for a girl. Joe wasn't. He still had his girl back home.

It isn't necessary to go too far into all that sort of thing, but the war did educate Joe along that line. It made him a little more tolerant. From what his shipmates said, and he knew it couldn't all be lies, he gathered that there were a lot of adventurous girls in the world, girls who weren't particularly interested in marriage or having a home, and who weren't venal, either. He'd always had a theory that a light woman was a negligible person. One of his friends married a light woman. Joe was best man.

THEN one week he was impressed into doing provost-guard duty in a bad district of one of the ports. There'd been a little trouble there, and the American naval authorities just quietly segregated this area and threw a guard around it. It was a queer sort of experience, for Joe, to go slouching along with a gat on his hip past these squalid tenements. He'd never been in such places; perhaps it was good for him to go and to look with cold eyes upon their tawdriness. It's well enough to be tolerant, but sentimentality about vice should be left to poets.

Some of the men in the crew were rogues and thieves; one, at least, was a criminal. He wasn't at all a bad fellow, either, Joe thought. One of them was a barber, and another an ironworker. Joe used to play three-handed pinochle with them, and lose most of the time. Neither of them had gone past the sixth grade in school.

So he learned that, too; from the service he learned that intelligence has nothing to do with education. A man can't play a good game of pinochle and be stupid.

Nothing about the war was less logical than the Armistice, perhaps. Nobody in the service worried much about that, however.

Joe Baker came back home to no blare of trumpets. He didn't return to school. He got a job in a broker's office, and married his girl, and bought a little house out in Watertown, Long Island.

You know what the brokerage business was like, there for a long time. Joe bought a car, and he had three children, and he was paying all his bills and reducing his second mortgage.

And you know what's happened to the brokerage business lately, don't you? Can you guess what Joe's bonus was in 1929? In 1930? What it will be in 1931?

He's only a clerk, remember. A margin clerk. How much? Seventy-five a week salary? Well, it was sixty this year.

Sixty a week, three kids, a house all plastered with mortgages and a car that has run eighty thousand miles. That's Joseph W. Baker, at the present writing, and his prospects are not so good.

Look. It's Armistice Day. The men of the Watertown Post of the American Legion are out taking another long walk together. That fellow who's number one in the front rank is either Joe Baker or someone who looks a lot like him.

There they go, to a blare of brass:

"You're in the army now;
You're not behind the plow;
You poor old cluck,
You're out of luck,
You're in the army now."

When they get out along the road, they'll sing songs that are less decorous.

"Bang away, my Lulu,
Bang away, good and strong,"

or, perhaps

"I kissed her once, I kissed her twice,
I kissed her once too often;
She practically ruined me
Before she went to Boston."

It's a great thing, in a way, don't you think, that these sober men should hark back to these ribald ditties? You see, they've got something on the rest of the thirty-five- and forty-year-old men in the world. There was a break, a gap, in these men's lives. They can't get old; they can't think of themselves as old. When they were twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-four, a bugle blew, and they answered it. It led some of them to death and pain; it led the rest to youth eternal and triumphant.

Where's Joe Baker getting, you say; why he's getting nowhere fast. How can he get anywhere? Then say something about futility, why don't you?

But save your breath, and don't say it to Joe. He doesn't know what that word futility means. You might get him worried about the Watertown Bank or the Watertown Building and Loan. But you can't get him excited about questions like "whither are we drifting?"

He's got three kids. He's got a wife. He's got a house, and a radio, and an old car. He's digging in, digging in, trying to save all these things.

He doesn't know what it's all about. Why should he? There are always people for that. There were people for that, when the war was on. They took a large view of it all. People like Joe just went to the war.

WELL, he's in a worse war now. Don't ever think he isn't. He learned to scrap in the battle of Halifax, in which no Germans were killed. He was only a preliminary boy then. He's fighting the semi-final now. Win, lose, or draw, he'll give you something to watch, too.

What in the world is more beautiful than the sight of marching men? It takes a stupid man to march well; it takes a brave one. Take a look at these forty-, fifty-, sixty-a-week babies. They'll show you a route step. It'll tear your heart out trying to follow them. But it won't tear theirs out. They're used to it.

It was a futile war, too, wasn't it? Boloney, buddy. Why, look, look at the pictures the war left. Look at the Angel of Mons. Think about those battered taxicabs piled full of Parisians, and some of them the riffraff of the town, clattering out to the Marne. They're great street fighters, the French. Think of our own, picking scarlet flowers casually and sticking them in their helmets, before they ran, shouting, to their deaths. What's futile about all that?

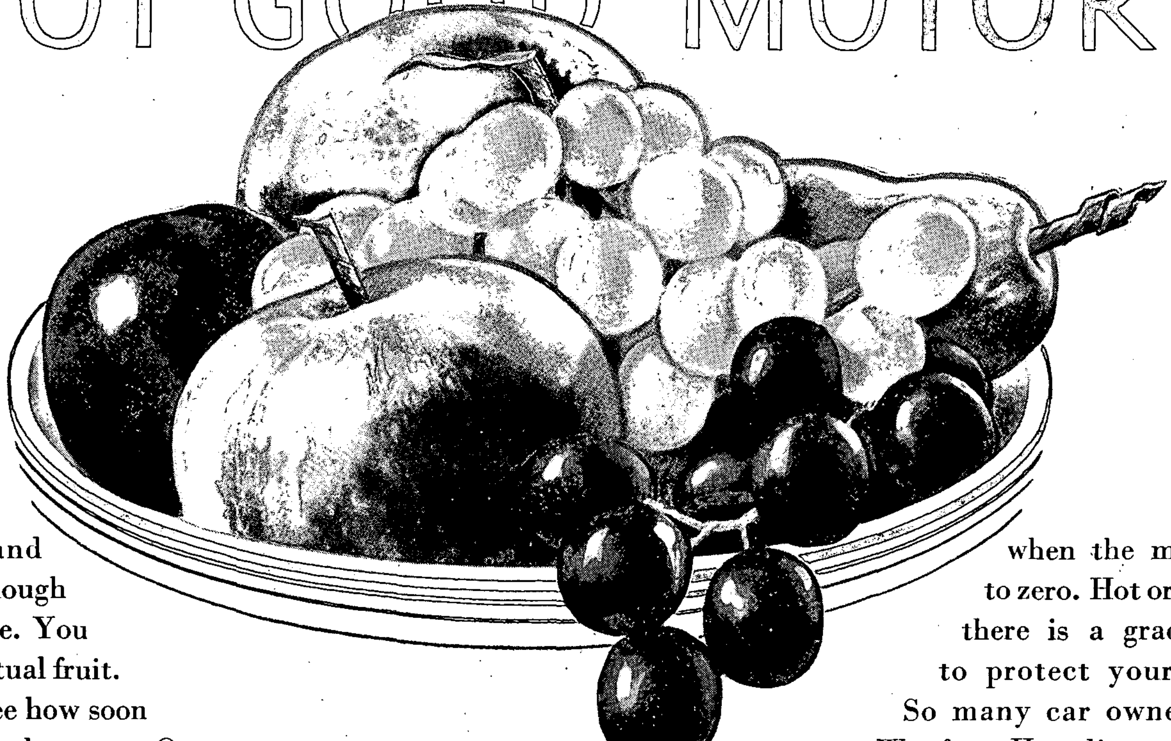
Here comes the Watertown Post, rounding the turn:

"The General got the Croix de Guerre,
Parley Vous;
The General got the Croix de Guerre,
Parley Vous;
The General got . . ."

These fellows have seen lowering skies before. It was a cold, gray winter, that winter of 1917. Well, they can't break bad forever. Next year will be a better year, maybe.

WAX

MAKES TEMPTING ARTIFICIAL FRUIT BUT NOT GOOD MOTOR OIL



Artificial apples, oranges and grapes look almost good enough to eat. A splendid centerpiece. You can hardly tell them from actual fruit. But put them in the sun—see how soon they lose their shape and substance. Or put them in the cold—brittle as bone. . . . Wax is like that—and these fruits are made of wax. . . . Yet wax was in all paraffin-base motor oils—ready to turn thin and watery under heat, or candle-hard with cold—until the introduction of *The New Waxfree Havoline.* *Keep Wax Out of Your Motor*—There is no wax in Waxfree Havoline—it's 100 per cent *oil.* That's why it holds its oily body in torrid temperatures. That's why it won't clog or stiffen when the mercury slides down to zero. Hot or cold, or in-between, there is a grade of this fine oil to protect your motor perfectly. So many car owners who have used Waxfree Havoline regularly from the first describe their motors as "flexible" and "sweet running" after thirty—forty—fifty thousand miles. . . . When it's "change-oil" time again, drain and refill where you see the Waxfree Havoline sign. Your motor will thank you. *Waxfree means carefree!*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
Sales Offices: Indianapolis, Indiana

HAVOLINE
WAXFREE OIL
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

35c A QUART
Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

USE ONLY *The New*

WAXFREE HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL

© 1931, Indian Refining Co.

Boys

WOW! Here's your chance to win a speedy new motorbike, and your choice of 300 other dandy prizes, including athletic equipment, watches, and model airplanes. Yes, boy! You can get any prize you want—*without a cent of cost.* Besides, you can earn your own SPENDING MONEY!

Join the Crowell Club and deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion, to regular customers. This will take only a part of your spare time; it will not interfere with school work or play. The coupon will start you. Mail it *today.*

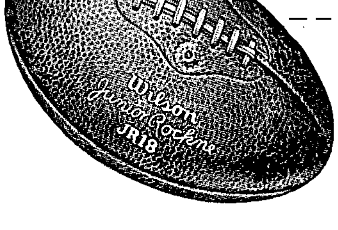
IT'S EASY!

Earn your own spending money and win many dandy prizes. Mail the coupon NOW!

MAKE MONEY!

As a Crowell Club boy you can earn CASH PROFITS! Think what it will mean to have your own spending money to buy anything you want! Besides, you can win this speedy motorbike and 300 other peachy prizes—without cost to you. You will also be getting valuable business training that will help you in later life. Get your share of these big treats. Mail the coupon NOW!

BOYS! YOU CAN WIN OVER 300 PRIZES



My Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-63
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn MONEY and PRIZES. Start me off as a Junior Salesman at once.

Mail this Coupon to THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Dept. C-63, Springfield, Ohio

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 15

I'll watch him, Sally.

Cheer up! They're all scared at first, Danny. The Judge was, too, but he got over it.

Not entirely.

Say, look . . . you're on in a couple of minutes. Studio C. Boy, show these gentlemen into C. Good-by. Good luck, George!

How about me, Miss?

Good luck, Danny. Don't be scared . . . I'll be listening to you out here.

Then her nose so cruelly shattered,
Then her nose so cruelly twisted,
By the Eptha Jephtha bullet,
Fired first in feudist hatred,
Was by scientific magic
Called the Cyranose Adjuster,
Made a nose of rarest beauty
So that Eptha Jephtha saw it
And his hate was purged in fires
Of a love so pure and fervent
That he threw away his rifle
And forswore his tribal hatred,
And he begged of Mary Ellen
Her forgiveness, and she answered:
I forgive you and I love you
As you love me, Eptha Jephtha,
Thanks to science who has given
Me my Cyranose Adjuster.
So they lived this happy couple—
Lived and loved forever after.

And you too will be happy ever after if you let CYRANOSE ADJUSTER come to you in your need—for remember, YOUR NOSE TELLS ALL! Next week at this same hour Cyranose will sing you another True-Story Ballad of how the Cyranose Adjuster (a size for every nose—a price for every purse) played the part of a benevolent fate in the tangled skeins of a life twisted by a nose less than lovely—a nose that needed—CYRANOSE!

11 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

The first speaker you will hear this morning, opening the weekly broadcast of the National Public Forum, which comes to you through the courtesy of Hot Spot Spark Plugs, is the Hon. George Lawrence Considine, Justice of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, in an interview with Danny O'Malley, reformed gangster, who will tell us why crime does not pay. . . . Judge Considine.

Oh, hello, Jack. Honey wants you to go into Studio E. She's rehearsing there. . . . Wait a minute. Listen to this.

. . . an unequaled opportunity this morning to hear at first hand the futility of a life of crime and the certainty with which retribution is . . .

Who's that talking, Sally?

George.

George who?

You know George. Judge Considine.

Well, I'd rather listen to Honey.

Wait a minute. He's introducing somebody. I just met him. Reformed gangster who served time in Sing Sing. You wouldn't believe it—he looks so cute and innocent.

To you maybe.

No, but really. Big blue eyes and straight black hair. Just like an altar boy out of a job.

What is there about tough mugs that always gets you girls? All a fellow has to do is to kill somebody, and you start sending him flowers and writing him love letters.

Well, I don't care. Danny's cute stuff.

Danny? Not Danny O'Malley?

That's him. Do you know him?

Why he's been in all the papers. He's a real killer. Is he up here?

Sure, I just met him. He's going on the air in just a minute. George is introducing him. Listen. . . .

. . . and though but twenty-seven years of age, has spent ten years of this short life in various penal institutions beginning with reform school at the age of fourteen. But let Danny tell his story in his own way. Ladies and gentlemen, Danny O'Malley . . .

Well, folks, it's like this. See? I don't look to make speeches like the Judge here but he says you folks ought to be told first hand what a life of crime is like, when you start out early and ain't had much chance, except to run around only with gangs like I done. See? But this is from the heart. It don't pay. See? Take the hot-car racket—

I think you should explain to the radio audience what you mean by "hot car," Danny.

It's a stolen car, Judge. Anybody knows that. Some people might say, Where do you look to find a car to steal? And I would say, you look where there's cars to steal and that's anywhere. See? You find good cars where the swell mob holes in, like up in Park Avenue, and I've taken flivvers right from out in front of a police station with Police Department painted all over 'em, which shows you gotta be alive to your opportunities or you fail in this business like any other because it's all organized. See? Your competitors ain't got no ethics. Maybe you'd like to hear how you can take a fur store, huh? . . .

Isn't he thrilling? I haven't had a kick like this for years.

Better not monkey with those guys, Sally. They're poison.

I don't care. He's a kick. I'm going to have George bring him to lunch with us today.

George will tell you the same thing.

I don't care if he does. I crave excitement. And I'm going to have it, too.

You start fooling around with Danny O'Malley and you'll get more than you're looking for.

There isn't much, big boy. Say, I wanta listen. You run along and keep Honey company while she rehearses. Studio E. Scram.

3. Station WBLA: Rehearsal: Honey O'Neal, Larry Barnes and Jack Logan.

Bow wow wow woof woof woof arf arf arf:

And so once more the deep-throated bark of the Healthy Biscuit Dogs comes to you with the cheerful good news that at last there is a real biscuit for every real dog. Next week at this same hour, the Healthy Dog Biscuit Company of Rahway, New Jersey, will present another diminutive drama of passion and terror purged with deep pity and throbbing with the foreboding doom of great adventure.

Arf! Arf! Arf!

Cut!

Are we over, Larry?

Right on the nose with the cuts on page three and eleven. Got 'em marked, Honey?

Sure. That's swell. Oh, hello, Jack. Just get here?

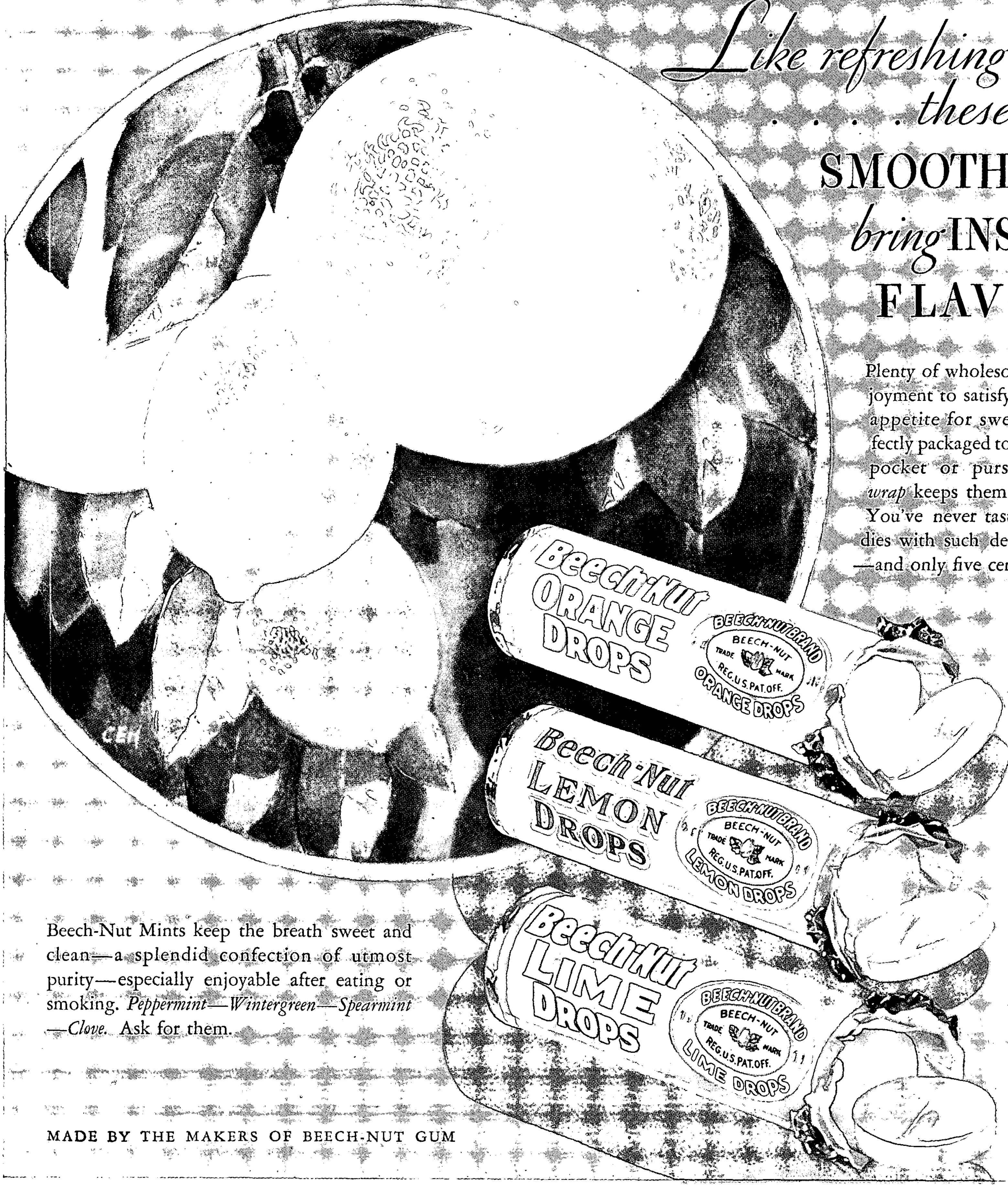
I was out in the reception-room talk-

(Continued on page 51)

THE NEW Beech-Nut FRUIT DROPS

Like refreshing fruit
. . . . these new
SMOOTH *drops*
bring INSTANT
FLAVOR!

Plenty of wholesome candy enjoyment to satisfy your natural appetite for sweets and perfectly packaged to carry in your pocket or purse—the *wax wrap* keeps them *always fresh!* You've never tasted fruit candies with such delicious flavor—and only five cents!


CEH
Beech-Nut ORANGE DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ORANGE DROPS
Beech-Nut LEMON DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEMON DROPS
Beech-Nut LIME DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIME DROPS

Beech-Nut Mints keep the breath sweet and clean—a splendid confection of utmost purity—especially enjoyable after eating or smoking. *Peppermint—Wintergreen—Spearmint—Clove.* Ask for them.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BEECH-NUT GUM

"Give your throat a vacation... Smoke a FRESH cigarette"

If the cigarette you have been smoking stings or burns your throat, switch to Camels and see the difference.

It's the peppery dust left in tobacco by inefficient cleaning methods that makes you cough.

It's the unkindly hot smoke of harsh, dried-out tobacco that burns and irritates your throat.

There is no peppery dust in Camels—that's whisked away by a special vacuum-cleaning process.

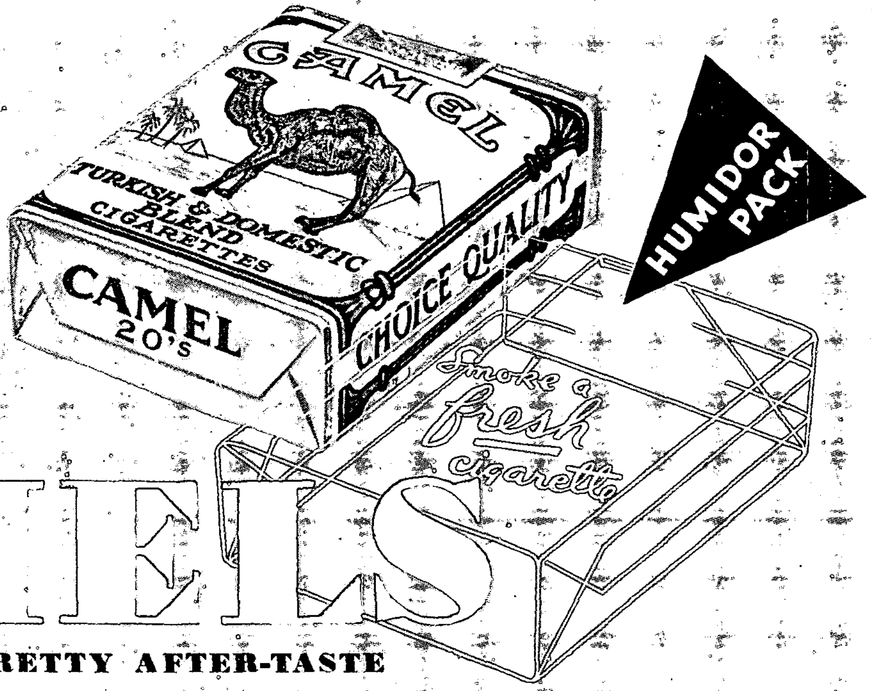
There are no stale, crumbly, parched tobaccos—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos of which Camels are blended come to you in prime, factory-fresh condition, thanks to the Humidor Pack.

This scientific germ-safe wrapping—not plain ordinary Cellophane, but *moisture-proof* Cellophane which costs nearly twice as much—seals in all the natural aroma and freshness, seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

Camels are milder and more throat-friendly because they are dust-free and fresh.

Give your throat a vacation, switch to Camels for just one day. Then leave them — if you can.

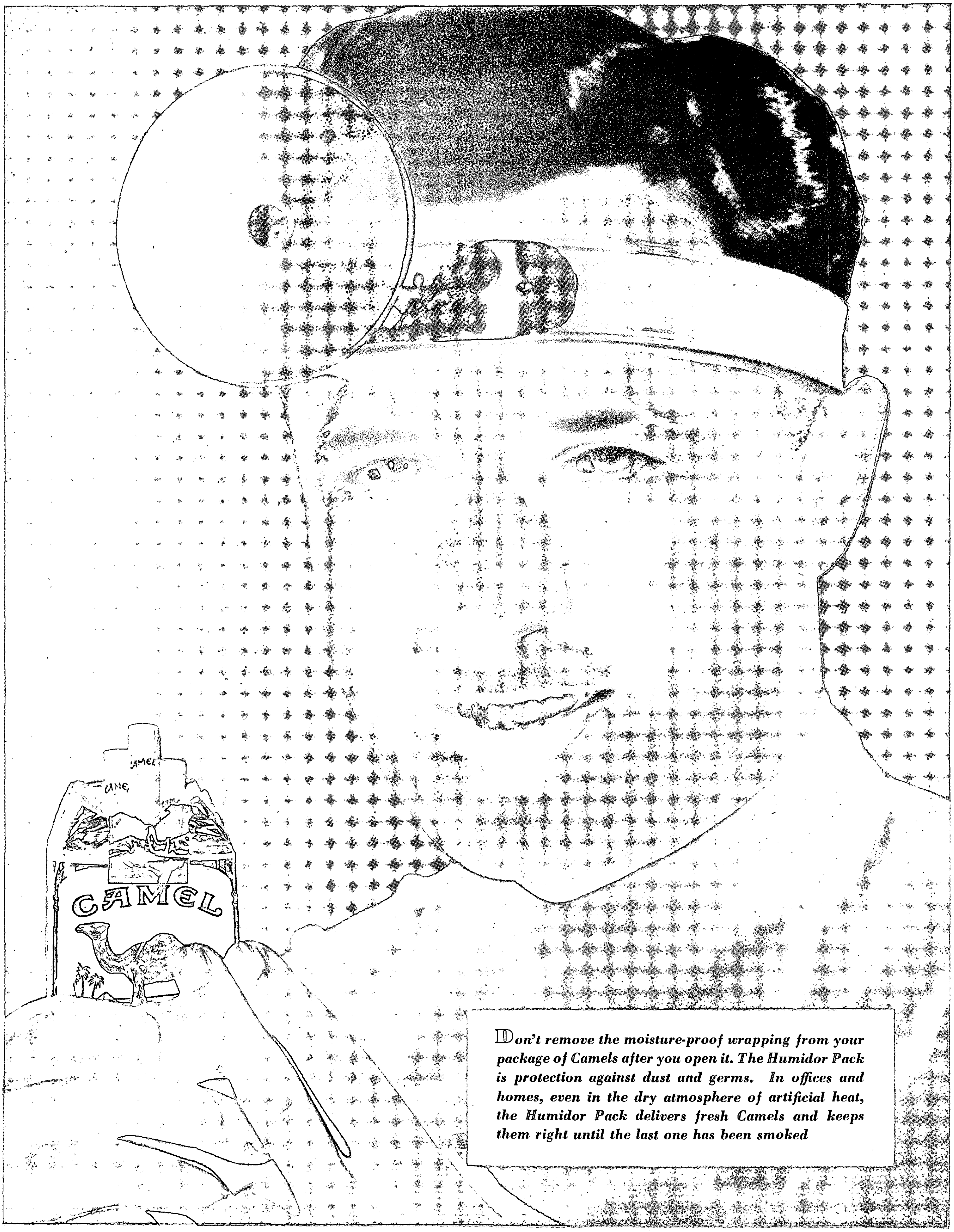
Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



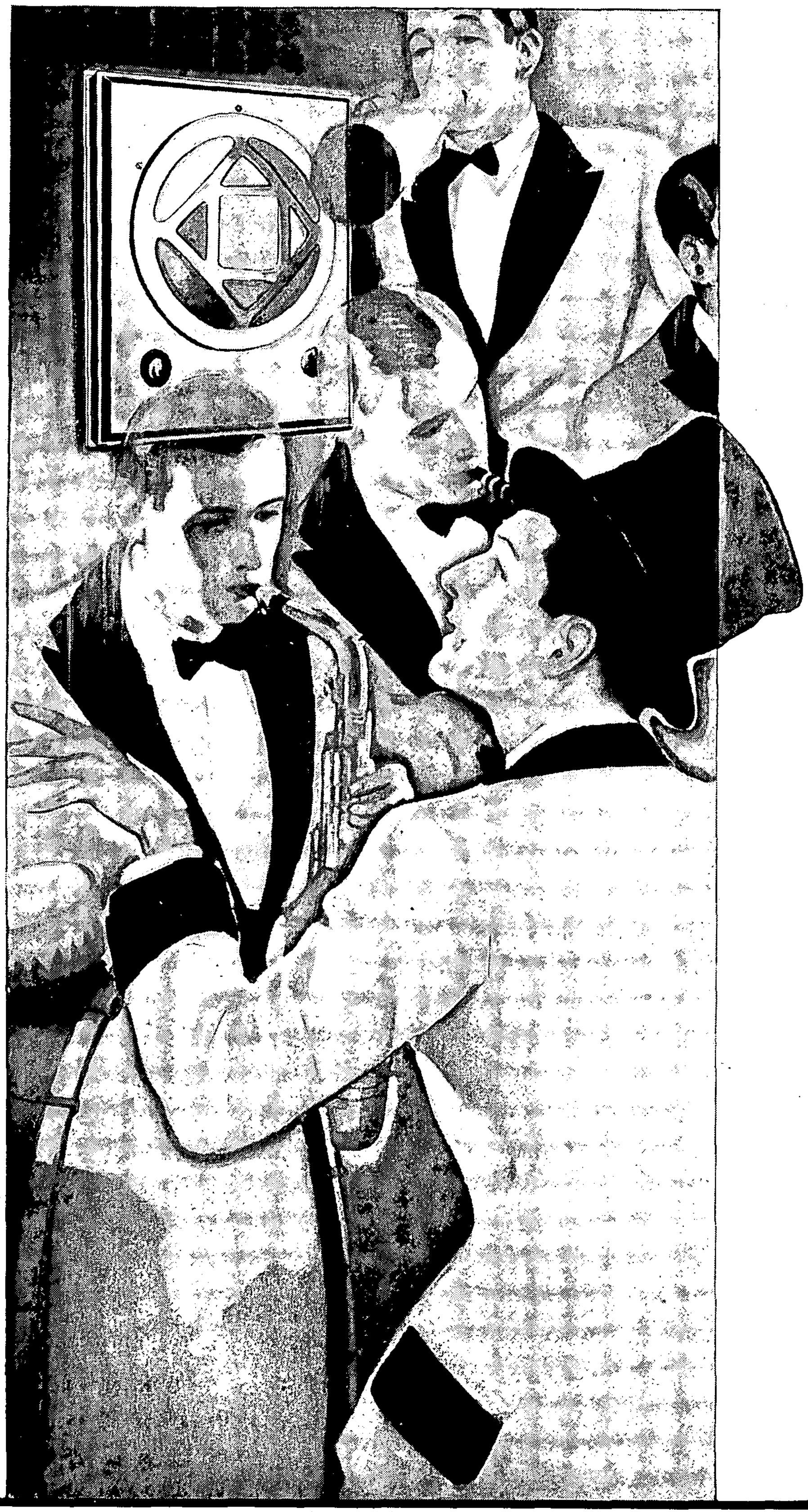
CAMELS

Mild.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked



They come *with* the apartment

Radio entertainment is always on tap, in many an up to date apartment and hotel—among them that most modern of hotels, the Waldorf-Astoria. The Western Electric radio distribution system makes possible this modern convenience.

All you do is turn a switch, taking your pick of two or more programs. Loud speaker, receiving set, tubes and antenna are "on the house."

The receiving and control apparatus are products of the same skill which makes Western Electric broadcasting equipment the choice of leading stations. And behind it all is an experience in producing Bell Telephones which has also made possible the talking picture, aviation radio, and sound amplification.

Western Electric

Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders in the development of sound transmission

The Western Electric Radio Distribution System is distributed by Graybar Electric Company

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 46

ing to Sally and listening to her new boy friend broadcast.

Boy friend? Who? George? He's not new.

No, a reformed gangster. Danny O'Malley.

Where? Here? How thrilling. Can I see him?

You too? Oh, hello, Mr. Barnes.

Hello, Mr. Logan. Did you hear any of the rehearsal?

Just came in on the end of the announcement.

It's one of the weekly dog-biscuit sketches. We do a dramatic sketch featuring heroic dogs of history. Last week it was Balto bringing the serum to Alaska—you know the story—and this week, the one we just rehearsed, is the old story how the barking of the dogs roused the inhabitants and saved Rome.

Dogs?

Well, it was really geese. I know, but who in the radio audience knows that?

I guess that's right.

Jack is going to bring us an account soon, aren't you, Jack? You know, Larry, the Clayton & Logan Investors' Service I was telling you about.

Once a week, Mr. Logan?

I guess so. To start anyway. I've just been put in charge and I don't know very much about it yet.

Jack is looking for a good idea to submit, something for fifteen minutes, to interest investors.

Why don't you have him talk to Carson, Honey?

I've got a better idea, Larry. I'm going to have him meet Bill Grimes. He's not doing anything and with his experience and . . .

That's a swell idea, Honey. Bill used to be here, Mr. Logan, our star continuity and sketch writer, but he had too much temperament to get along with Carson, the editor. . . .

Come on, Jack, we've got to get out. Here come the Dandruff Dandies to rehearse.

How could I get in touch with this Grimes fellow, Honey? He sounds good.

We'll go into Larry's office and call my sister, Laura. He's probably over there.

4. Speakeasy: Jack Logan and Bill Grimes.

12:30 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Owooh . . . Owooh . . . Owooh.
What makes your teeth so white, grandma?
The better to eat you, my dear . . .
The familiar voices of Little Red Riding-Hood and her Wolf come to warn you that the mouth is dark and warm and moist and furnishes an ideal breeding place for the bacteria that destroy your teeth . . .

Cheerful news for lunch, don't you think?

That's sales psychology, Mr. Logan. Some smart agency man sold them the idea that people are mouth-conscious at meal time. Fact is, they're so busy eating, the radio can go right on bleating for all the attention they pay to it.

I heard it.

Yes, but you've got radio on your mind. The radio audience hasn't. Most of them listen to it all day but don't even hear it. Turn it on in the morning and let it run. Keeps them company. There's an old woman lives next door to Honey and her sisters. Mrs. Peters. Her radio goes all day. And all over the apartment building the same. Hundreds of them. Twenty-two floors and behind every door a radio, all blasting so loud it would break your ears. Parties going on just the same. Conversations going on just the same. And the only radio they seem to hear is the other fellow's. Call downstairs and complain to the clerk that it's too loud. That's your audience, Mr. Logan.

Well, I guess I don't know much about it, Mr. Grimes. That's why I'm talking to you. All I know is that the old man has handed me the job of handling the radio advertising for the house.

What house? Who?

Clayton & Logan, Investment Bankers. My father thinks we ought to reach the small investors through the radio. Give them some kind of a weekly entertainment and selling talk.

Have you had any advertising experience?

Me? No, I just finished college in June. Kicked around in Europe all summer and now the old man thinks radio will keep me out of mischief.

And what do you want me to do about it?

Well, Honey said you knew all about radio.

Plenty, God help me.

And maybe you'd be interested in working out something for me.

Well, let me see.

You know what I was thinking? I don't know anything about all this. And my father doesn't either, and as long as I've got to do the job, I might as well go about it the way he would. When you don't know anything yourself, you go out and hire an expert. So how about you coming in on this?

O. K.

I'll tell the old man you've been hired to handle the practical and technical end of it, and that I'll supervise it. You'll do all the work and I'll get all the credit.

Fair enough as long as there's money in it.

Work out something that'll sock the old man and you can write your own ticket.

Suits me. When do I start?

You can start right now.

O. K. Let me see . . . a radio program for the small investor. Fifteen minutes. That means about two thousand words of entertainment or approximately twelve minutes, and three minutes theme music and commercial. Small investor. Let me see. Something with family appeal. No dance orchestra—that's for the young set—cigarettes, etc. Let me see . . . a sketch. Characters. One or more that continue every week. Continuity interest. Characters the listeners can identify themselves with. A man and wife. They're your small investors. They should be interested in thrift, in saving. Something with a man and wife. Combine your entertainment with the message. They're *trying to save money. One of them is* extravagant. The other is thrifty. Better make the husband extravagant. It's usually the wife, but women would resent that on the radio. You can always make the man the goat for anything, and women love it. How does that sound?

Swell. Go ahead. Is this how you do it?

That's how I'm doing it now. Just thinking aloud. Pulling it out of the air.

Go ahead.

I just thought of something. You're too young to remember the old Caudle Curtain Lectures. So am I, for that matter, but my father used to rave about them. A wife is bawling her husband out every evening for everything that has happened during the day whether he had anything to do with it or not. Was a great idea and tremendously popular. Why not revive them? Bring them up to date. Call them something modern—something like Twin Bed Lectures. How's that? Twin Bed Lectures. The wife is bawling the husband out for extravagance, for not remembering to provide for his family's future. What does he do with all the money he makes? Why not invest it, etc., etc., buy a home instead of throwing it away on rent, put something aside for the children's education, etc., etc. Home. Insurance. Investment. Savings. Get it? And all the time the poor fellow is trying to sleep.

Gee, that sounds marvelous!

Just a monologue that goes on and on through the night, with the poor devil trying to go to sleep. Boy! I can hear it . . . and couldn't I write it, though!

. . . tomorrow, at this same time, Little Red Riding-Hood and her Wolf will come to you in another program of song and story. Be kind to your tonsils. Be kind to your teeth. Be good and you will be happy. Be healthy and you will be good. Au revoir!
Owoooh . . . Owoooh . . . Owoooh . . .

5. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. O'Neal.

. . . bringing you another hour of merry syncopation from the roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City . . .

Let us sing a little jingle
To the blue skies above us,
Let us sing a little jingle
To the sweethearts who love us . . .

. . . it's about time he got a job. Hanging around here all the time when he should be home with his wife. I'll give him a piece of my mind before I go. Why can't he leave you alone? Why don't you stop seeing him? Why do you encourage him? Seems to me you've had enough trouble. Look at you.

Please, Ma.

Talking and talking and talking, all afternoon—all evening. What he's going to do, and the big plans he has now that he's got a new job. Your precious Bill is just a lot of talk, if you ask me.

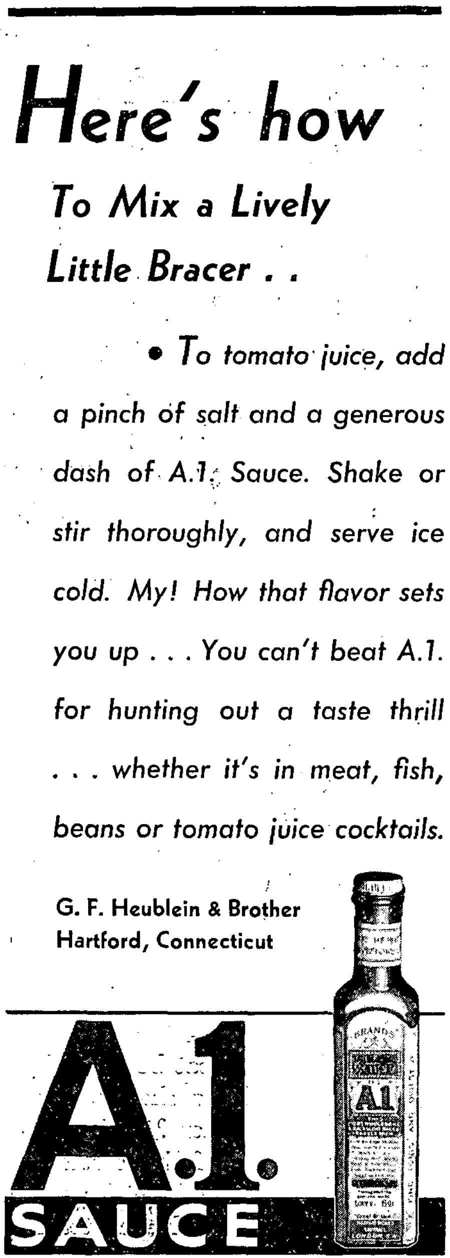
He isn't.

I know the kind. Always going to do this and do that. He should be home with his wife instead of hanging around here all the time. Brought you enough trouble. I'll tell him so one of these days, too, before I go home. I've been here long enough. I can see that. You're not even grateful to me for nursing you back to health. All I hear from you is "Please, Ma," "Stop Ma," "Go in and talk to Mrs. Peters, Ma."

I wish you would. My head aches.

It doesn't ache when Bill's here. You can talk to him all evening. Telling you he loves you and how happy you're going to be. You can listen to him but not to your mother. Him and his new job and how he's going to make a lot of money now and how he'll be able to get his divorce and marry you. Well, you mark my words, you'll never have an ounce of luck, breaking up a home. You'll see. Coming between a man and his wife. It isn't Christian. You'll see.

(Continued on page 52)



Here's how
To Mix a Lively
Little Bracer . .

• To tomato juice, add a pinch of salt and a generous dash of A.1. Sauce. Shake or stir thoroughly, and serve ice cold. My! How that flavor sets you up . . . You can't beat A.1. for hunting out a taste thrill . . . whether it's in meat, fish, beans or tomato juice cocktails.

G. F. Heublein & Brother
Hartford, Connecticut

A.1. SAUCE

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Speed course in Drafting
$100 a week paid experts

Specialized draftsmen (architectural, mechanical, electrical or structural) win swift advancement. Specialized college training at home—choice of 4 big fields. Low cost; easy terms. Complete drafting outfit included free of extra cost. Free catalog on opportunities and outstanding success of graduates. Free employment aid. Established 1904.
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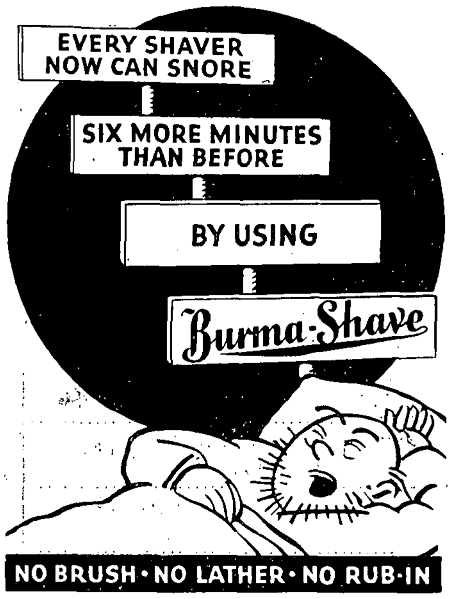

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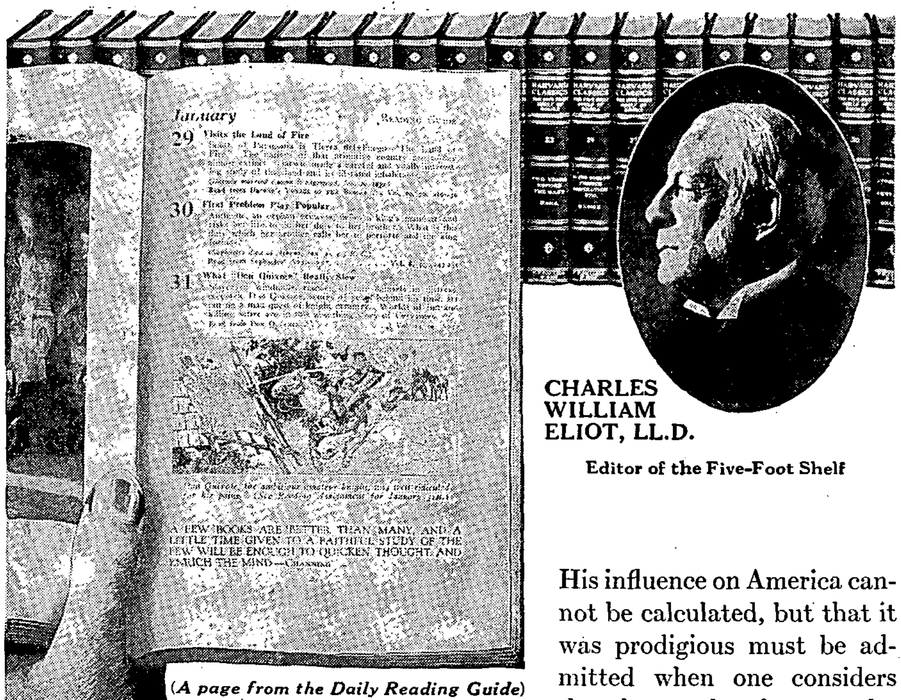

(*A page from the Daily Reading Guide*)

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(*Continued from page 51*)

See how much luck you've had so far. Well, you won't have any more. I don't know what I've done to have such a daughter. Plotting and planning before my very face to break up a home. Right on what might have been your death bed. I should think you'd be afraid of the judgment of God.

I suppose you know all about God.

Of course I do. God is love.

Good!

Yes, and God is vengeance, too. You'll see. Just go on as you've been going, young lady, and you'll see. You can't escape retribution. If you think God approves of what you're doing now, you're greatly mistaken. I should think you would have had a lesson. I should think it wouldn't need my words to show you the error of your ways. I don't know what's come over you. Or Sally either. Even Honey, for that matter. Something has happened to you. Something terribly wicked. You never would have dreamed of acting like this back in Middletown. It must be this city. It's a wicked place, full of wicked, godless people. It's another Sodom and Gomorrah. Some day God will get weary of this wickedness and destroy it all. And you, too.

All right, Ma. All right. Be a good egg now, and go and talk to Mrs. Peters. I want to sleep.

. . . *continuing this merry hour of dance rhythms from the roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City, we bring you a group of three old-time favorites: Every Little Movement from Madame Sherry; My Hero from The Chocolate Soldier and Beautiful Lady from The Pink Lady. . . .*

6. Mrs. Peters' Apartment: Mrs. Peters and Mrs. O'Neal.

. . . and every love thought
That comes a-stealing o'er your being
Must be revealing all its sweetness
In some appealing little gesture . . .
All, all, its own!

Why, you have a lovely voice, Mrs. Peters. I had forgotten you used to sing. My Laura is a singer. That is, she was, but I doubt if she'll ever sing again, no matter what the doctor told her just to cheer her up.

Sh-h-h, listen. Every little movement has a meaning of its own. Every . . .

But it's her own fault as I've told her, taking up with a married man. It'll come to no good end, but what can I do? I've lost all control over her and my other girls, too, Mrs. Peters. I could cry.

In some appealing little gesture, all, all it's own. How I used to love to sing that! Every little movement has a . . .

I've seen enough in the short time I've been down here, I says to her. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Sally out every night, all hours, drinking and running around. Where is she tonight? Who is she out with? A gangster. And she has the nerve to tell me to my very face. "You're not going out alone with such a person, are you?" I says to her. And she says, "Don't be silly, Ma, he's cute, and anyway he's reformed." "But he's a murderer," I says; "you said so yourself." And then what does she say to me? "Sure, he is, Ma, but he doesn't do it any more. He's reformed." "You'll come to no good end," I says to her. And she won't either. You'll see. Instead of staying home nights and reading a good book and getting her rest or else associating with some good, clean, God-fearing young man who will marry her, she goes out with a murderer. Well, I've lost all control over her. And Laura, too. But I'm not going to see Honey go this way. Do you blame me, Mrs. Peters?

Come, come, I love you only,
My heart is true.
Come, come, my life is lonely,
I long for you.

Come, come, naught can efface you, my arms are aching now to embrace you . . .

Where is Honey tonight, I says, who is she with, what's she doing?

Sh-h-h. Come, come, I love you only . . . come, herooooooo mine! Nine encores I've taken for that, and now the managers say, "Why don't you try the radio?"

You sing very pretty. I guess you miss it, although I say it's better for a woman to have a home and husband and children than a career, but how are girls going to get husbands these days, the way they carry on? It's just like I was saying to Laura this evening, "Where is Honey staying out at this hour of the night?" and she says "Dinner and the theater with Jack," and I says, "Who is this Jack? Where did she meet him?" and Laura says, "On a yacht." Can you imagine? A yacht! A fine place to meet a young man and expect him to be serious. If Honey was back home where she belonged, she could entertain her young men in her mother's home instead of meeting them on yachts and street corners or in their apartments, which is worse. The idea of a young girl going to a man's apartment! Then Laura said, holding up for her, "I suppose you're going to rebuild New York and change all the apartment buildings into rose-covered cottages." Well, I won't be here much longer, thank goodness, though I certainly appreciate your hospitality, Mrs. Peters, letting me sleep here so as to be near my daughters. Although it seems to me if they had any kind of forethought they could have had a place big enough to take care of their mother when she comes to visit them. Living three in one room when they could have such a big, lovely home with me back in Middletown. Well, I'll be glad to get back to it. And you may be sure I won't say anything about all this back home. I'll tell them some story or another. How could I tell them that my daughter tried to commit suicide, and over a married man, too? I couldn't bear the disgrace of it.

To you, beautiful lady,
I raise my eyes . . .

My heart, beautiful lady, to your heart sighs. Come, come, beautiful lady . . .

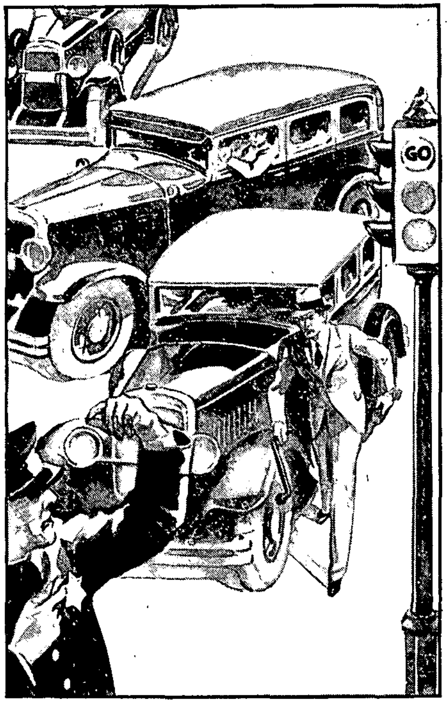
Well, I think I'll go to bed, Mrs. Peters, if you don't mind. Good-night . . . I said good night. You don't seem to hear very well when the radio's going. It doesn't seem to bother me at all. Most of the time I don't even hear it, although I do sit and listen to it at home by the hour just as you do. Just like company. What's the matter, Mrs. Peters—why are you crying? Does that song bring something back to you? You know music affects me like that sometimes—although not often any more. . . .

. . . dream, dream, dream and forget
Care, pain, useless regret . . .
Come, come, beautiful lady . . .

There, you're crying again! You shouldn't feel that way, Mrs. Peters. Don't cry. Fifty isn't old.

. . . from the roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City . . . it is exactly twenty seconds after midnight. Good night. . . . All's well. . . . Are you listening?

(*To be continued next week*)



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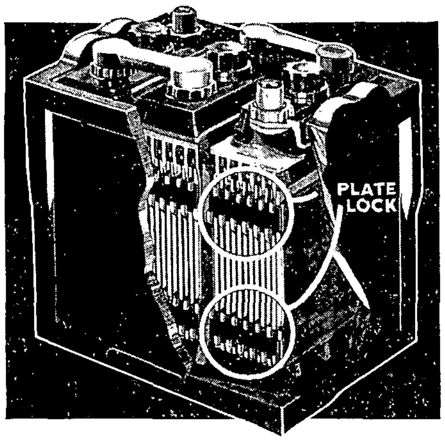

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Roosevelt or Baker

Continued from page 13

Hitchcock and Arthur Mullen. An uninstructed delegation may be the result, though there is a good deal of sentiment for Roosevelt in the state. In Kansas Governor Woodring is for Roosevelt. Ralph T. O'Neil, former Commander of the American Legion, is the most influential Democrat in the state. He is not inclined to Roosevelt. Kansas is an oil state. Alfalfa Bill Murray is popular in Kansas. Oklahoma itself will of course support Alfalfa Bill.

A Divided South

Colorado is a Roosevelt state. In Utah the chances probably favor Roosevelt. Nevada will be controlled by Senator Key Pittman. He is undecided. All three of the Pacific Coast states, California, Washington and Oregon, are Roosevelt states. Arizona's delegation will probably be controlled by Congressman Lewis W. Douglas, and he is not for Roosevelt. About New Mexico little is known.

The South is not so solidly for Roosevelt as it has generally been supposed to be. Texas is almost certain to send a delegation instructed for Melvin A. Traylor, and Texas has more votes than any other two Southern states. Arkansas will be for Senator Joe Robinson. Missouri will probably be for Jim Reed. He and National Committeeman Charles Howell are strongly anti-Roosevelt.

Of Louisiana nothing is known. The delegation will be controlled by Senator Huey Long and he is unpredictable. Mississippi will have a trading delegation whose aim will be to boost Senator Pat Harrison into the Vice Presidency.

The most influential Democrat in Alabama is Congressman John McDuffie, and he is far from committed to Roosevelt. Governor Ritchie is reported to have some strength in Alabama. Florida is not expected to send a Roosevelt delegation. Georgia, where Roosevelt has a winter home, is enthusiastically for him. Of South Carolina nothing is known. North Carolina will be controlled by Governor Max Gardner and Senator Josiah W. Bailey. It is inclined to Baker. Virginia will have its own candidate, ex-Governor Harry Byrd, brother of the famous aviator.

In West Virginia the leader of the Democrats is Herbert Fitzpatrick, general counsel of the Van Sweringen interests. He was a classmate of Newton D. Baker in law school. He is ardently for Baker for President. Senator Neely works with Fitzpatrick politically. These two men should control the West Virginia delegation. Tennessee is in confusion as a result of the scandals, the failure of the Caldwell-Lea banks there. Kentucky has a good deal of Roosevelt sentiment. Traylor also has considerable support, since it is his native state.

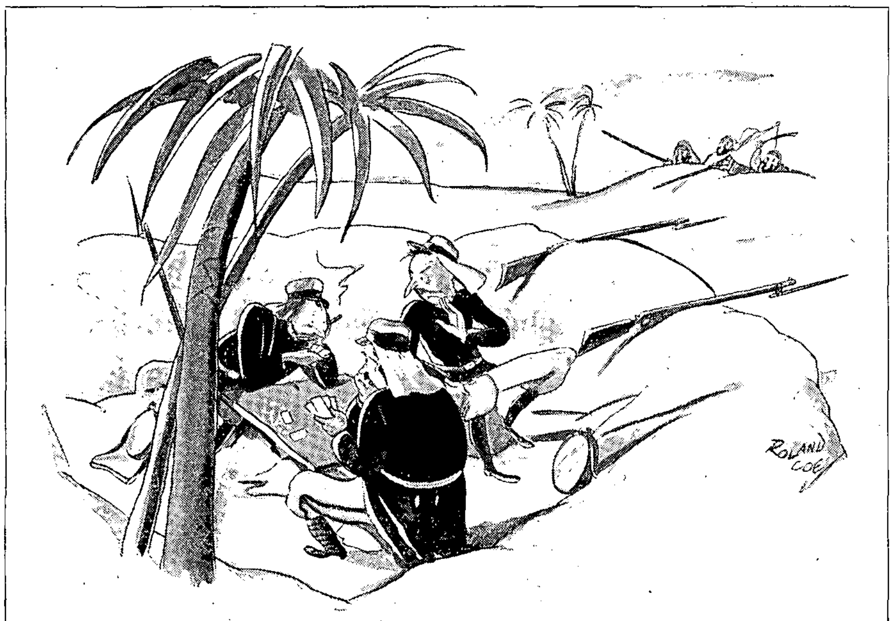
In general the Democratic party tends to line up as it did in 1924 as between Smith and McAdoo, or as it did in 1920 between Cox and McAdoo. The big states of the East and Middle West, which opposed McAdoo and twice prevented his nomination, are inclined against Roosevelt, except New York, which is for him because of his residence there. The support of New York, of course, makes it harder for a successful bloc to be formed against him. On the other hand Texas, which supported McAdoo, has a large electoral vote and is against Roosevelt.

If Mr. Baker may be persuaded to allow the open use of his name the opposition to Roosevelt will have an extraordinarily attractive candidate. There is a very real popular sentiment for Mr. Baker as was revealed in a recent poll of Democratic editors. The American Legion, a powerful force politically, is strongly for Mr. Baker.

It Won't Be a Deadlock

If Mr. Baker becomes a candidate, the 1932 convention will not end as the 1924 convention did—in a deadlock between the two leaders and the nomination of a dark horse. Either Mr. Baker or Governor Roosevelt will be chosen.

Governor Roosevelt's radicalism makes him strong in the West and weak in the East. I should say that he would get the delegates of most of the states west of the Mississippi. The more conservative East inclines toward Baker. He seems now the only candidate with whom the more conservative interests in the party could make a stand against Roosevelt. Melvin A. Traylor is the real choice of the Democratic business interests. He is a close friend of Owen D. Young and was associated with Mr. Young in the framing of the Young plan. But he seems hardly well enough known to lead the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt.



"Aw, let's surrender—I'm tired playin' cut-throat!"

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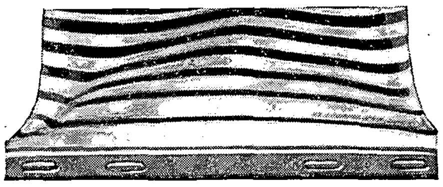

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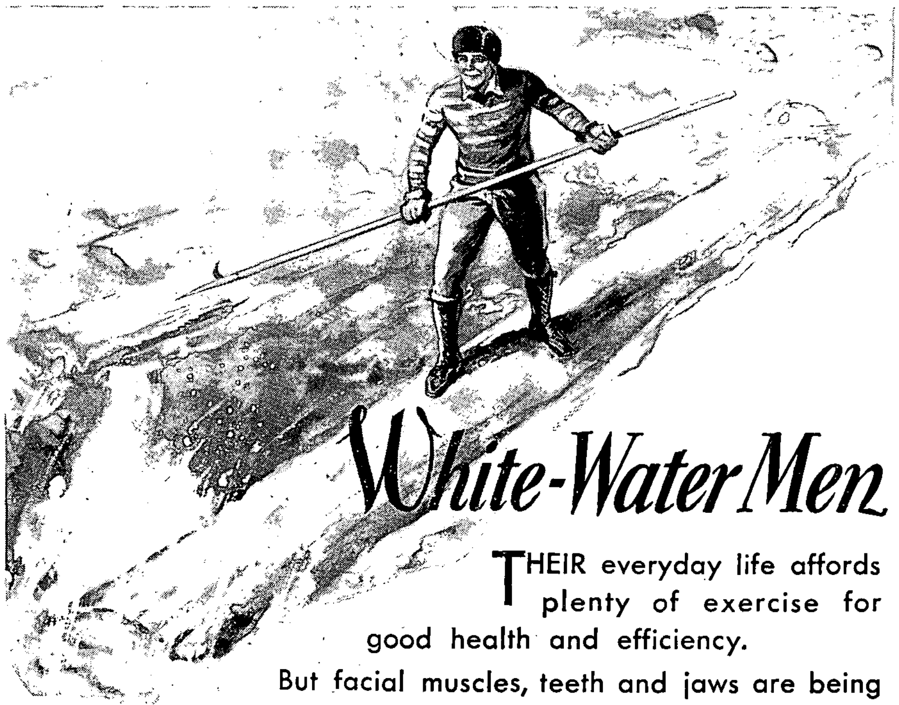

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WRIGLEY'S—made just for chewing—will help to keep your teeth and facial muscles up to their best. Chew it regularly every day—see stronger, whiter, teeth and firmer lines to lips and throat.

Keep Fit with

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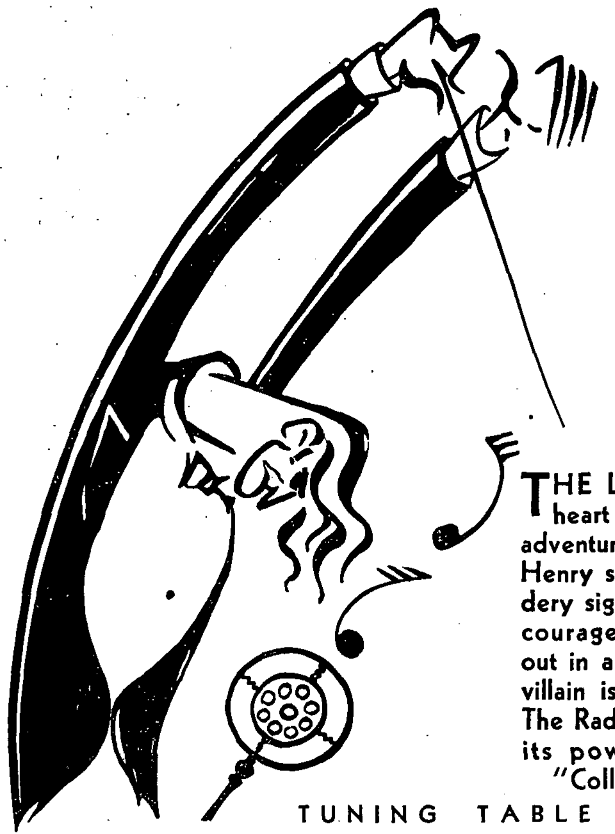

THE Love Story Girl, her heart in a whirl is pursued by adventures outrageous. Uncle Henry stands by with a shuddery sigh and prays for a hero courageous. The music rolls out in a thundering shout. The villain is foiled by a fraction. The Radio Hour at the top of its power is bringing you "Collier's—for Action!"

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Cincinnati	WLW	New York	WJZ	Seattle	KOMO
Cleveland	WGAR	Pittsburgh	KDKA	Spokane	KHQ
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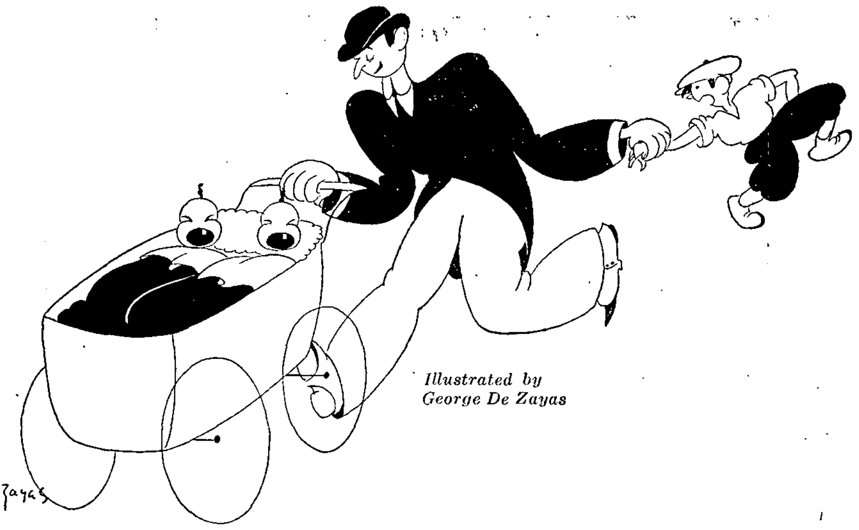
Every Sunday Evening



Illustrated by George De Zayas

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Twins usually follow, not precede, the birth of a single child.

The latest French importation to delight the hearts of the ladies and stimulate the heartbeats of the gentlemen is dry perfume which is dusted from an enamel container and which does not stain.

One of the world's largest breweries is in Plzen (Pilsen), Czechoslovakia. In its cellars, along five miles of passageways, there are 6,500 giant hogsheads from which are drawn daily 80,000 gallons of "good old Pilsener" for export to nearly every country on earth.

A Dutch scientist has invented an apparatus for the preservation of organic matter without refrigeration. It is capable of forming an electromagnetic field, about 125 feet in diameter, in which no animal or vegetable product can decompose even after months of exposure in the open air.

A new Federal study of construction shows that winter brings no serious obstacles to building work, as the price of protection against the cold, even in the North, is balanced more or less by the lower costs of materials and labor.

Paneling rooms with animal hides—goatskin, calfskin and pigskin—is one of the oldest and now one of the latest fads in wall coverings.—*By H. E. Cooper, Trenton, N. J.*

Ironically, Connecticut does not prohibit the sale of birth control drugs and devices, but it does have a law which forbids its citizens to use them.

Significant trends: Part-time employment in industry is spreading rapidly, and postal savings deposits have doubled in the past year.

Out of every hundred students going to college this autumn, sixty are boys and forty are girls.

Despite all the crime in this country today, 26 states still do not have central crime bureaus to maintain fingerprint files and collect criminal records for the use of municipal, state and Federal law-enforcement bodies.

Some penal institutions in the United States today still keep prisoners locked in their tiny, ill-ventilated cells 20 out of every 24 hours.

Although Ethiopia made slave-trading punishable by death in 1923 in order to become a member of the League of Nations, it still has today more than 2,000,000 slaves among its 10,000,000 population.

Frankfurt, Germany, recently put into service the first powder fire engine. This new machine discharges natron powder instead of water and does less damage, especially to textiles.

In the Yunnan Province of China today, the use of opium is so general, despite the law against it, that small children indulge freely and even infants are dosed with it to stop them from crying.

At the Buddhist shrine of Swayanbanath near Katmandu, Nepal, all the priests have huge goiters, and by some twist of the imagination these grotesque appendages are considered very holy.

A television broadcast requires 27 different wavelengths—26 for the transmission of the picture and 1 for the sound.

A Scottish duke today maintains a private army which contains 350 husky Highlanders. It is thought to be the only one of its kind in the world.—*By A. W. Robertson, London, England.*

Australia has no Sunday newspapers or Sunday railroad travel.

Every 29 hours, a vessel sinks into one of the world's seven seas.—*By Mrs. A A. Gardi, San Diego, Calif.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Worker's Dividend

Continued from page 12

complacently put up with, and anything, however little, that might be done was better than nothing.

"Progress was slow, but in 1915, following industry's severe attack of unemployment of the preceding year, we took a step which has ever since given us a pointed interest in the problem. We figured that if it was good business sense to create reserve funds out of the profits of good years so that dividends might not fall so severely in bad years, it was equally good business sense to set up similar reserve funds from which, during times of unemployment, the losses to wage earners could be lessened."

Object Lessons for Economists

That, then, is just what the Dennison Company did, to the end that, since 1921, whenever it has had to lay off its permanent wage earners it has paid those with dependents 80 per cent of their normal wage and those without dependents 60 per cent. Furthermore, for the last eighteen months the company has been paying what it calls a "separation allowance" to untrained workers who have had to be permanently taken from the pay rolls.

Nor are these two plans just mentioned the only ones in operation in this country designed to put the laboring man on something of a parity with the stockholder. There are several others. Since 1923, Leeds & Northrup of Philadelphia have been paying unemployment benefits of 75 and 50 per cent respectively to employees with and without dependents.

On June 16, 1930, the General Electric Company announced a plan whereby, with the voluntary participation of its workers, it would create an unemployment reserve fund from which to pay idle men 50 per cent of their average earnings.

The Brown & Bailey Company of Philadelphia, assuming the entire burden, began to accumulate a reserve in 1927, and in 1929 was able to pay benefits.

Since 1923, Procter & Gamble of Cincinnati have been using a plan under which any permanent employee earning less than $2,000 a year, but who is the owner of company stock equal to a year's wage, is guaranteed full pay for forty-eight weeks in every year.

Thus, under these various plans, all of which have been voluntarily entered into, and in all of which, except those of the General Electric Company and the clothing makers, the industries bear the entire burden of creating and maintaining the reserve fund, more than 150,000 employees are protected, so it cannot be said that this country is entirely without experience in providing scientific relief for the unemployed.

Moreover, it must be borne in mind, in the light of one of industry's chief criticisms (England's experience with the dole), that the forward-looking industrialists who are already voluntarily creating unemployment reserve funds have based their calculations largely on a study of English experience and English mistakes so that to that extent, and as far as possible, *that* objection entered by industry's reactionary element is overcome.

As regards industry's other objections, a constructive attempt has been made to overcome all of them in the plan proposed by the American Association for Labor Legislation. This plan is at present attracting widespread attention. Out of 500 editorials recently stimulated by it only 109 opposed it, while bills providing for its adoption by law have already been introduced in nearly a score of state legislatures.

To begin with, this plan calls for the adoption of laws by the several states compelling any person, corporation or association employing six or more persons in a common employment to set aside one and one half per cent of the pay roll for the establishment of an unemployment reserve fund, which fund shall be allowed to accumulate for a specified time before benefit payments can begin. As an answer to industry's probably justified fear that if the *politicians* get hold of it they will waste this fund, its administration is to be left securely in the hands of industry, subject merely to the supervision of the state labor commissioner.

But how, now that we have mentioned the possible attitude of politicians toward scientifically assembled relief funds, do these same politicians feel about our present high-power, hit-and-miss American dole system? They love it. It gives them something to talk about. Trippingly, they can let phrases in their own praise fall from their agile tongues because, from the highest office-holders in the land to the most humble mayors, it affords them the opportunity —which they wouldn't have if industry paid its own way—to say to the voters who are lined up at the soup-kitchens: "There, just see what I've done for you. Thank me for the hand-out. Thank me for the fact that my generosity with other people's money has kept you from going to bed hungry this night, and for all the great benefits you have received at my hands be grateful and be sure to vote for me at the next election."

Showing Industry the Way

Again industry objects to the plan for compulsory reserve funds on the ground that it cannot bear the burden. To this there are two answers: The first, generated by common experience, is that industry never would bear the burden anyhow, as it would simply add the amount of the reserve fund to the selling price of its goods and thus pass the load on to the consumer, while the second is embraced in the plan itself which embodies in it the principle of a strictly limited liability. This is necessary, because, as Dr. Wolman says: "There are times in the cycles of business when the full support of the unemployed would impose a staggering burden upon industry. . . . By the terms of this American plan, however, no one is guaranteed benefits for a specified period of time. The rate of benefit and the maximum benefit period are fixed, but it is also stipulated that benefits will be paid only as long as the funds are solvent. Once the funds drop below this point, liability for further benefit ceases until solvency has again been restored. The charge on industry fixed by the American plan is the extremely low one of one and one half per cent of the total wages paid to employees."

And right here, it seems, is the right place to drop in a thought contributed by a gatherer of recent statistics. It is this: If the above plan had been operative in New York state last year more than $75,000,000—nearly four times as much as the citizens of the Empire State were called upon, under the dole system, to extract painfully from their pockets—would have been immediately available for unemployment relief and not a single individual would have felt a pinch!

(Continued on page 56)

Why suffer with aching muscles?

. . . . here's *double-acting* relief

WHEN arm, leg, neck or back muscles are painfully stiff and sore those aching muscles need a fresh supply of blood to flush out congested impurities and take the soreness away.

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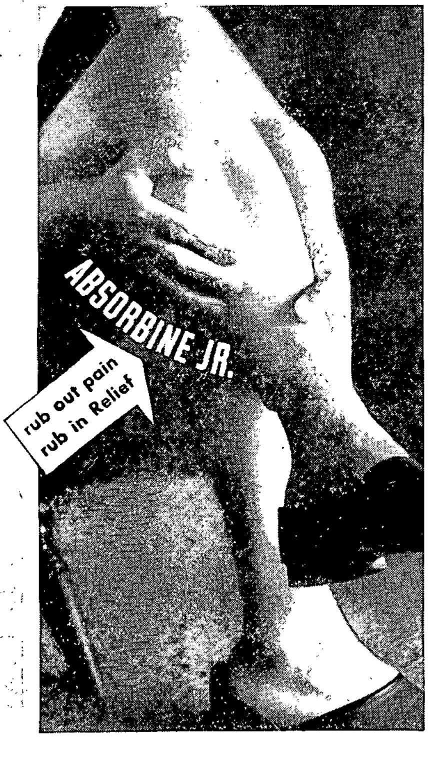

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(Continued from page 55)

On the contrary, even industry itself is benefited by such a form of relief because of the maintained purchasing power of the beneficiaries, whereas such a charitable dole as that proposed under the Hoover-Gifford scheme maintains no purchasing power whatever.

Industry also urges upon us the idea that unemployment reserve funds, in that they give the workingman something to fall back on, would cause him to remain voluntarily idle. The limited liability principle in the American plan would seem effectually to dispose of this plaint in that the meagerness of the payments and the knowledge that they are of restricted duration will keep a beneficiary constantly alert for a new job.

The Benefits of Stabilization

On the other hand, if industry is made to bear the cost of unemployment, which it now makes its workers bear, what effect would that obligation have upon industry itself? What steps would it take to *prevent* unemployment? Wouldn't it cause industry to stabilize itself by adjusting its production to a twelve months' basis instead of a seasonal one, thus avoiding periods of peak and slack; wouldn't it curtail overproduction and overexpansion; wouldn't it stop the "speed-up", and wouldn't it result, in times of depression or even of approaching depression, in the adoption of a system which would mean shorter hours and shorter weeks, with everybody still on the pay roll, rather than, as it now is, long hours, long weeks, and then suddenly, nobody at all on the pay roll—a complete shutdown?

As an almost complete answer to the above question, as far as they are concerned, fourteen industrial enterprises in Rochester, N. Y., varying in size from one with only forty-five men on its pay roll to the Eastman Kodak Company with 13,000, announced on February 18th of this year that they had adopted an unemployment relief plan. This plan calls for the setting aside of two per cent of the pay roll as an unemployment reserve, but, as the men who have entered into it can see that it is cheaper to prevent idleness than to pay for it, they have all decided to stabilize their industries along lines similar to those which have been followed by the Eastman Kodak Company for many years.

Here is what the Eastman Company has been doing and when you consider its record, please remember that, in addition to being an enormous concern, the sale of its products is almost as seasonal as that of tennis racquets and footballs. In November, for instance, the Eastman Company sells only three per cent of its yearly output while in July it disposes of fifteen per cent.

This wide range of fluctuation, however, as would be the case with the great majority of manufacturing concerns, does not create periods of peak and slack work because the Eastman Company always forecasts its sales demand for the year as accurately as possible and then breaks that forecast down into a regular monthly production rate. This company thus has a record of having laid off an average of less than two per cent of its employees annually for the last ten years, and even last year the lay-offs amounted to less than two and one half per cent.

Furthermore, the company shows that, in addition to being able to furnish steady work for its employees, it has profited substantially through the stabilization plan. By having production uniform it is not necessary to have so large an investment in plant and equipment. This saving in carrying charges on the plant more than offsets the charges on increased stock inventories.

Naturally it is going to be very interesting to watch the development of the Rochester plan, and naturally also it will take quite a while for all of us to figure everything out, but if we are ever going to do it now is the accepted time. We must get at it now while the depression is upon us and while the burden of caring for the unemployed is upon the people. Otherwise, when prosperity returns we will forget all about it; we will drift along as we did from the depression of 1908 to that of 1921, and as we did again from 1921 to 1930.

As everyone who can remember back as far as twenty years can distinctly recall, reactionary political thinkers strenuously opposed the adoption of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and did so on practically the same grounds on which they seem now ready to oppose laws creating compulsory unemployment reserve funds. Their contention then was that the Workmen's Compensation Act was socialistic, that it was too much of a burden for industry to bear, and that it would result in an overwhelming increase of accident claims.

But what, now that public opinion has forced all but four of the states of the Union to write Workmen's Compensation Acts into their statute books, has been the result? Simply this. Industry wouldn't repeal those laws if it could. They have not turned out to be socialistic to any damaging degree; they have not proved burdensome, while accidents—because industry, mark you, has exerted itself to prevent them since it has had to pay for them, even as it will try to prevent unemployment when it has to pay for it—have decreased.

Thus history, in so far as the attitude of industry's self-appointed champions toward a forward-looking constructive movement is concerned, is merely repeating itself. With the great American dole system, fostered by Washington, in full operation these gentlemen feel that again, for another twelve months, industry can afford not to worry. But the public in this country cannot. Already for two years the people of the United States have passively, yes, willingly, chipped in when industry has asked for charity for its hungry children, and this winter they are going to chip in again, but, after that, what? It's hard to tell.

Hope for the Future

Undoubtedly there is a spirit abroad in the land which indicates discontent, and yet as this is being written a bright light is beginning to appear in the sky. A light kindled by industry itself in the form of a plan recently submitted by Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, which proposes a new constitution for industry. One which is designed to stabilize production, minimize unemployment and provide adequately for the worker in times of idleness, illness, disability and old age.

Coming from such a source, this plan may mean much for the future, and endorsed as it is by Owen D. Young, who however, warns against *political interference in economic problems*, it may mean a great deal more. To be sure it differs in some essential features from the plan of the American Association for Labor Legislation, but nevertheless the mere fact that two such outstanding industrialists as Mr. Swope and Mr. Young are willing voluntarily to pledge the tremendous interests they represent to the adoption of a new theory of stabilization lends strength to the assumption that it may not be long until industry as a whole will be able to see that it owes it to itself, its employees and the public to adopt measures by which it can pay its own labor overhead.

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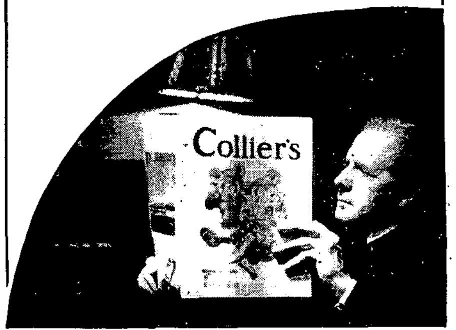

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What's the matter with Football?

Continued from page 26

annual cost of outdoor sports was around $4,000 and all that the cadets could raise themselves was $1,500. The balance was met by an Army Officers' Athletic Association which meant that alumni dug down into their own lean pockets.

Compare such conditions with those existing today. Health and physical education are distinct and definite features of America's scholastic life, and there is not a high school in the country that doesn't have its "gym," its outdoor field, its baseball and basketball teams and its coaches, all contributing to a finer, fitter manhood. It was football that aroused this interest, and it is football money that has made the development possible.

Football and Finance

Take the case of Stanford as an example. Profits from the stadium keep up the gymnasiums, the golf course, the tennis courts, the swimming pools, the playgrounds, basketball and baseball and track sports. Nor is that all, for football receipts paid for the erection of a new and much needed dormitory costing $325,000, built a $225,000 "gym" for the girls, and also put up a $250,000 building to house a school of physical education and culture.

Quite recently the university voted a salary raise for the entire faculty, and when the drive for funds was finished, the collections were $50,000 short of the necessary amount. Straightway the Board of Athletic Control held a meeting and voted the sum out of football funds remaining on hand.

Once when I was visiting Notre Dame, Knute Rockne took me over the grounds and with great pride pointed out the buildings raised with football money, and glowed with pleasure as he told me of the many contributions that "his boys" had been privileged to make to the enlargement and improvement of their beloved school. During the years that I spent at the University of Pittsburgh, I remember that, at one time and in one lump amount, $200,000 was taken out of football receipts to meet pressing needs of a purely scholastic nature.

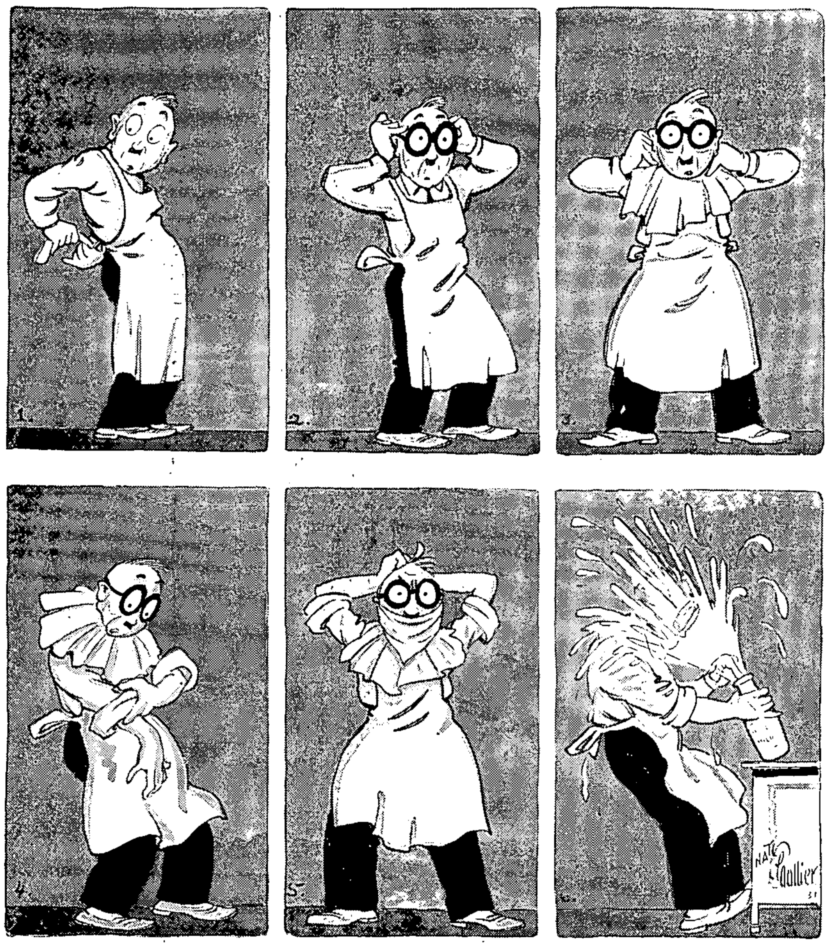
It is so at every other educational institution. Last year, for instance, owing to a shortage of $97,000 in the estimated income from football, Purdue was forced to abandon baseball, track, cross-country running, swimming, water polo, gymnastics, wrestling, tennis, golf and fencing. The enemies of football, instead of deeply regretting the loss of these sports to the student body, actually seem pleased, and advance the deficit as a proof of "football's diminishing popularity."

According to this theory, steel, wheat, corn, railroads, mills and factories have also diminished in popularity, for all suffered a shrinkage in receipts last year and this. As a matter of truth, football has felt the depression less than any other form of sport, business or entertainment, for of the hundreds of colleges and universities, only twenty-five reported a decrease in football receipts during 1930.

Another thing that never fails to stir me to anger is the charge that football drags down scholastic standards by destroying interest in studies and leading faculty members to "go easy" on star players. Out of my own experience, I can truthfully say that higher grades are demanded of the athlete than of the student who takes pains to guard himself from contact with sport of any kind. Not the least of a coach's worries is to see that his players keep up in their studies, for he knows that most faculty members lean backward when it comes to passing letter men.

Ernie Nevers, Stanford's star in football, baseball and basketball, kept me on tenterhooks every season; for, while possessing a fine mind, he disliked the grind of study, and examinations were even harder on me than on him. George Gipp, Notre Dame's greatest athlete,

(Continued on page 58)



Mr. —

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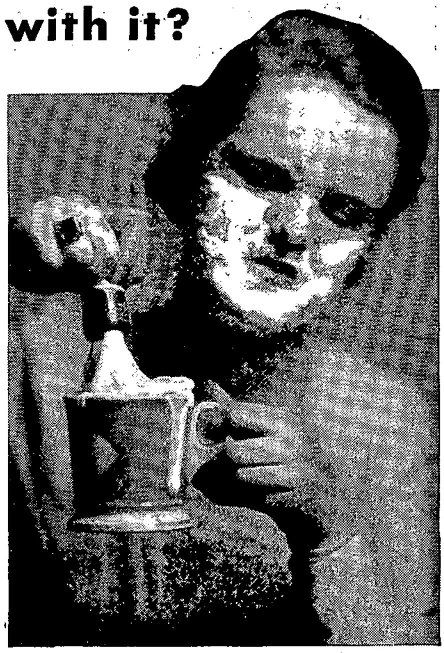

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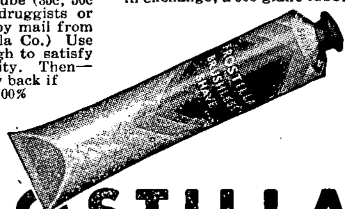

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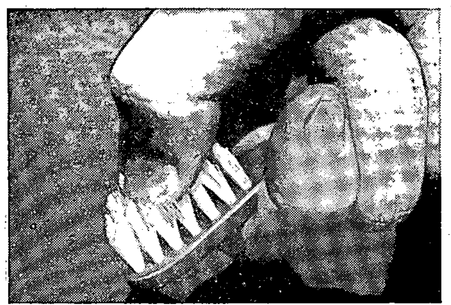

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(Continued from page 57)

another brilliant but careless student, was set down right in the middle of his best season and only scrambled back by passing a hard, grueling oral test.

The average standing of a football squad is usually much higher than the standard of the rest of the school.

To hear the critics squawk, one might imagine that football took up the time of the players from early in the morning until late at night, with only a few minutes off for lessons and study. The fact is that no coach ever gets his men for much more than two hours of practice daily, which is about the amount of time that a school expects its students to give to physical recreation.

Another favorite claim of the "overemphasis" group is that football has no real value in physical education. According to their claim, coaches waste little time on anemic lads, devoting entire attention to husky youngsters whose athletic prowess has already been demonstrated. All of which proceeds upon the assumption that football has no benefits save for the thirty- or forty-odd athletes who make up the varsity team.

In Defense of Heroes

Nothing is farther from the truth. Every year more than three hundred suits are handed out at Stanford and, while the press gives its entire attention to the big games, intramural clashes between the classes are a distinct feature of university life. Knute Rockne once told me that he, too, issued about three hundred suits every season, and that Notre Dame's intramural contests were every whit as exciting to the student body as the struggles engaged in by the varsity. Let it also be borne in mind that there would be none of this interest but for the thrill and drama of the "big game."

Bob Zuppke, waxing satirical at a coaches' meeting, once declared that "when you have a winning team, you are a great coach. But when you have lost four or five games, your only excuse is that you have been building character." It has never been my claim that football worked moral miracles, changing the players into young St. Pauls overnight, but I do insist that the sport has done more to encourage clean living than all the exhortations of teachers and parents.

Boys are made to understand that there is no place for dissipation in football, and are forced to choose between drinking, smoking, late hours and the team. What is more, the athlete lives under what is virtually a compulsion to good conduct, for, like the minister's son, he is under constant observation, and knows that the least slip cannot escape notice.

Most of the football critics are either unfair or confused, for they blame football for many things with which football has nothing whatsoever to do. One distinguished group, prolific in the matter of expensive educations, bewails the fact that the sports writers of the country are interested in college athletes rather than in "college ideals," and moans that the sports pages devote comparatively little attention to the "noncombative phases of college life." It is also a cause of bitter complaint that "mere coaches" receive more publicity than college presidents, being asked to write articles and give radio talks, and that they generally set themselves up as "leaders of thought."

In all fairness, how can football be blamed for this? If the newspapers do not choose to give columns to "college ideals" and prefer articles from the football coach to a series of scholarly essays from the professor of dead languages, how is it the fault of football? I agree that the "noncombative phases of college life" deserve more space, and I would like to see them get it.

I myself am not without grievance against the press. Time after time I have read solemn editorials protesting against football's "overstress," the "vulgar ballyhoo" that has been built up about the game, and the "vicious habit of creating artificial rivalries" in the interest of larger gate receipts. In the very same issues that carried these protests were four whole pages devoted to sport, not merely the news of sports, mind you, but column after column of laudation, speculation, gossip and what the writers themselves refer to as "dope." Will it be charged that coaches and players are responsible for the "overstress" and "vulgar ballyhoo"?

Newspaper accent is usually on the individual rather than the team and, because he realizes that lionization of a youngster of nineteen or twenty is not so good, the average coach doesn't lend himself to the "hero stuff." For another thing, he knows that a game is not won by any single man but by eleven, and all of his emphasis is on team play.

At that, I have no great quarrel with the newspaper manufacturers of athletic idols. As a matter of fact, they serve a very good purpose, for if we had no sports heroes we would have no widespread interest in sports. I make bold to believe that Babe Ruth has done more to make the youngsters of the country get out their balls and bats than any other force, and that a Red Grange, a Carideo or a Nevers sends many a lad to the corner lot with his football who might otherwise be doing something a whole lot worse. Hero worship is inseparable from youth, and I say it is better for our youngsters to admire an athlete than a gangster.

A common cry is that football coaches should be "reduced" to the status of faculty members. Quite frankly, I know of no coach who would regard this as a "reduction." As a matter of fact, most of us have always insisted that athletics are a vital part of education, and cannot be tied in too closely with the educational process. Today Alonzo Stagg is a prized member of the faculty of Chicago University, Fielding Yost is similarly rated at the University of Michigan, so was Knute Rockne at Notre Dame, and it is my pride that I myself have faculty standing at Stanford.

In my years of football I have seen many changes in coaching but even more in coaches. The old-time "iron boss," who barked and cursed and bulldozed, has disappeared, and in his place are men with college degrees and high standards. Rockne, for instance, taught chemistry at Notre Dame before he turned his talents to the gridiron; "Doc" Speer, after graduation from Dartmouth, earned honors at the Chicago Medical School; Gil Dobie is a graduate of the law school of the University of Minnesota; Bob Zuppke is a painter of distinction, his canvases admitted to the best galleries; and Walter Steffens, so long with Carnegie Tech, is a judge in Chicago.

There's No Future in It

The position of the reputable coach, in fact, is in exact accord with the following statement made by Dr. Angell when he took the presidency of Yale in 1921: "I want men who are not only technically expert, but who are men of essentially sound, fine character. I would rather have a man of questionable character in almost any other university post than in that of athletic coach, for nowhere else is the opportunity for fundamentally wholesome influence so great, and nowhere else is the pernicious influence of a coarse or immoral man so serious."

Perhaps the most valid criticism against football is that many players seem to look on the game as a preparation for a "pro" career rather than as a training for life. As far as humanly possible, I have always discouraged my boys from turning professional after graduation, not, however, because I feel that there is anything shameful about playing for money, but simply because there's no future in it.

Out of my personal knowledge I know that other coaches feel much the same way, and the records prove that we have been fairly successful in our campaign of discouragement. The newspapers, of course, put much emphasis on the Granges, the Cagles, the Neverses, the Friedmans and the Savoldis, but for one football star who enters the professional ranks fully a hundred go into a business or some profession.

Speaking of "pro" football brings to mind another instance of confused criticism. One of the recent "reports" on the game waxes highly indignant at the impropriety "of using educational funds to produce professional players," and in the next breath gloatingly comments that "already numbers of football enthusiasts prefer the economical skill, the mature precision, the finesse and the art of the professional game to the comparatively bungling college match."

Taking Sport Seriously

All of which is so much rot. "Pro" players all come from some school, and while attaining higher mechanical skill by keeping on with the game, they lose the dash, the daring and headlong determination to win that made them so colorful on college gridirons. "Tiny" Thornhill, now my assistant at Stanford, played under me on undefeated teams at Pittsburgh, and later starred in "pro" football. Not long ago I asked him to compare the two games and this was his answer:

"Good Lord, Pop, there isn't any comparison. When I started off playing as I had done at old Pitt, the other fellows came up to me and said, 'Say, what's the big idea? Trying to show everybody up?' They were right, for in 'pro' football a broken bone means lost wages. You can't take the chances you do in college football and nobody does. The game may be smoother but it isn't half as hard or fast."

The same report made much of the fact that there are many evidences of a falling-off in college football's popularity, that "pep meetings" are poorly attended, that students do not crowd the practice field to encourage a squad, and that fewer and fewer boys are willing to submit themselves to the drudgery of football's daily grind. There is some truth in this, but instead of being a subject for congratulation, it ought to be a matter of serious concern.

Love of sports is normal; distaste for athletic competition is abnormal. The youth who doesn't want to match himself with his fellows, who doesn't thrill to the strain of struggle and the joy of victory, isn't much of a lad. Cecil John Rhodes, the empire builder, knew this for a truth, for in his will he stated explicitly that in the selection of a student for one of the Oxford scholarships, "regard shall be had to his academic success and promise" and also to "*his qualities of manhood and his fondness and success in manly outdoor sports.*"

Heaven help America if we ever come to the day when the growing boy loses interest in football and other hard body-contact games, and reaches a stage of sophistication where sport "bores" him.

The final article of this series, Here Come the Giants, will appear in next week's Collier's.

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Hold 'em, Yale!

Continued from page 9

and they all carry something in their pockets to put in their dukes in case of a fight, such as a dollar's worth of nickels rolled up tight.

Furthermore, they are using the old leather, kicking guys in the stomach when they are not able to hit them on the chin, and Liverlips is also using his noodle to good advantage, grabbing guys by their coat lapels and yanking them into him so he can butt them between the eyes with his noggin, and I wish to say that old Liverlips' noggin is a very dangerous weapon at all times.

Well, the ground around them is soon covered with Harvards, and it seems that some Yales are also mixed up with them, being Yales who think Sam the Gonoph and his guys are other Yales defending the goal posts, and wishing to help out. But of course Sam the Gonoph and his guys cannot tell the Yales from the Harvards, and do not have time to ask which is which, so they are just letting everybody have it who comes along. And while all this is going on our little doll is sitting up on the cross-bar and yelling plenty of encouragement to Sam and his guys.

Now it turns out that these Harvards are by no means soft touches in a scrabble such as this, and as fast as they are flattened they get up and keep belting away, and while the old experience is running for Sam the Gonoph and Jew Louie and Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street and old Liverlips early in the fight, the Harvards have youth in their favor.

PRETTY soon the Harvards are knocking down Sam the Gonoph, then they start knocking down Nubbsy Taylor, and by and by they are knocking down Benny South Street and Jew Louie and Liverlips, and it is so much fun that the Harvards forget all about the goal posts. Of course as fast as Sam the Gonoph and his guys are knocked down they also get up, but the Harvards are too many for them, and they are getting an awful shellacking when the nine-foot guy who flattens me, and who is knocking down Sam the Gonoph so often he is becoming a great nuisance to Sam, sings out:

"Listen," he says, "these are game guys, even if they do go to Yale. Let us cease knocking them down," he says, "and give them a cheer."

So the Harvards knock down Sam the Gonoph and Nubbsy Taylor and Jew Louie and Benny South Street and old Liverlips just once more and then all the Harvards put their heads together and say rah-rah-rah, very loud, and go away, leaving the goal posts still standing, with our little doll still roosting on the cross-bar, although afterwards I hear some Harvards who are not in the fight get the posts at the other end of the field and sneak away with them. But I always claim these posts do not count.

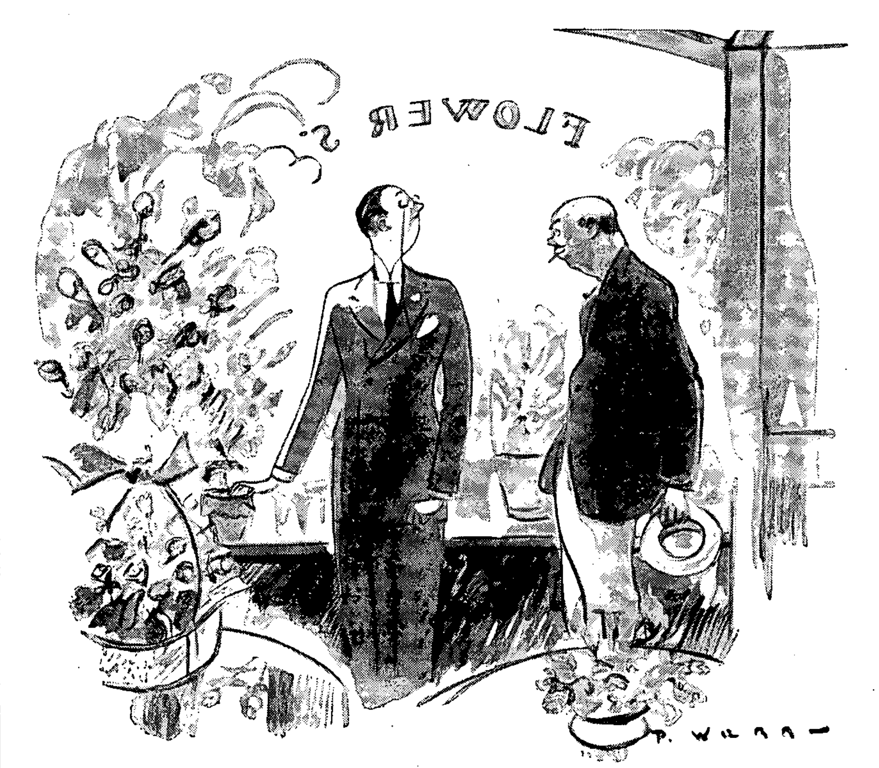
WELL, sitting there on the ground because he is too tired to get up from the last knockdown, and holding one hand to his right eye, which is closed tight, Sam the Gonoph is by no means a well guy, and all around and about him is much suffering among his crew. But our little doll is hopping up and down chattering like a jaybird and running between old Liverlips, who is stretched out against one goal post, and Nubbsy Taylor, who is leaning up against the other, and she is trying to mop the blood off their kissers with a handkerchief the size of a postage stamp.

Benny South Street is laying across Jew Louie and both are still snoring from the last knockdown, and the Bowl is now pretty much deserted except for the newspaper scribes away up in the press box, who do not seem to realize that the Battle of the Century just comes off in front of them. It is coming on dark, when all of a sudden a guy pops up out of the dusk wearing white spats and an overcoat with a fur collar, and he rushes up to our little doll.

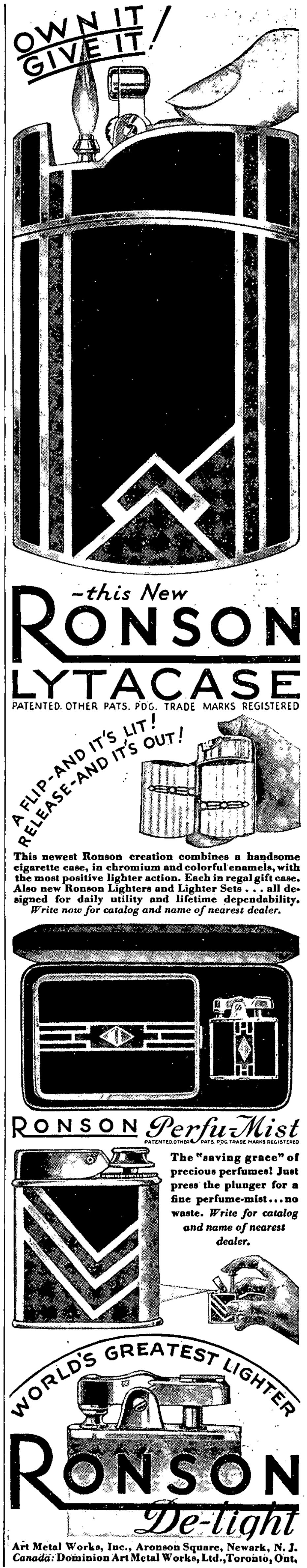
"Clarice," he says, "I am looking for you high and low. My train is stalled for hours behind a wreck the other side of Bridgeport, and I get here just after the game is over. But," he says, "I figure you will be waiting somewhere for me. Let us hurry on to Hartford, darling," he says.

Well, when he hears this voice, Sam the Gonoph opens his good eye wide and

(Continued on page 60)



"D'ya mind if I sniff around a little, Chief?"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(*Continued from page 59*)

takes a peek at the guy. Then all of a sudden Sam jumps up and wobbles over to the guy and hits him a smack between the eyes. Sam is wobbling because his legs are not so good from the shellacking he takes off the Harvards, and furthermore he is away off in his punching as the guy only goes to his knees and comes right up standing again as our little doll lets out a screech and speaks as follows:

"Oo-oo!" she says. "Do not hit Elliot! He is not after our goal posts!"

"Elliot?" Sam the Gonoph says. "This is no Elliot. This is nobody but Gigolo Georgie. I can tell him by his white spats," Sam says, "and I am now going to get even for the pasting I take from the Harvards."

Then he nails the guy again and this time he seems to have a little more on his punch, for the guy goes down and Sam the Gonoph gives him the leather very good, although our little doll is still screeching, and begging Sam not to hurt Elliot. But of course the rest of us know it is not Elliot, no matter what he may tell her, but only Gigolo Georgie.

WELL, the rest of us figure we may as well take a little something out of Georgie's hide, too, but as we start for him he gives a quick wiggle and hops to his feet and tears across the field, and the last we see of him is his white spats flying through one of the portals.

Now a couple of other guys come up out of the dusk, and one of them is a tall, fine-looking guy with a white mustache and anybody can see that he is somebody, and what happens but our little doll runs right into his arms and kisses him on the white mustache and calls him daddy and starts to cry more than somewhat, so I can see we lose our little doll then and there. And now the guy with the white mustache walks up to Sam the Gonoph and sticks out his duke and says as follows:

"Sir," he says, "permit me the honor of shaking the hand which does me the very signal service of chastising the scoundrel who just escapes from the field. And," he says, "permit me to introduce myself to you. I am J. Hildreth Van Cleve, president of the Van Cleve Trust. I am notified early today by Miss Peevy of my daughter's sudden departure from school, and we learn she purchases a ticket for New Haven. I at once suspect this fellow has something to do with it. Fortunately," he says, "I have these private detectives here keeping tab on him for some time, knowing my child's schoolgirl infatuation for him, so we easily trail him here. We are on the train with him, and arrive in time for your last little scene with him. Sir," he says, "again I thank you."

"I know who you are, Mr. Van Cleve," Sam the Gonoph says. "You are the Van Cleve who is down to his last forty million. But," he says, "do not thank me for putting the slug on Gigolo Georgie. He is a bum in spades, and I am only sorry he fools your nice little kid even for a minute, although," Sam says, "I figure she must be dumber than she looks to be fooled by such a guy as Gigolo Georgie."

"I hate him," the little doll says. "I hate him because he is a coward. He does not stand up and fight when he is hit like you and Liverlips and the others. I never wish to see him again."

"Do not worry," Sam the Gonoph says. "I will be too close to Gigolo Georgie as soon as I recover from my wounds for him to stay in this part of the country."

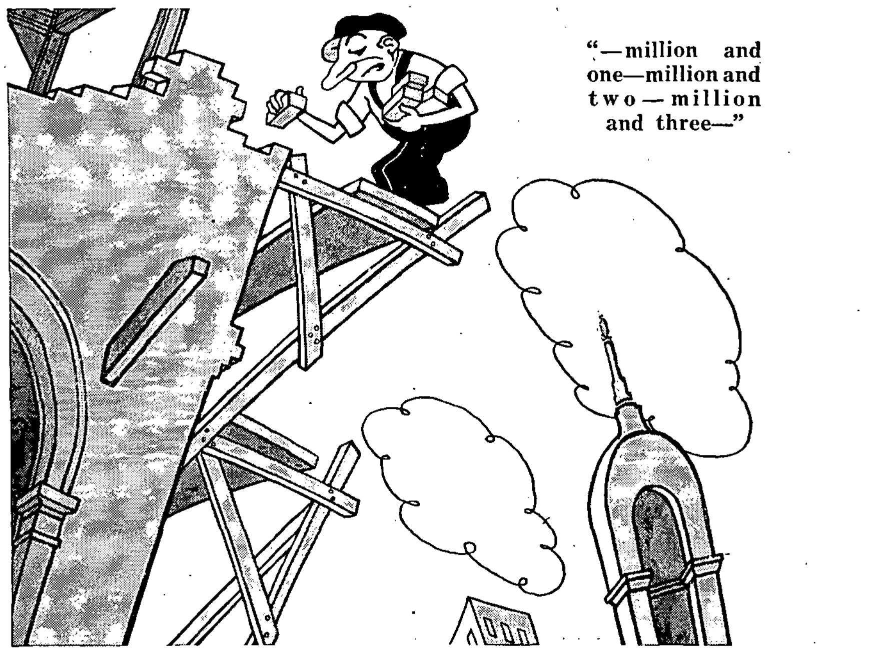
Well, I do not see Sam the Gonoph or Nubbsy Taylor or Benny South Street or Jew Louie or Liverlips for nearly a year after this, and then it comes on fall again and one day I get to thinking that here it is Friday and the next day the Harvards are playing the Yales a large football game in Boston.

I figure it is a great chance for me to join up with Sam the Gonoph again and hustle duckets for him for this game, and I know Sam will be leaving along about midnight with his crew. So I go over to the Grand Central station at such a time, and sure enough he comes along by and by, busting through the crowd in the station with Nubbsy Taylor and Benny South Street and Jew Louie and old Liverlips at his heels, and they seem very much excited.

"WELL, Sam," I say, as I hurry along with them, "here I am ready to hustle duckets for you again, and I hope and trust we do a nice business."

"Duckets!" Sam the Gonoph says. "We are not hustling duckets for this game, although you can go with us, and welcome. We are going to Boston," he says, "to root for the Yales to kick hell out of the Harvards and we are going as the personal guests of Miss Clarice Van Cleve and her old man."

"Hold 'em, Yale!" old Liverlips says, as he pushes me to one side and the whole bunch goes trotting through the gate to catch their train, and I then notice they are all wearing blue feathers in their hats with a little white Y on these feathers such as college guys always wear at football games, and that moreover Sam the Gonoph is carrying a Yale pennant.



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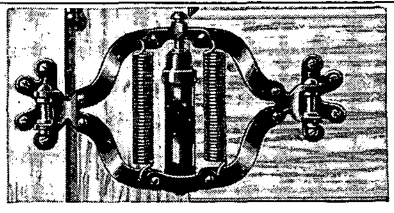

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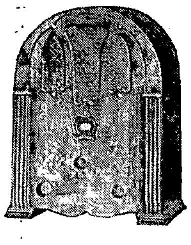

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A Home for your Money

Continued from page 18

to think of as characteristic of the American mind.

After having decided on a whole period, it might be as well to begin to split it up. Which division is most in keeping with our mental outlook, our mode of life, our bank balance and the part of the country in which we live? Naturally, we won't try to reproduce any house of the past exactly. Times have changed and so have owners' requirements. We can take the style as a point of departure rather than as an end, keeping the spirit intact and using many of the details.

Points to Watch

In our choice of the colonial house, we've hit on something that seems to fit our landscape as well as ourselves. Of course, if we live in Florida or southern California we can rise up and dispute the first statement at once and with sound conviction. Much as I like this type of architecture, I have never seen anything sadder than a group of colonial houses mistakenly erected in Chapultepec Heights, outside Mexico City. They seemed to me as out of place as a Spanish villa in New England. But in a central or a northern American setting, colonial houses look as though they had flowered naturally from the soil and, in addition, they have the practical qualities we need—roofs steep enough to shed snow and rain, cubage compact enough to heat easily, windows big enough to let in summer breezes and winter light when our deciduous trees have shed their leaves. And the colonial house can be made quite sufficiently picturesque to suit most of us.

Suppose, then, that you choose this style for your house, wisely deciding to take the general sense rather than the rigid letter. The first thing to establish is the proportion, or as architects put it, the mass—the relation of breadth and depth to height. Here much less is left to chance than in the designing of practically any other house, for the laying out of a colonial façade is almost a rule-of-thumb procedure. Sources are so many and so thoroughly tested that room for mistakes is at its minimum. Designers of stock trim, windows, doors, moldings, have gone farther toward perfecting their work here than anywhere else.

Points to watch are the porch, the cornice, the overhang at the gable ends, the proportion of the windowpanes and such inside details as the doors and the fireplace. Colonial houses didn't have porches previous to 1800, but if yours is to have one see that the proportion of the columns to the house itself is such that they are neither so big as to seem heavy and ornate, nor so small as to appear ineffectual. Don't get the cornice too wide and clumsy. Don't have the overhangs deep enough to look like a hat. Don't be put off with small panes in the upper sash and one big pane below. Don't forget that the simpler the mantel the better, and that six-panel doors are much to be preferred to any other type. If you've studied good early examples of all these things, your eyes will be trained to recognize their opposites at a glance.

Another reason for choosing the colonial house, especially important if you haven't a great deal to spend, is that furnishing it well is not an expensive problem. Reproductions of practically all periods are available, but probably no other period has as many good representative pieces, widely distributed and available for a modest outlay. Our manufacturers have had a natural enthusiasm for this phase of their designing, and great credit is due them for the result. Then, too, these pieces can be checked against the originals much more easily than those of foreign inspiration. Even the smallest museum is likely to have a collection, and, if not, there are plenty of things owned privately that can be seen or have been photographed. In addition to reproductions of what may be described as truly American, we can draw on those of English origin paralleling the contents of the original colonial houses, in which some of the furniture was brought from abroad and some made locally. If ours is a very simple place with an Early American atmosphere, we can mix our pieces with those other informal favorites of the moment, French Provincial.

When it comes to the cost of putting up our colonial house, we can prepare to be agreeably surprised. Not only can we make it of stone or brick, but we find it equally good in wood, still the least expensive building material. The ornament is limited to the cornice, the doorway and the windows, and, as we said before, this doesn't as a rule call for special millwork. Naturally, costs vary in different parts of the country, following very closely the scale for carpenter labor. In New York this is twelve dollars a day. In the Middle West figures scale down so that we can reckon them at about eighty per cent of the New York total, dropping again to seventy per cent for the South. In the neighborhood of large cities—those with at least 200,000 population—the difference is not so great.

It is today perfectly possible to build a five-room colonial house anywhere, substantially constructed and properly equipped on the scale of one bathroom, for as little as $7,500. Such a house would have a living-room, 13′×19′, a kitchen 11′×13′, a kitchen pantry, three bedrooms about 13′×11′, with closets for each bedroom, linen closet and broom closet.

This needs tight planning and intelligent economy in materials, but it can be done, and the result will not only be comfortable but also possess esthetic quality.

A Good Example

The Georgian house illustrated is more ambitious. It was built in Kalamazoo, Michigan, two years ago and cost $25,000. It was of frame construction, brick veneered, with a slate roof and a concrete foundation—approximately 65,000 cubic feet. It contained a 16′×27′ living-room, a hall 10′ wide running through the house, with a lavatory and coat closets, a kitchen 10′6″×12′6″ with a large pantry and a rear stair, and an attached two-car garage. An enclosed porch 12′×19′ made a sunroom on the lower deck, adjoining the living-room, and an open porch off the master's bedroom above. The second story consisted of three masters' bedrooms—16′×24′, 15′6″×16′ and 12′×16′—with two masters' baths and one large servant's room and bath. Ample bedroom- and linen-closets were, of course, included. A stairway led to an unfinished attic, while, at the other extremity of the house which gave so much space and comfort and good looks for so small an expenditure, the entire cellar was excavated and contained a heater room and a laundry. . . . And wasn't that a better use to make of twenty-five thousand than putting it into the 1929 market and watching it melt?

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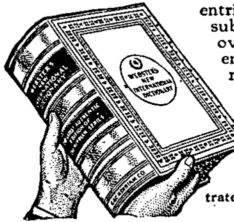

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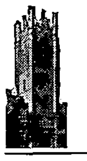

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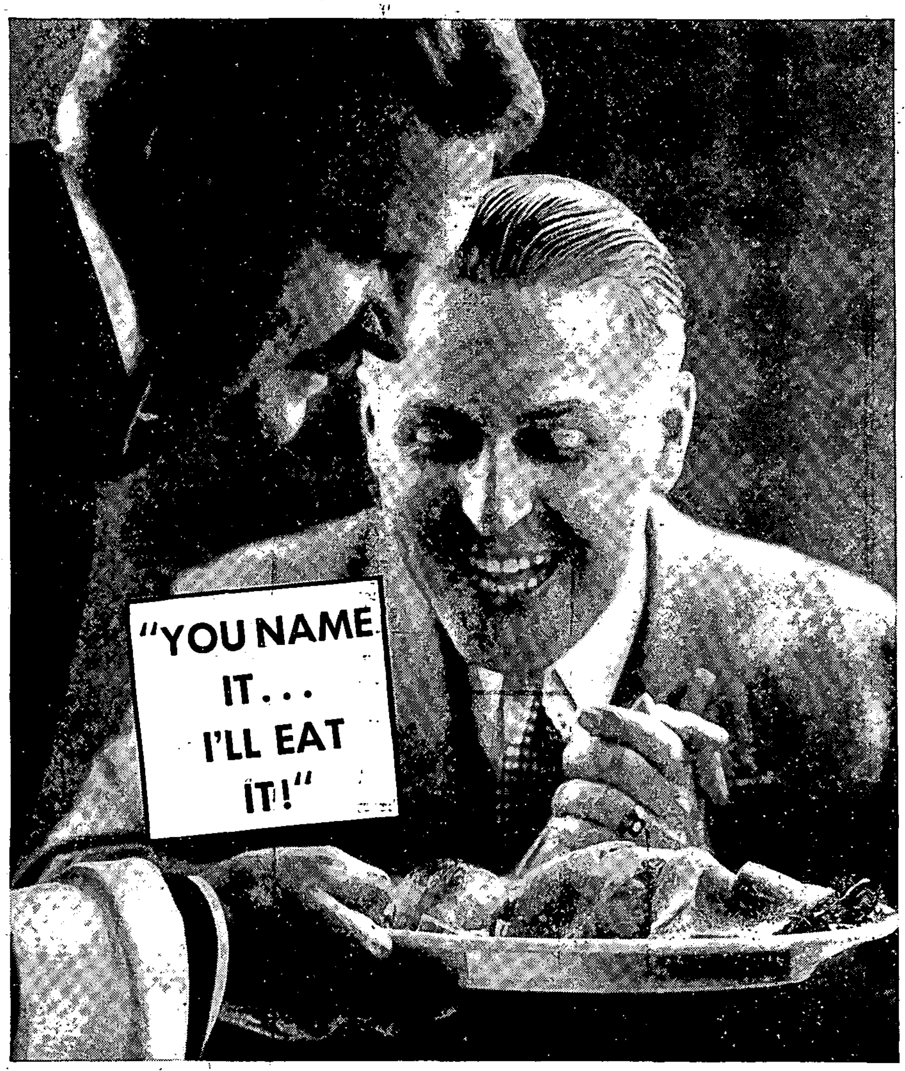

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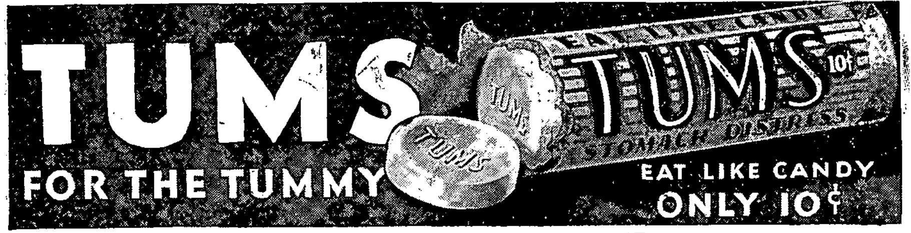


P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Going to Pieces in the Orient

Continued from page 20

a deep voice, a pronounced lisp, and an addiction to spirits. It was Harry Kemble who, in describing the panic among the English *haute noblesse* during the Oscar Wilde scandal, said that "every thuit-cathe in London wath packed for inthtant flight," and it was he who, on the first night of Tree's Macbeth at the Haymarket in London, after faltering through his first scene with that testy tragedian, next startled and outraged him by turning from him, walking to the footlights and, in a confidential stage whisper to the audience, remarking:

"I will be ever tho much better later in the week."

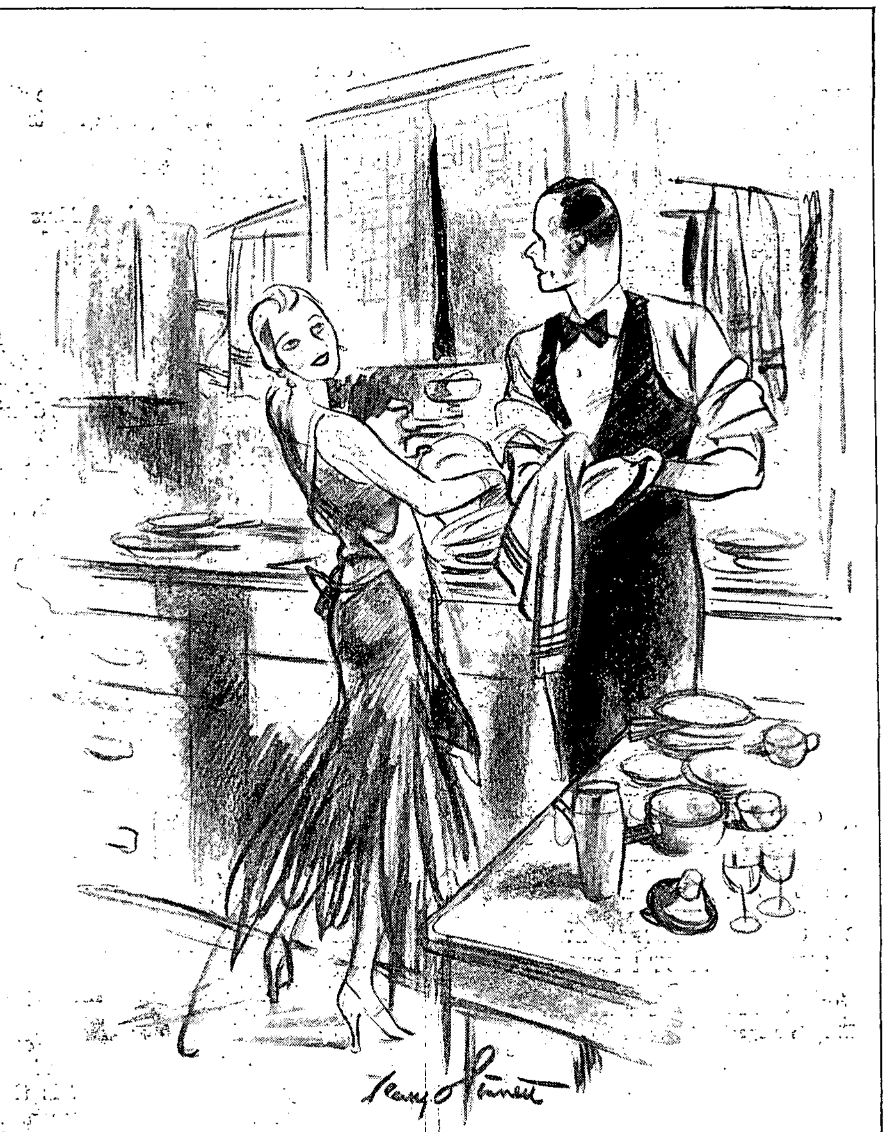
Traditional Symbols

I would like to suggest that it is not mere familiarity with the Chinese language which the stranger lacks when he goes to the play in Peking, any more than an acquaintance with monkish Latin would help an uninitiated passer-by to understand and be stirred by the service of the Mass in the Church of Rome. For in their use of traditional symbols the Chinese players, as in all theaters everywhere—as in our own theater every night, for instance—carry out certain conventions based on what the audience has agreed to pretend.

You, yourself, are a party to many such compacts—as, for example, your obliging willingness to pretend in the theater that you are looking into a room from which (by some unexplained process) the fourth wall has been conveniently removed. It is true that in China certain conventional arrangements of face-paint are notice to the playgoers that the actor is meant to be comic, but what other purpose do you suppose is served by the burnt cork and huge, pale lips of our own Eddie Cantor? In China certain costumes are traditional for certain characters, just as in the Bowery melodramas of my youth a silk hat meant villainy, and a pink dress was the uniform, not only of innocence, but of innocence coupled with such allure as to be in a state of agreeably constant peril.

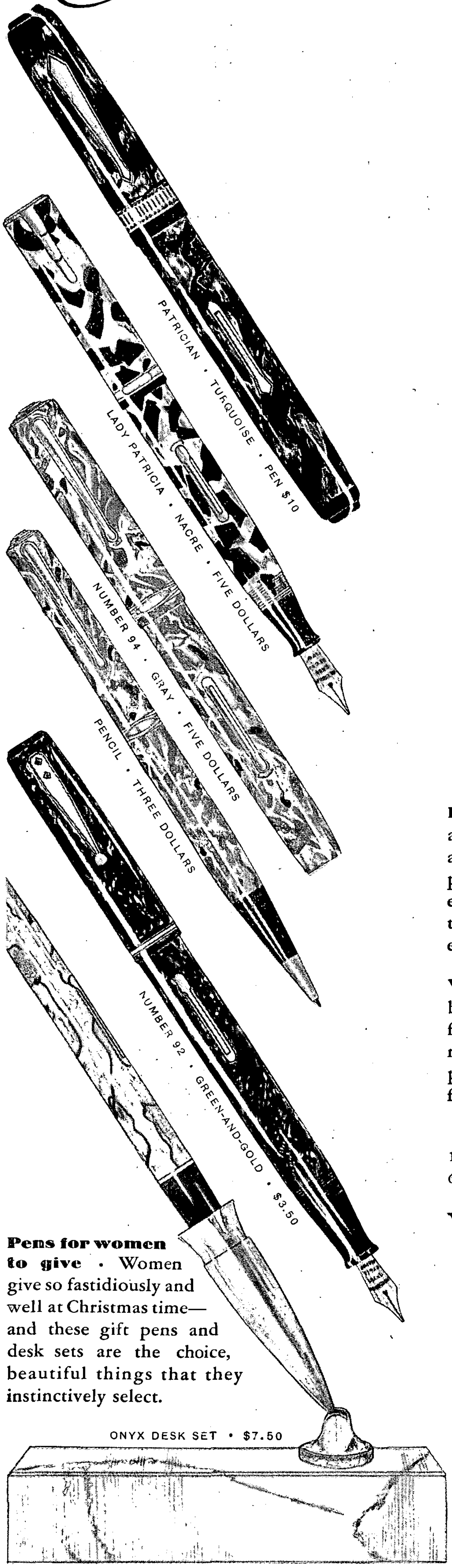
The Chinese audience, when an actor enters with long whiskers and dressed in a black robe with a white panel down the front, knows that this questionable shape is meant to be a ghost. To me he would suggest rather the dean of the faculty in some fresh-water college. Or perhaps the grand mogul of some fraternal organization on lodge night. But to the Chinese audience, reared on this symbol, he has the dignity of the dead, and the emotion he stirs is fear. One evening when I was following the perambulations of such a character the lovely Chinese girl who had honored me by going with me to the play turned pale and began to tremble at the sight of him. Indeed, she turned her chair around in the box so that she might not see the stage. Otherwise she was afraid this phantom would visit her dreams that night and she would not be able to sleep the sleep of the just.

(Continued on page 65)



Bride: "Hurry and wipe the silver, darling—before it rusts"

Christmas Gifts of Rare Quality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NUMBER 94 • GRAY • FIVE DOLLARS
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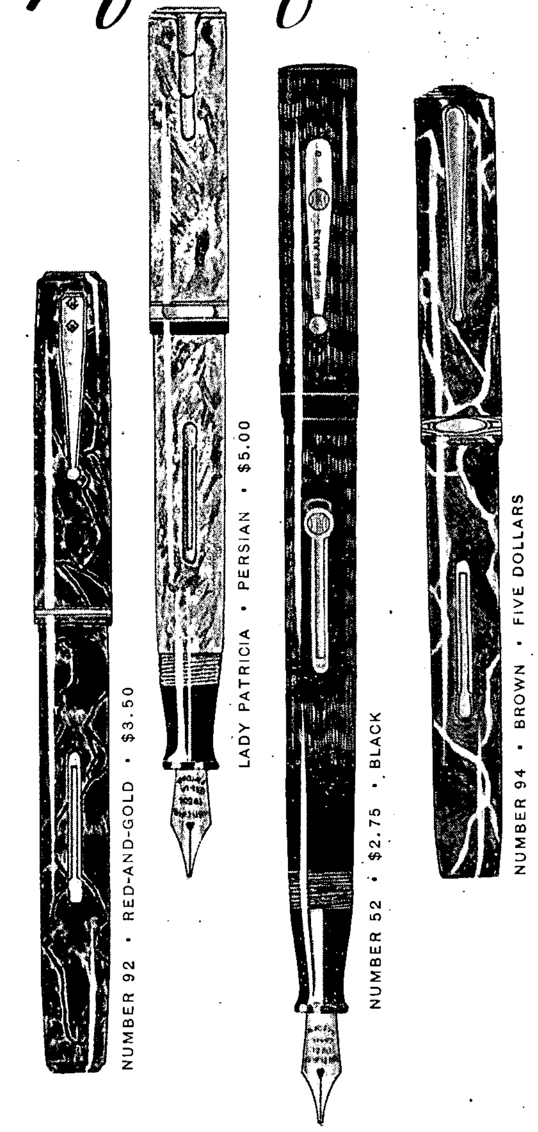
NUMBER 92 • RED-AND-GOLD • $3.50
LADY PATRICIA • PERSIAN • $5.00
NUMBER 52 • $2.75 • BLACK
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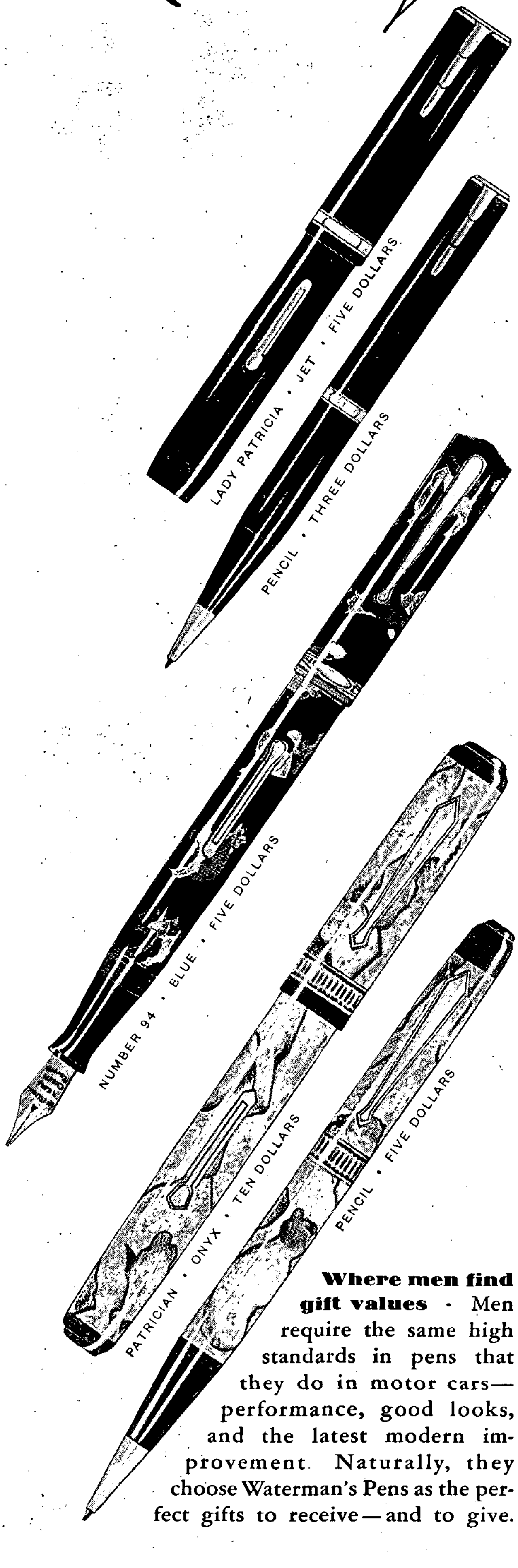
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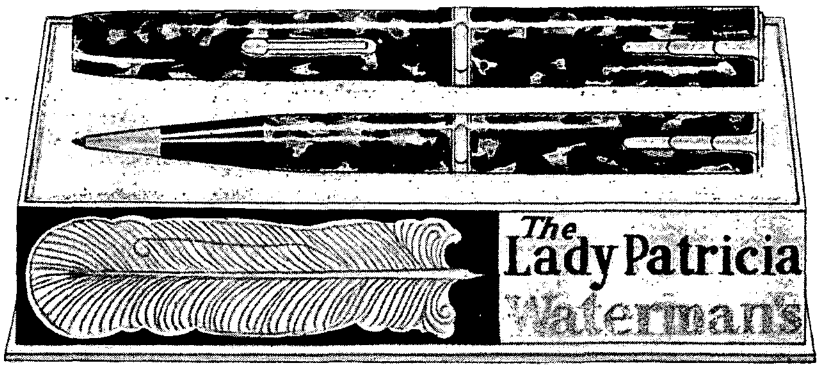
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● By removing "water-thin", Quaker State can and does replace it with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication! *And there you have the reason why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

● Every gallon of Quaker State is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

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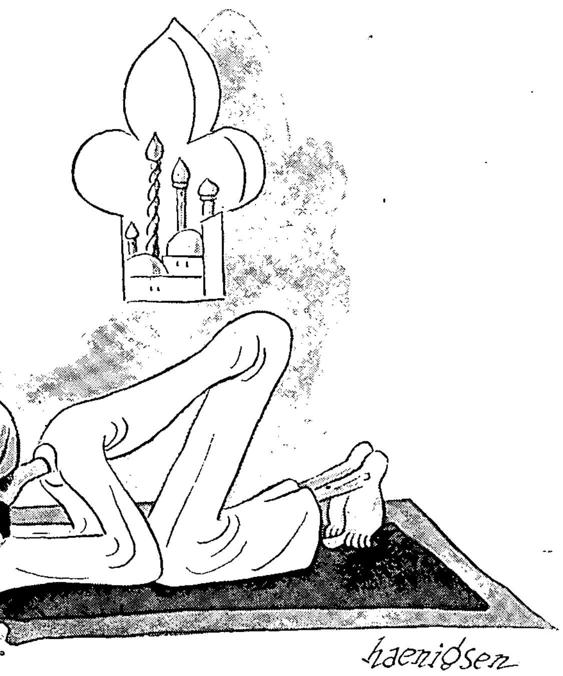
THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

"—and may it please Allah to show this unworthy one's faithful wife the error of her ways and teach her not to lead away from a king"



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7-4-3
H. 5-4-2
D. J-10-7
C. A-J-9-8

West
S. A-Q-J
H. A-K-J-8
D. K-6
C. 10-4-3-2

East
S. 6-5-2
H. 7-6-3
D. Q-9-8-5-4-3
C. 6

South (Dealer)
S. K-10-9-8
H. Q-10-9
D. A-2
C. K-Q-7-5

"ALL roads lead to game" would be an accurate characterization of the above Auction Bridge hand which was published in last week's Collier's if the proviso were added that the Declarer handle his cards for all that they are worth. The hand was played in a Duplicate Contest and it is somewhat remarkable, with South calling one No Trump (which was his bid at every table), that East and West could make either four in Hearts or five in Diamonds. At many tables West doubled, North passed, East bid two Diamonds, and in some instances that became the contract; in others, a dissatisfied West bid two Hearts which was not overcalled. At some tables West bid two Hearts on the first round and three passes followed.

Had the hand been played at Contract Bridge it is probable that East and West would have failed to reach a game-bid in either Hearts or Diamonds.

At the Auction tables where West played Hearts or East played Diamonds, the Declarer had his work cut out for him. North opened with the Ace of Clubs against West's Heart contract, and next led the Jack of Diamonds when dummy showed only a single Club. South won with the Ace of Diamonds and promptly returned the Deuce, West taking that trick and then leading a Club for East to ruff. This was followed by a Spade from East and a finesse by West, then a second Club ruff by East and another Spade finessed by West. After that a fourth round of Clubs on which East made his last trump, and the Declarer scored ten tricks—his game. A trump lead by North at trick 2, or by South at trick 3, would have shut out one of East's ruffs but would have sacrificed South's Queen of Hearts, which subsequently proved a winner.

At most of the tables, when East played with Diamonds the trump, South led and won with the King of Clubs and followed with a second Club which East ruffed. East then led a small trump, South holding up his Ace and permitting dummy's King to win. He did this in the hope that on the second round his Ace would kill a high trump in the East hand. Dummy returned the trump and North played the Jack, thinking that it might be a disconcerting false-card. It was here that some of the Easts erred, covering the Jack with the Queen. When that happened the adversaries took two trump tricks, plus the one Club trick, and saved game. When the second trump trick was ducked by East, South's Ace fell and Declarer, obliged to accept another Club force, drew the last adverse trump (the Ten held by North). On this trick West discarded a Spade and retained a Club in order to put East in if all went well. After that a finesse in Hearts produced four tricks in that suit and a Club ruff put East in for a Spade finesse and a difficult game.

The point of the play which arose on the second round of trumps is simple, but is a play frequently muffed. With West's King of trumps winning the first round, a trump returned and North playing the Jack on the second round, North may have no more trumps, the Ace and Ten both being held by South. In that case, the play of the Queen by East will not cost a trick nor gain one. South will make his two Diamonds whether East covers or not; but if North is playing a false card from Jack-Ten, South's Ace is solus and in this situation is a play that may gain and cannot lose. There need be no fear of North's holding the Ace of trumps. With Ace-Jack-Seven, North surely would have won West's King, hoping to make a second trick with his guarded Jack; so the Ace is marked in South's hand and it is imperative for East to duck the second trump lead.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7-6-4
H. 7-5-4
D. K-Q-9-3
C. 7-6-2

East
S. 3-2
H. J-10-9-8-6
D. A-2
C. K-J-9-3

West
S. J-10-9
H. 3-2
D. 10-8-7-6-5-4
C. Q-10

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-Q-8-5
H. A-K-Q
D. J
C. A-8-5-4

Going to Pieces in the Orient

Continued from page 62

Of course anyone who ever saw The Yellow Jacket when that transplanted fragment of Chinese art was played in this country would keep his eyes open in Peking for that famous functionary, the property man, who moves about the stage devastatingly indifferent to whatever horrendous scene may be in progress, and equally indifferent to the fact that the audience can see him all the time.

It is he who, in full view, sets up the marriage bed for the big murder scene, or peevishly totes in the ladder when, after some rather good lingering death agonies, the spirit of some character must ascend to heaven. But as a phenomenon to contemplate, he is quite lost in the eternal, raffish scuffle of a Chinese performance, and I was much more interested in his little cousins on the other side of the Yellow Sea. I shall never forget the black boys of the Japanese stage, those discreet, reticent, silent, helpful attendants whose meek professional lives are minor masterpieces of self-effacement.

Japan's Greatest Actor

When our liner put in at Yokohama, we were boarded by a swarm of reporters who all had me ticketed in their notebooks as an erstwhile dramatic critic. So each in turn, with excruciating politeness and some little national anxiety, asked me what I thought of the Japanese theater. I was tempted to reply that, as far as I could judge in my first half hour from a boat in the harbor, it seemed to be doing nicely. If they could have waited until the end of my first week in Japan, I could have gone into more detail.

I should certainly have tried to express something of my admiration for the art and quality of Onoe Kikugoro, the bright particular star of the Tokyo theater, who is, I believe, generally regarded as the foremost actor in Japan. He is a fine clown, a sensitive and subtle player in tragedy, an adept in either warrior or feminine rôles, and a master of pantomime.

If you would take Lionel Barrymore, Harpo Marx and Adolph Bolm and blend them judiciously, you would arrive at a result not unlike Kikugoro. I must insist on Bolm, or some equally muscular ballet dancer, being included as an ingredient, for, as is true of all the considerable actors in Japan, Kikugoro has something of the exquisite physical precision of a Pavlowa or a Chaplin.

After the play one night I went to a supper party at his beautiful house, made like some lovely cabinet of sweet, gleaming new wood. The supper was served on a low table of scarlet lacquer, and we all sat around it on cushions. Across one side of the room he has a low, bare stage for private performances, decorated with a single eight-paneled screen of some golden fabric framed in ebony.

During the supper, some of his young pupils staged a dance for us. He watched them with a benign aloofness, but when it was over and we all applauded vociferously, he indulged himself in the luxury of a chuckle and drew his hands out from their place of concealment in the sleeves of his black kimono. Not that he meant to applaud. He just wanted us to see how damp the palms were—bedewed with parental anxiety for these young protégés of his.

I think I shall always remember Kikugoro, aided, to be sure, by a photograph he gave me. I proffered a fountain pen for him to autograph it, but he waved it aside and sent for a brush and with that affixed his elaborate signature, lying prone on his stomach as he did so, rather like a plump child daubing water colors on the nursery floor.

While we were at supper his small son was led in for inspection. Though only six—or seven, as they would have it, for they count age from the moment of conception—he has already trod the boards of the Tokyo theater and will, like his forebears for two hundred years past, be an actor.

Our host's father was Kikugoro the fifth. He, himself, is Kikugoro the sixth, and with that many data to go on, my ability as a mathematician was equal to the task of figuring out that this lad would therefore be billed as Kikugoro the seventh.

But it seems this does not follow. Kikugoro is a professional name, just as Barrymore is the stage name of the Blythe family, but this boy will be allowed to bear it only after he has made good and only if his exacting father regards him as a worthy successor.

The reason that dynasties and great mercantile houses do not peter out in Japan as elsewhere is because, whenever a great man—mikado or magnate—begets, as great men usually do, a second-rate son, he promptly adopts some likely successor out of the next generation, gives him the honored name, and to him hands on the torch.

But I was speaking of the black boys who attend Kikugoro throughout his performance, handing him the stool or the sword he may need or tactfully adjusting the sash which may have become disarranged at some moment of histrionic excess. My point is that after the first minute even the newcomer does not notice them, and I'm sure the Japanese never see them at all.

The Retiring Puppeteers

I was even more impressed with the success of this illusion when I went to the famous doll theater in Osaka, which is, they tell me, the oldest marionette theater in the world. There the puppets are finely carved, richly clothed wooden dolls about three feet in height, I should think, and, unlike the Italian marionettes, they are not dangled on wires controlled from above but are frankly carried onto the scene, each by four puppeteers. One of these merely holds the doll, the others manipulating the strings that control the head, arms and feet. The vocal part is entrusted to a reader who sits cross-legged at a lectern on a platform in the place occupied in our auditorium by the stage box. The reader enacts the whole play, using a dozen different voices, laughing, sobbing, weeping and shuddering like a somewhat intemperate Ruth Draper.

The incredible thing about the whole proceeding is the complete invisibility of those puppeteers. They are clad in black from tip to toe, their hands encased in long black gloves, their faces masked by black visors. At first you may smile at the ostrich naïveté of this procedure, but, on my word, you really do not see them.

Your eye is caught and held by the puppets and, unless you happen to be a Stark Young or a Kenneth MacGowan, grimly intent on writing an essay on this phenomenon for the Theatre Arts Monthly, you really forget, after the first moment or so, that the black boys are there at all.

"... and presently you will see a Great Light!"

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DODGE-PLYMOUTH-DE SOTO

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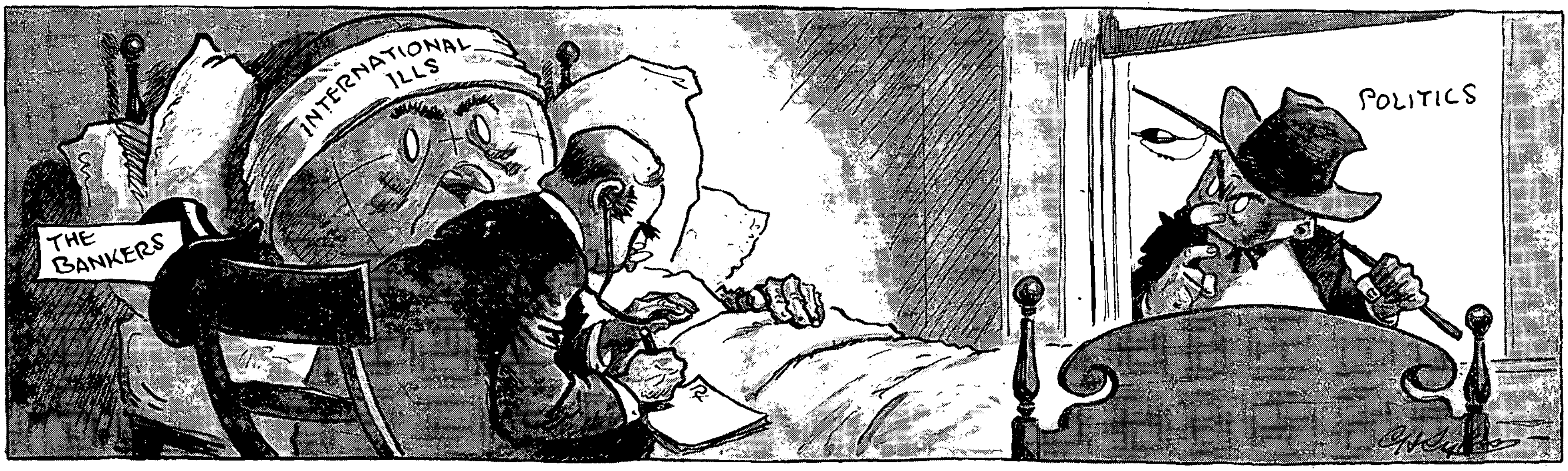

Our Turn to Lead

WHEN times were good we treated bankers like sacred cows and imputed to them more knowledge and wisdom than men possess. Our tempers changed with the times and bankers lately have been objects of suspicion.

Possibly the open season for hunting bankers will do them no harm. At any rate they are now being subjected to a fire of criticism which extends across the country. They can defend themselves and in so doing will doubtless correct local evils which ought to be remedied. Meanwhile, however, it will do no harm to listen to some of the sensible things which bankers are now saying.

This goes especially for the international bankers who in the minds of many are neither sacred cows nor goats but rather devils with horns. These same international bankers have, however, pointed out truths which must be recognized if we are willing to move forward.

Last summer international bankers representing ten of the great nations were asked to meet and to consider Germany's financial problems. They met with Albert H. Wiggin, an American, as chairman and made a report.

Nobody paid sufficient attention to what they said for the simple reason that their remedies were poor politics in nearly every country. Their recommendations were sound and reasonable, however, even though politically unattractive. We, and every other nation involved, will have ultimately to swallow the dose they prescribed if we expect our affairs to be restored to normal health.

The bankers were asked to find the answer to a simple banking question. It was: How to find money to make Germany permanently solvent?

Money, of course, is provided by investors. It doesn't grow on trees or governments. Consequently, what the bankers really had to answer was the question: How can investors be persuaded to provide enough money to put Germany back in productive business?

Any investor, American, French, Japanese, Mexican, wants the same thing—security of principal and a fair rate of interest. How can Germany meet these demands? The answer took the bankers outside of banking and compelled them to do some plain talking.

First, the only way German debts or any other debts can be made safe is through keeping the peace. If the world is to be prosperous and solvent it must be peaceful. There is no other way.

Not only is peace essential but also the irritations which menace peace must be removed if investors are to be persuaded to loan money to countries in need of capital.

To meet this condition is a large order. Politicians, not bankers, have the say. Europe is unstable because of fear. France fears a restored Germany; Germany fears a vindictive France. What is the answer? Obviously some modification of existing treaties which will remove the causes of bitterness and diminish the size of the fighting forces.

Not less far-reaching is the other condition which the bankers said investors would impose.

If you buy a bond you want to be sure that the interest can be paid and that in due season the principal will be returned.

How is Germany, or any other country, to get the money to make its interest payments and to amortize its debts?

The bankers reported just one way. This is by the export of goods and services. In the long run what Germany can pay in reparations and on its other foreign debts will be measured by the excess of exports over imports.

Germany has exerted a mighty effort to import less and to export more so that there may be money to pay the debts. Yet, as the bankers pointed out, this saving quickly reached the danger point.

Germany reduces imports by lowering the standard of living of Germans. When that is accomplished two things happen. First, the German people, resentful of extreme personal poverty, incline to listen to such wild men as Hitler. Second, the market for American exporters and other exporters is made smaller.

This is serious enough, but more serious still are the rising tariff walls which we and other nations have erected against German exports. Many Americans clamor for tariff rates so high that imports are virtually stopped. At the same time they insist upon the payment of what foreigners owe us.

We can't travel north and south at the same instant. No more can we be paid unless we are willing to accept payment in the only things which our debtors possess. We already have the gold. Nothing is left except goods and services.

Mr. Hoover, our Congress, Premier Laval, the French Parliament, and others in authority will have to decide just what we and the French and all affected are willing to do.

How much are we willing to reduce the war debts? How much is France willing to lower reparations? Are we ready to make tariff treaties which will increase the volume of world trade?

The bankers have told us what must be done if the world is to be restored to a permanently prosperous condition.

The facts were plain enough before the bankers were asked to consider them. Politicians preferred to ignore them, hoping to stay in office by evading troublesome decisions. At a time of uncertainty, however, leaders must lead, and not be content merely to be pushed from behind.

The American people will give a friendly hearing to any man who has the courage and the vision to point a clear road ahead. Seldom has a government had a greater opportunity to serve its people.

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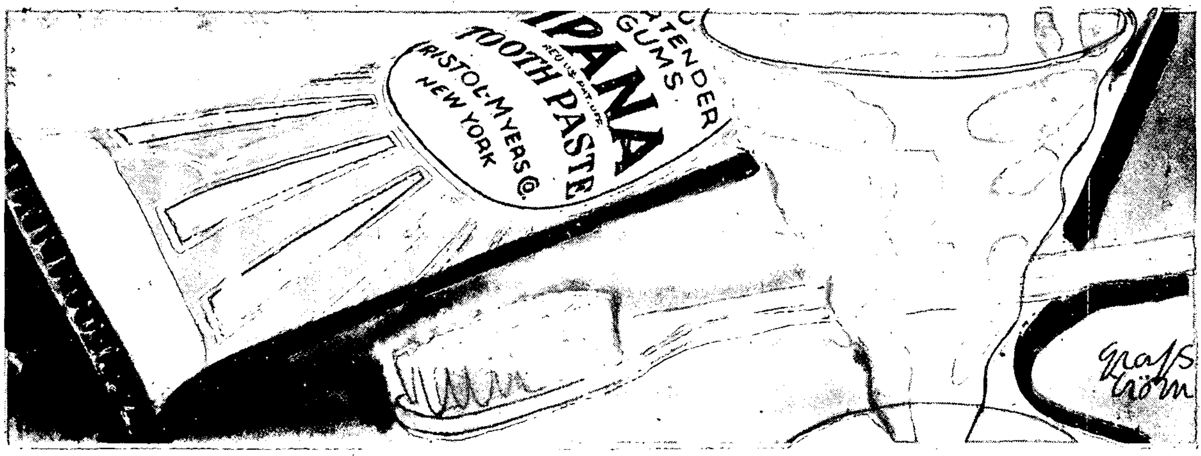
TOOTH BRUSH

Modern diet lacks the coarse foods which stimulate and firm tender gum tissue



If you ever find "pink" upon your tooth brush, make up your mind, then and there, that it's something that's got to be stopped!

Make a decisive resolution that your gums are going to be firm and healthy—that your teeth are to be kept sound and white. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning not to be ignored if you value the health of your gums and your teeth.

• • •

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931 you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it but don't neglect that touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it many serious troubles — such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

• • •

Get Ipana Tooth Paste, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-111
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Street..

City................................ *State*......................

IPANA tooth paste